The Saturday Evening
POST
November 9, 1957 — 15¢

NOV 5 '57
LIBRARY
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HOW TO WIN AT POKER
By Herbert O. Yardley

Michigan's Soapy Williams

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WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
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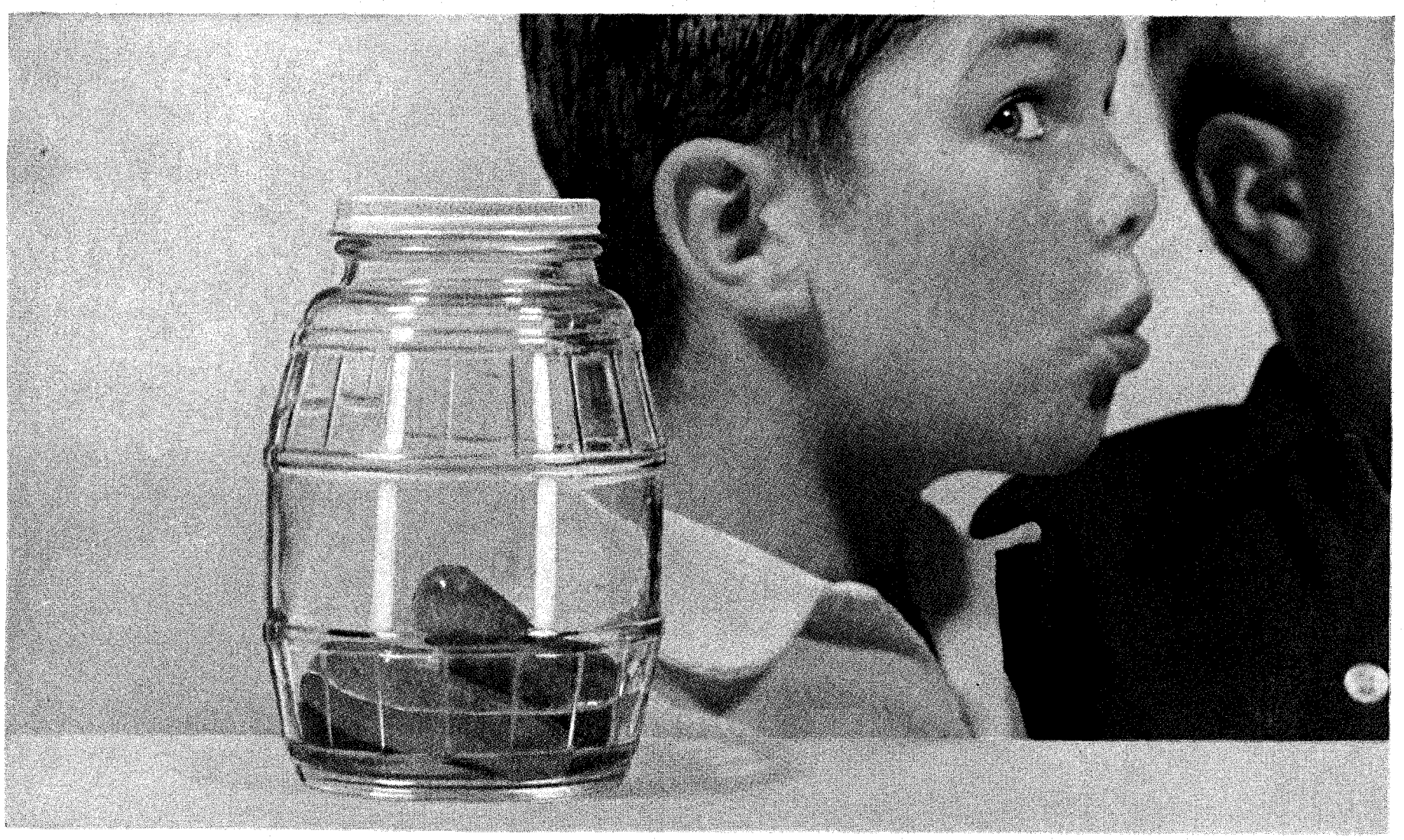
Pickles **look** so good in glass . . .

and **taste** so good . . .



You ate **more than 7 Billion** of them just last year

There's plenty of *plus* in pickles. They've got a good share of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, and a considerable amount of Vitamin C. And pickles are delicious, so delicious that you've made them America's favorite among all preserved fruits and vegetables.

Modern manufacturers guard the precious flavor of their pickles in Duraglas jars. These glass jars are airtight and moistureproof. Nothing gets in; none of the wonderful flavor gets out. And clear Duraglas jars let you *see* which of the many delicious varieties are inside.

The National Pickle Packers Association has collected a group of fine recipes featuring pickles. If you'd like a *free* set why not write to them at Oak Park, Illinois.

Duraglas jars that safeguard pickles and hundreds of other fine products are made by Owens-Illinois. And their development reflects the same sort of imagination and research that goes into all Owens-Illinois products.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments
Glass block • Kimble television bulbs
Plywood • Kaylo insulation • Hemingray insulators

DURAGLAS CONTAINERS
AN (O) PRODUCT

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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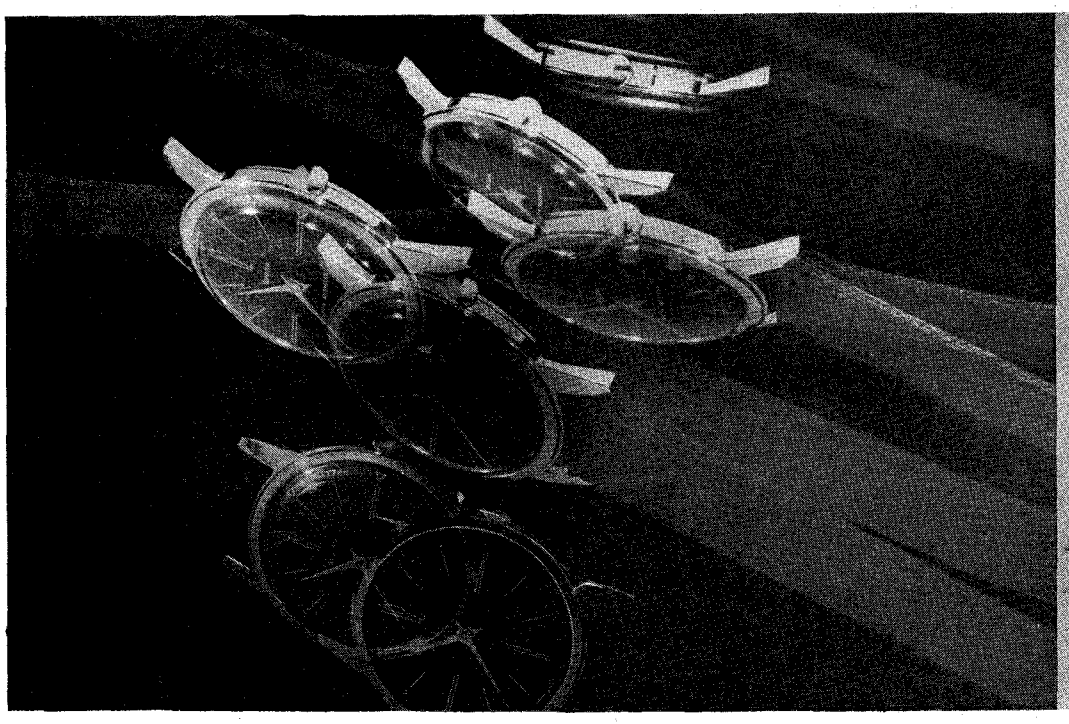
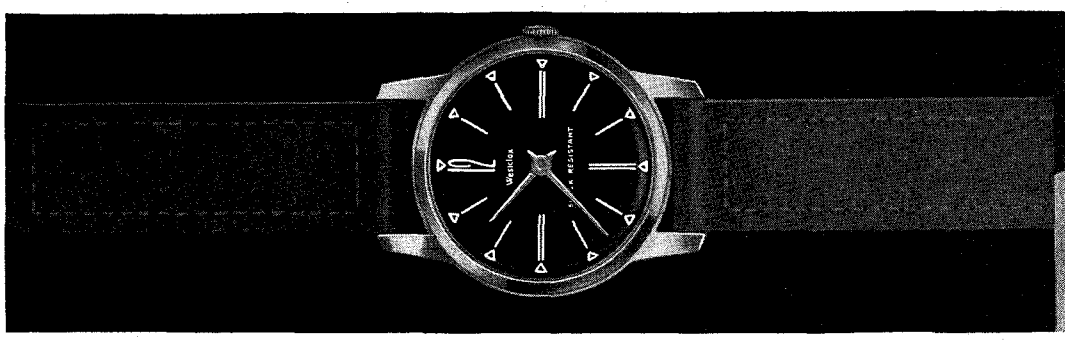
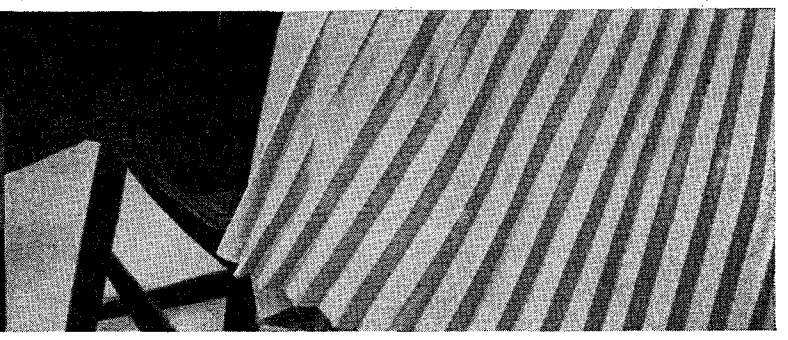


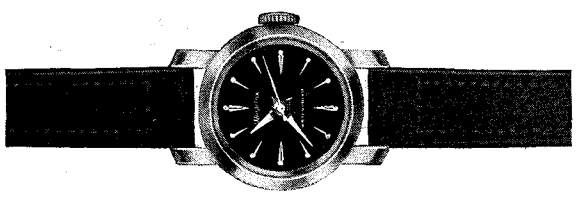
Imagine a watch this thin for only $11.95!



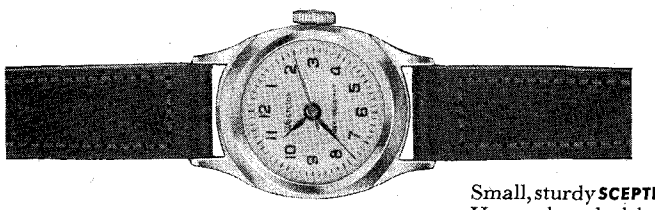


the latest news in watches from the greatest name in clocks

Today Westclox is giving the world an entirely new idea of fine watch values. Superb styling, sturdy quality, desirable features—at a cost that won't bother your budget. Look at the Westclox "Thin" watch. Rich gold color, a marvel of modern craftsmanship! Only Westclox watches serve you so handsomely at so low a price. Features you expect for $65 or more, they give you for $20 or less. And their very name assures what you want most—dependability that *lasts*.



Dainty **COQUETTE**, waterproof and dustproof!* A completely feminine watch that doesn't have to be pampered. Shock resistant, anti-magnetic, with stainless steel back. Luminous dial. $12.95.

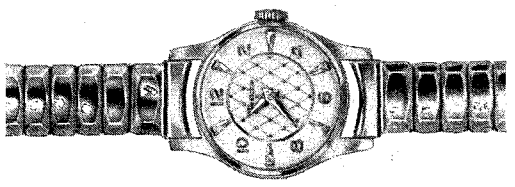


Small, sturdy **SCEPTER** for young moderns. Has unbreakable mainspring, sweep second hand, stainless steel back. It's shock resistant, anti-magnetic. Leather strap, $7.95. With metal band, $8.95.

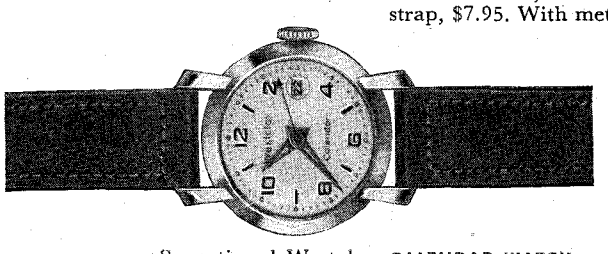
WESTCLOX®

WATCHES

...dependable as the day is long



Enchanting **COQUETTE** dress watch. Beautifully designed, with "quilted" dial pattern. Shock resistant, anti-magnetic. Gold color case and raised numerals, matching expansion band. $12.95.



Sensational Westclox **CALENDAR WATCH**. Magnified date window on dial. Unbreakable mainspring. Shock resistant, anti-magnetic. Gold color case and raised numerals. A terrific watch for only $10.95.

Popular **WRIST BEN WATERPROOF***. Dustproof*, shock resistant, anti-magnetic. Sleek chrome-finished case, stainless steel back. Luminous dial. Model shown, $10.95. With padded leather strap, $9.95.

Prices quoted do not include tax.

**Stays waterproof and dustproof provided original seal is replaced if opened for service.*

WESTCLOX • MAKERS OF BIG BEN • PRODUCTS OF GT CORPORATION • LA SALLE-PERU, ILLINOIS

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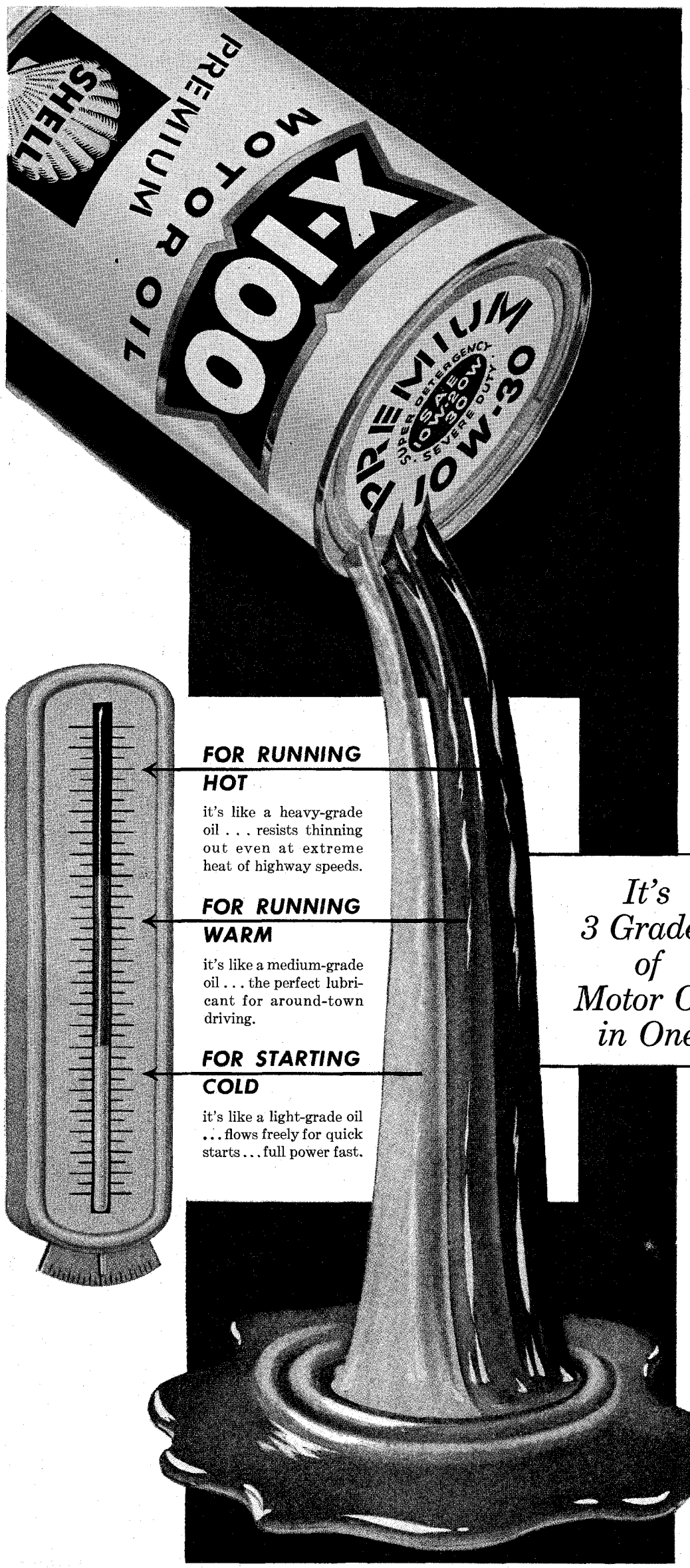
SHELL
PREMIUM MOTOR OIL
X100
PREMIUM
SUPER DETERGENCY
SAE 10W-30
SEVERE DUTY
10W-30
FOR RUNNING HOT
it's like a heavy-grade oil . . . resists thinning out even at extreme heat of highway speeds.
FOR RUNNING WARM
it's like a medium-grade oil . . . the perfect lubricant for around-town driving.
FOR STARTING COLD
it's like a light-grade oil . . . flows freely for quick starts . . . full power fast.
It's 3 Grades of Motor Oil in One

New Motor Oil with Thermostatic Action

Adjusts automatically to protect your engine at every temperature!

If you could start your day in Alaska, have lunch in New York and wind up in South Africa in late afternoon, you'd get an idea of the temperature changes your car goes through in an average day's driving.

For your engine always starts cold and eventually runs hot—operates at temperatures that vary by over 100°!

To have complete engine protection at all times, you need a motor oil that adjusts automatically to every engine temperature. Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium does just that. It's *thermostatic!*

What's more, this new grade of motor oil prevents cold sludge and keeps valve lifters from sticking. It adds years to the life of your engine, too, because its alkaline additives neutralize acid action, the major cause of engine wear.

See your Shell Dealer for the finest motor oil you can get—new X-100® Motor Oil Premium.

For the finest engine care, switch to X-100 Premium

SHELL

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THE COVER

Young Sammy Sixgun, using the classic hat-over-the-rock routine, will now restore law and order to the old TV-West. First the electronic badman will shoot a hole through Sammy's sombrero; then, believing he has dispatched its occupant, he will relax his guard and our hero will give him the works. To be sure, this is all good clean imagination. Manhood will find our once-warlike Sammy perched peacefully behind a desk, no heroics for him, no interest in gunplay—yet bearing in him that old spirit which has always turned war-hating Americans into heroes when badmen threaten and the chips are down. By the way, that's John Falter's own dog in the chair, name of Ralph. If Ralph should wag his tail and knock off the hat, wouldn't Sammy be surprised?

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The Incomparable

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The Empire Builder's route between Chicago and Seattle-Portland via Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Spokane is through some of the continent's most glorious scenery...the Mississippi River Valley, Minnesota's Land of 10,000 Lakes, through the Glacier National Park country in the Montana Rockies, the Cascade Mountains and busy Puget Sound.

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It's great! It's incomparable!

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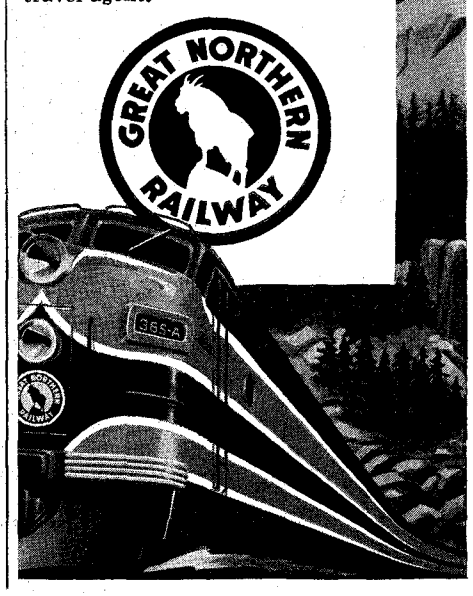
For information or reservations, write . . . **P. G. HOLMES,** *Passenger Traffic Manager,* Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota or consult your nearest ticket or travel agent.



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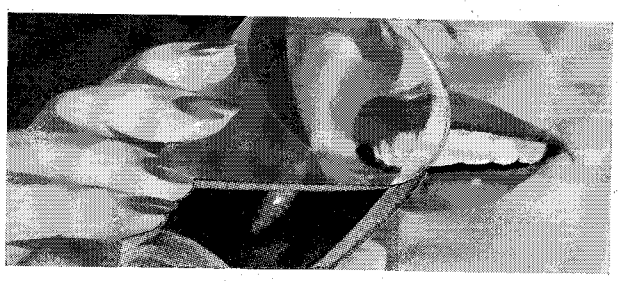
one good-tasting Lavoris rinse



...and your mouth feels clean

because it is clean

Lavoris Clean!

That important deep-down cleansing of mouth and throat is yours only with Lavoris mouthwash. The unique coagulant action of Lavoris completely removes germ-laden film and food particles. And Lavoris tastes so good your whole family will want to use it.

EXTRA TIPS ON FAMILY MOUTH CARE

SORE THROAT—A Lavoris gargle will clear away throat mucus and soothe irritated tissues.

OFFENSIVE BREATH—A Lavoris rinse will quickly remove the mucus coating and food residue which often causes bad breath.

CANKER SORES—Lavoris, applied directly to the sores, will hasten the healing process.

DENTURES—Regular use of Lavoris helps keep mouth tissues clean and comfortable . . . the breath pure and fresh.

LAVORIS®

the **SPARKLING RED** mouthwash that tastes good...does good!

Letters

Youngsters With a Mission

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading, THEY BEFRIEND THE MENTALLY ILL (by Steven M. Spencer, Oct. 5th) and want to say thank you and God bless each and every one of those wonderful young men and women who are giving of their time and talents. It proves a point I continually make—that our young people today are just as fine and courageous as ever.

MRS. ERNA SUDHOFF
Decatur, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

My heartiest congratulations to those students from the Boston area who are willing to take enough time to know their patients really well and consequently gain their trust and help them on the road to recovery.

LOIS J. WALTERS, R.N.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

We have a similar program in effect locally—apparently on a more organized, though completely voluntary basis—in our Sociology Department of Chattanooga High School. . . . Students electing to take certain courses in sociology are required to spend a specified number of hours in the service of local health and social-welfare organizations under the supervision of the co-operating agencies. No task is too menial when the welfare of those being administered to by the organization requires it. Invaluable assistance has been given by these high-school students. . . .

The appeal of this program has outrun all expectations. (The department had to close the courses to many students for lack of space and personnel.)

MALCOLM M. ADAMSON
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article. Such efforts not only render a profound service to mental patients but also do much to relieve pressures caused by the acute shortage of qualified health personnel. . . .

Readers will be pleased to learn that a Commission on Health Careers has been formed recently by the National Health Council under the chairmanship of Dr. Leonard A. Scheele, former Surgeon General of the United States. The commission will tackle the problem of health manpower shortages on a scale never before attempted.

PHILIP E. RYAN
Executive Director
National Health Council
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

In THEY BEFRIEND THE MENTALLY ILL we are spoon-fed another pusillanimous Post article on mental illness. It is difficult to believe that immature college students could contribute anything towards alleviating this complex and tragic problem.

MRS. H. L. CURD
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

How encouraging to read about these college students who are meeting one of the greatest needs of mental patients—love. Love expressed by a kind word, warm smile, a few minutes shared or small gift, with no thought of bargaining for good behavior.

MRS. RUTH COMBS
Los Angeles, Cal.

Coddled Halfback

Dear Sirs:

Parents often wonder why children lose faith in parental knowledge and decisions. Dick Sargent, Oct. 5th Post cover, has aptly drawn the beginning crack in that faith, when he portrayed a "rubberless" mother standing in the rain

and forcing her son to don rubbers. If parents won't practice what they teach their children, how can they expect the children to believe in those teachings?

THOMAS H. REED
Walla Walla, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Kids are coddled too much these days.

GEORGE E. STEELE
Wallingford, Conn.

Jet-Age Airports

Dear Sirs:

Leigh White's article CHICAGO'S AIRPORT OF THE FUTURE, September 28, contains the statement by an airline executive that airline tickets "don't cost any more today than they did ten years ago."

There seems to be little reason for them to cost any more ten years from now, if Federal, State and local governments continue their willingness to contribute $40,000,000 of public money a year toward defraying the airlines' expenses.

LESLIE J. DEAN
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article . . . covering the problems ahead in jet-age airport planning.

However, Baltimore is missing from a list of cities making plans for the jet-transport age.

Our Friendship International Airport, already complete, built largely with city funds, and operated under a policy board of top Baltimore businessmen, is ready for the jet age now! . . .

The Boeing 707, Air Force B-47 and Giant B-52 jet bombers, have conducted routine

(Continued on Page 6)

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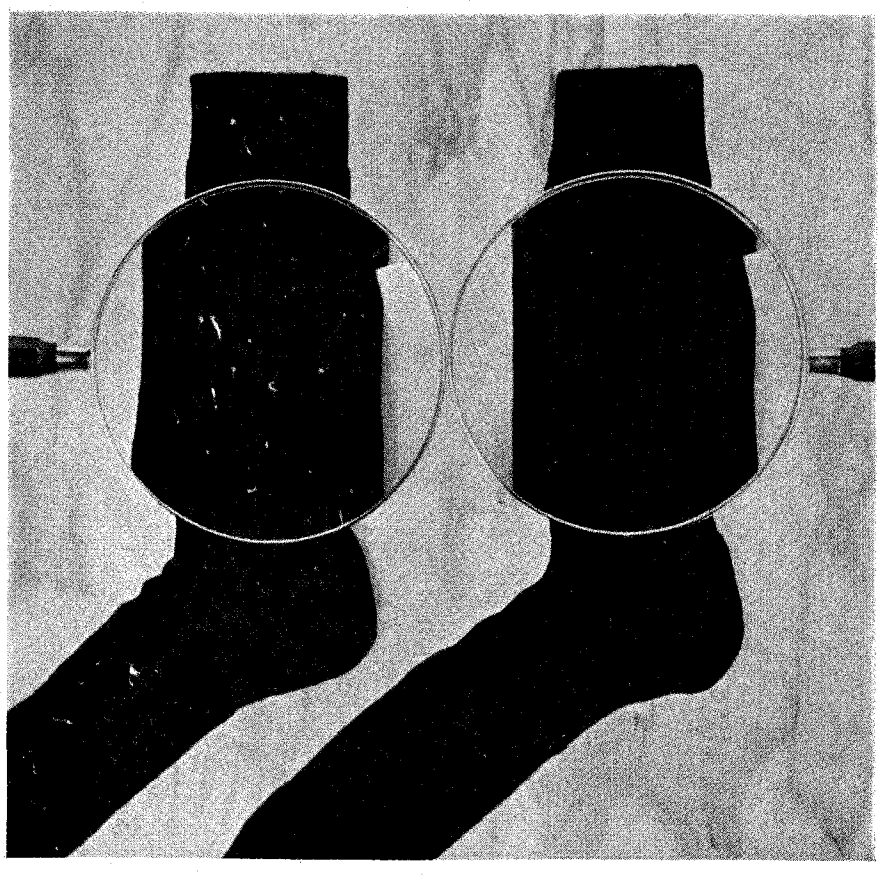
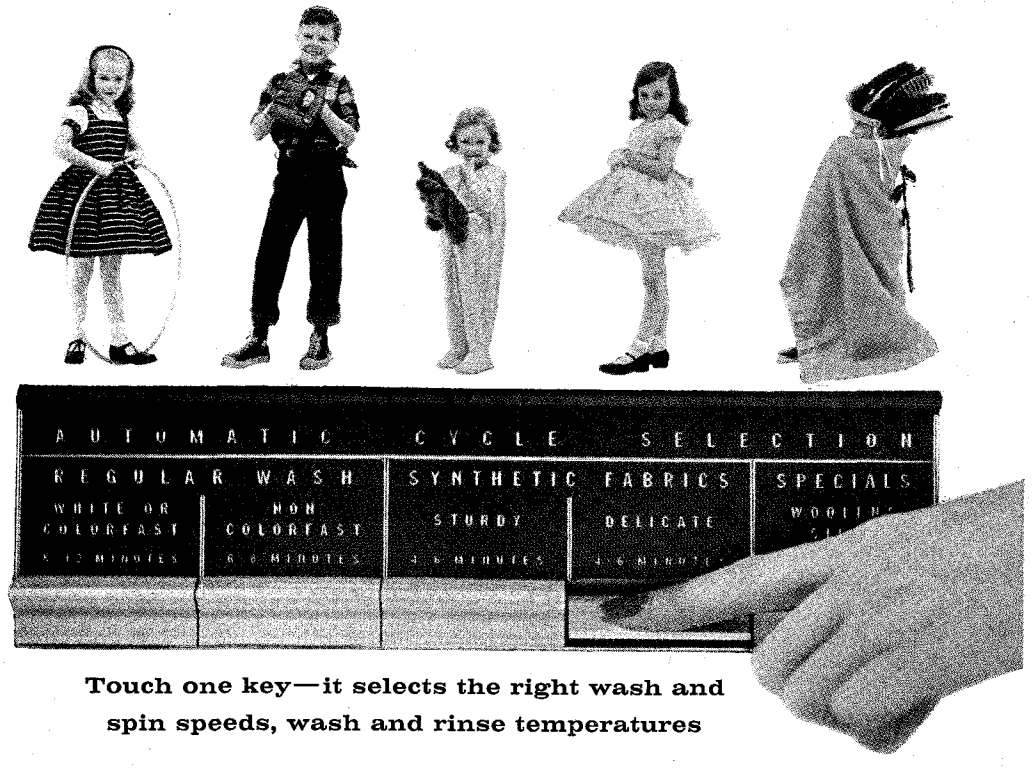
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES

The famous Filter-Flo® Washer circulates wash water through this cleansing filter as you wash. Lint is caught in the filter, not on your clothes. No trap to clog or brush out, removable filter is easy to clean. New Rinse Conditioning—note dispenser left of filter—softens wash automatically . . . leaves synthetics static-free.



No dulling dark colors! The nylon sock on the left was washed 7 times in an ordinary washer. Result? Unsightly lint flecks from top to toe. The sock at the right, after 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer with an identical washload, showed practically no lint! Save doing separate dark-clothes washes.

1958 GENERAL ELECTRIC FILTER-FLO WASHER . . . with simple new



Touch one key—it selects the right wash and spin speeds, wash and rinse temperatures

WASH-TO-ORDER FABRIC KEYS

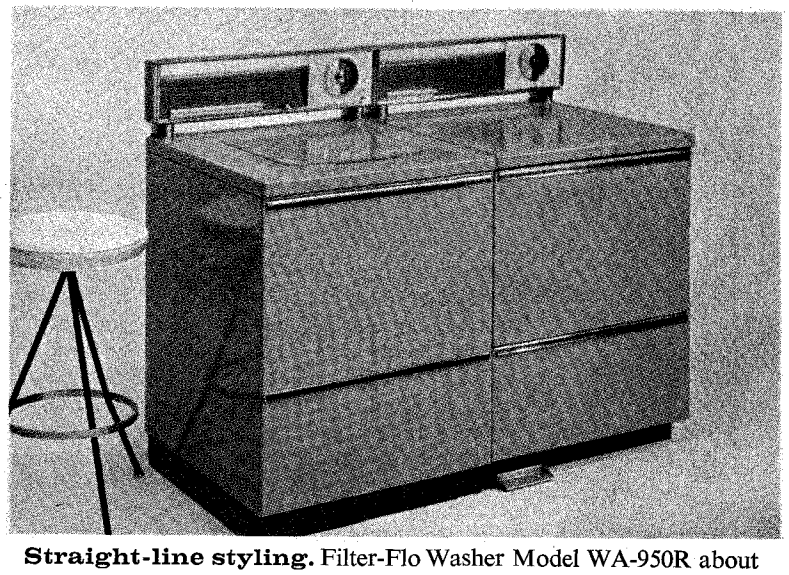
for perfect care of clothes

Just touch the fabric key to fit your type of washload—the washer sets itself to wash your clothes "just right."

No more guessing whether to use warm or hot water; fast or slow wash speed; cold or warm rinse; fast or slow spin. Each of five different key settings automatically selects the right combination of wash conditions for proper clothes care.

Synthetics wrinkle less. Lingerie doesn't fray. You'll save hand-washing, ironing.

- Easy-to-reach filter is Automatic Detergent Dispenser, too, dissolves it evenly.
- Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics.
- Water Saver Selector saves up to 20 gallons on small loads.
- Automatic Suds Return System (optional) lets you set aside filtered water for a second wash, if you wish.
- Five-year written warranty on transmission parts. Famous dependability.



Straight-line styling. Filter-Flo Washer Model WA-950R about $3.40* a week. Models with Automatic Suds Return System, slightly higher. Matching Automatic Dryer Model DA-920R about $2.80* a week. Mix-or-Match Colors or white. *General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.

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ENTERTAINING IS Fun

WHEN GAS

does the 7 big household services—automatically

Nearly 8 out of 10 new home buyers and builders choose GAS for house heating and other household services. GAS cooks meals, heats and cools your home, dries clothes, heats water, refrigerates food, and incinerates refuse entirely automatically. GAS is modern, clean, fast, economical, dependable, silent and safe.

Your gas company, architect, builder, heating contractor and appliance dealer will tell you how economically GAS modernizes old and new homes and keeps them modern.

GAS is 7 ways better for the 7 big household services

IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE GAS MAINS, ENJOY THE COMFORTS AND CONVENIENCES OF LP-GAS (BOTTLED OR TANK) FOR ALL 7 OF THE BIG HOUSEHOLD SERVICES.

How you can enjoy more comforts and conveniences with GAS is brought to your attention by these Suppliers to the Gas Industry:

American Meter Co. · E. F. Griffiths Co.
Fisher Governor Co. · Rockwell Manufacturing Co.

See Playhouse 90 on CBS-TV. Consult local listings for time and station.

Letters

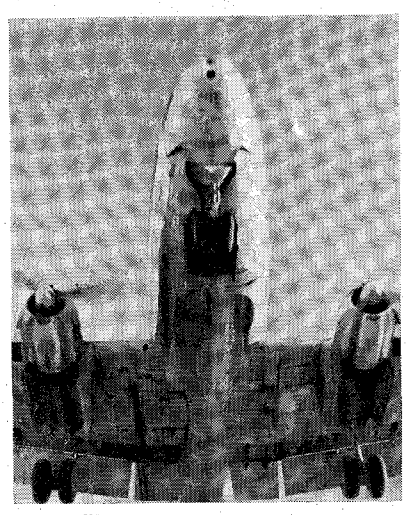
(Continued from Page 4)

operations from a 9450-foot runway here at Friendship. . . . Our 3200-acre site is zoned to prevent the erection of any aircraft hazard within a four-mile radius.

S. E. EMMONS, JR.
Friendship International Airport, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Add to congestion notes on Chicago's Midway Airport this pedestrian's view I shot recently from directly under a Super-Constellation dropping over the S. Cicero Ave. fence for a landing.



View from street.

Midway may be a pilots' "little horror," but photo fans can get some real close airliner action shots from that sidewalk along the fence.

GEORGE TILLMAN
Manlius, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We here in Los Angeles welcome this opportunity to inform you of the multi-million-dollar expansion program in preparation for the jet age at Los Angeles International Airport. . . .

The Boeing 707 prototype made its maiden flight into Los Angeles International Airport on July 10, 1956. Its existing 8500-foot parallel runway system was more than adequate for the 707 on that visit as well as its other four flights to Los Angeles. In fact, visits by the 707 have become a routine operation at this airport.

PEGGY G. HEREFORD
Dept. of Airports, Los Angeles, Cal.

Truck Out of Control

Dear Sirs:

Having spent many years in the truck-transportation business in the Middle West, I learned to appreciate "a truck driver."

In your Oct. 5th issue, the story by Carl Henry Rathjen [RUNAWAY RIG] is so vivid and true to life that it behooves me to offer my sincere appreciation for such a story. . . .

It's a masterpiece!

THOMAS D. HASKETT
Plattsmouth, Neb.

Dear Sirs:

As a truck man, I think your story RUNAWAY RIG stinks. No doubt there is such a road, but no state where it might exist permits a gross weight in excess of 53,800 lbs. on a three-axle unit. With unladen weight 20,500 lbs., a 35-ton payload shows a 36,700 lb. overload.

No shipper who values his freight would load 35 tons on a single-axle trailer; no trucker who values his equipment would accept or dispatch such a loaded vehicle over the indicated route; and no professional driver who values his life, or even his safety record, would accept such an assignment.

ROBERT B. SAX
Thorofare, N.J.

Japan vs. Girard

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Messrs. Marvin L. Stone and Kenneth Ishii on their excellent report concerning the Girard case (JAPAN VS. GIRARD: THE INSIDE STORY, Oct. 5). As an attorney who was recently privileged to spend two years with the Air Force in Japan, I had long awaited an article that gave a full account, with a frank discussion and objective evaluation of the type here presented. It is a pleasure to read reporting of this nature.

R. W. LOEB
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Girard is not as important as the fact that as the youth of America enter the service they lose their constitutional rights as Americans.

EDWARD CLARKE
Bronx, N.Y.

Soldier's Yarn

Dear Sirs:

THE GENERAL'S TRUMP by James Warner Bellah, September 21, is the best story in a long time.

H. J. CALLAHAN
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Sirs:

THE GENERAL'S TRUMP is without a doubt the tritest piece of literature I have begun.

GAYLE VICKERS
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I humbly wish to point out an error.

The Purple Heart that the General wore at West Point, presumably immediately following World War I, was not issued until February 22, 1932. All World War I wounded veterans prior to that date wore a wound chevron on the lower right sleeve.

LT. ESTES G. HAWKES, USAF
Mira Loma, Cal.

● *Lieutenant Hawkes is right. The General's Purple Heart is an anachronism* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

25–Larry Keighley. • 26–Larry Keighley, UP. • 27–UP, Wide World, International, Wide World. • 28, 29–R. G. Harris. • 30–Larry Keighley. • 31–Larry Keighley, Ollie Atkins. • 32, 33–Walter Skor. • 34–John Wells, Two by Gus Pasquarella. • 35–Gus Pasquarella. • 36–Earl Mayan. • 37–Ollie Atkins. • 38–Bill Shrout. • 39–Jack Beers (Dallas News), Johnny Flynn (Dallas News). • 40, 41–Ivan Dmitri. • 43–Larry Kritcher. 45–Sid Avery. • 46, 47–Bernard D'Andrea. • 51–Associated Newspapers of London, U.S. Navy. • 53–Mac Conner. • 112–Bill Shrout. • 116–Ollie Atkins. • 144–Larry Keighley. 146–Larry Keighley. • 152–Beulah Kay, Harris & Ewing, John Malone (Nashville Banner), Jim Laughead.

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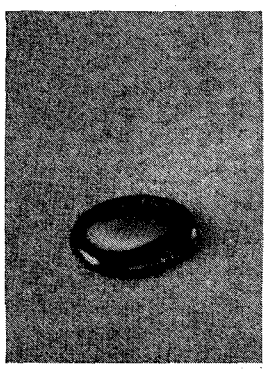
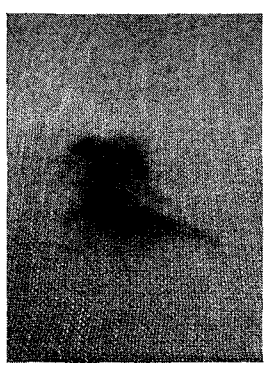
repels oil stains!

New 3M discovery repels all oil and water-base stains . . . resists dirt, dust, soil . . . provides never-before protection for upholstery and apparel fabrics . . . suede leathers, too!

SCOTCHGARD® BRAND STAIN REPELLER



Oil stains just stand there in compact, frustrated droplets ready to be blotted away. Think of the cleaning bills saved, the lasting good looks, the added pleasure of living with clothing and furniture fabrics that have "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller protection.



Brush or vacuum soil away far more easily when your furniture has "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller protection. Household dirt and dust—even the muddy tracks of "wild Indians"—can't get through the invisible shield that surrounds each fiber. Your furniture stays new looking far longer!

Furniture by Kroehler . . . Suede jacket and slacks by McGregor . . . Women's fashion by Zelinka-Matlick in Forstmann fabric . . . Men's apparel fabrics by Pacific Mills . . . All with the amazing protection of "SCOTCHGARD" Stain Repeller.

LOOK FOR THE CASTLE whenever you buy furniture and apparel

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Here's news for anyone who has ever spilled a drop of anything! Amazing new "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller now safeguards upholstery and apparel fabrics—even "oil-hungry" suede leather—from *all* stains!

An invisible fluorochemical shield, that *can't* mix with oil or water, keeps liquids from soaking in. Salad oil, gravy, ink, party drinks, milk—*you name it*—all bead up on the surface of the fabric, ready to be gently blotted away. The result: furniture and apparel stay clean, new-looking . . . far longer!

Don't confuse new "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller protection with old types of repellency . . . they repel only water-base stains! "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is the *first product in history* to repel both water-base and oil-base stains.

From now on—for clothes and furniture that wear better, look better, last longer—look for the castle tag or label that symbolizes the all-out protection of "SCOTCHGARD" Stain Repeller, a product of 3M research.

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, St. Paul 6, Minnesota
. . . where Research is the key to tomorrow!

3M COMPANY

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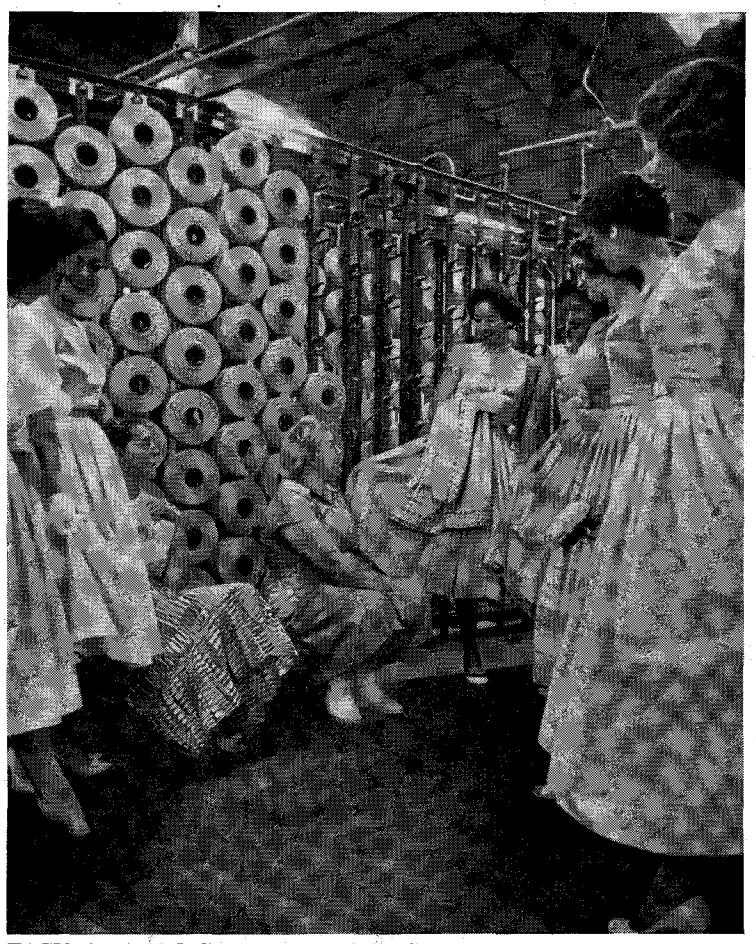
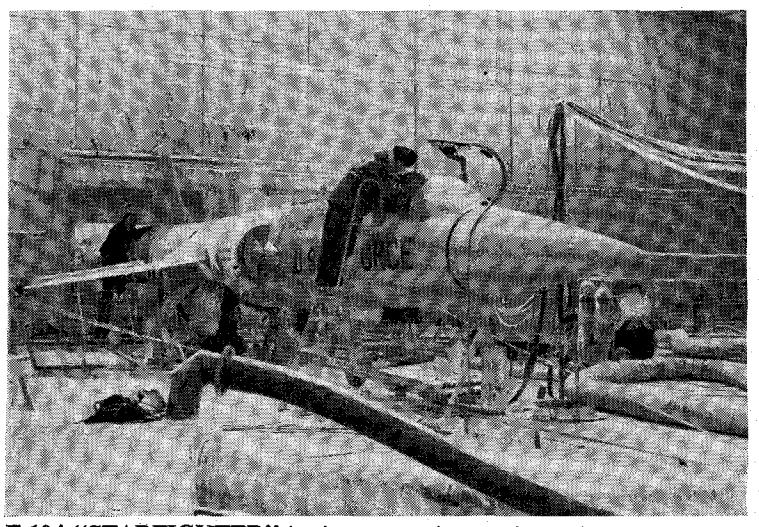
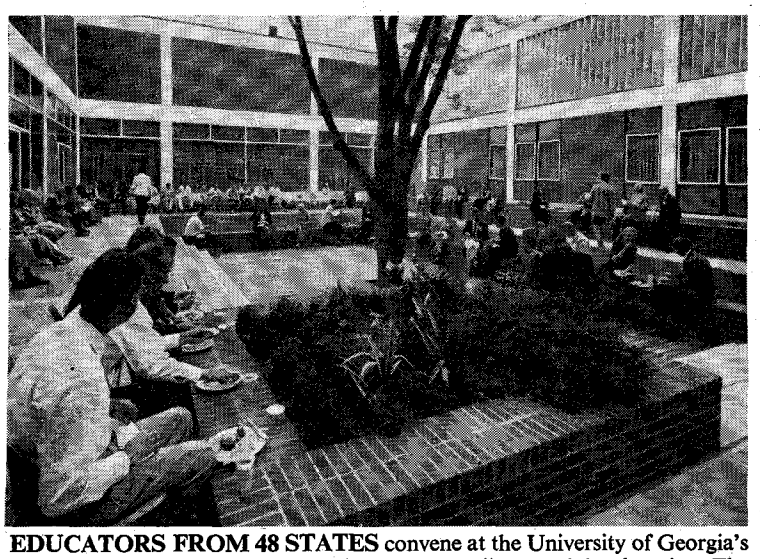


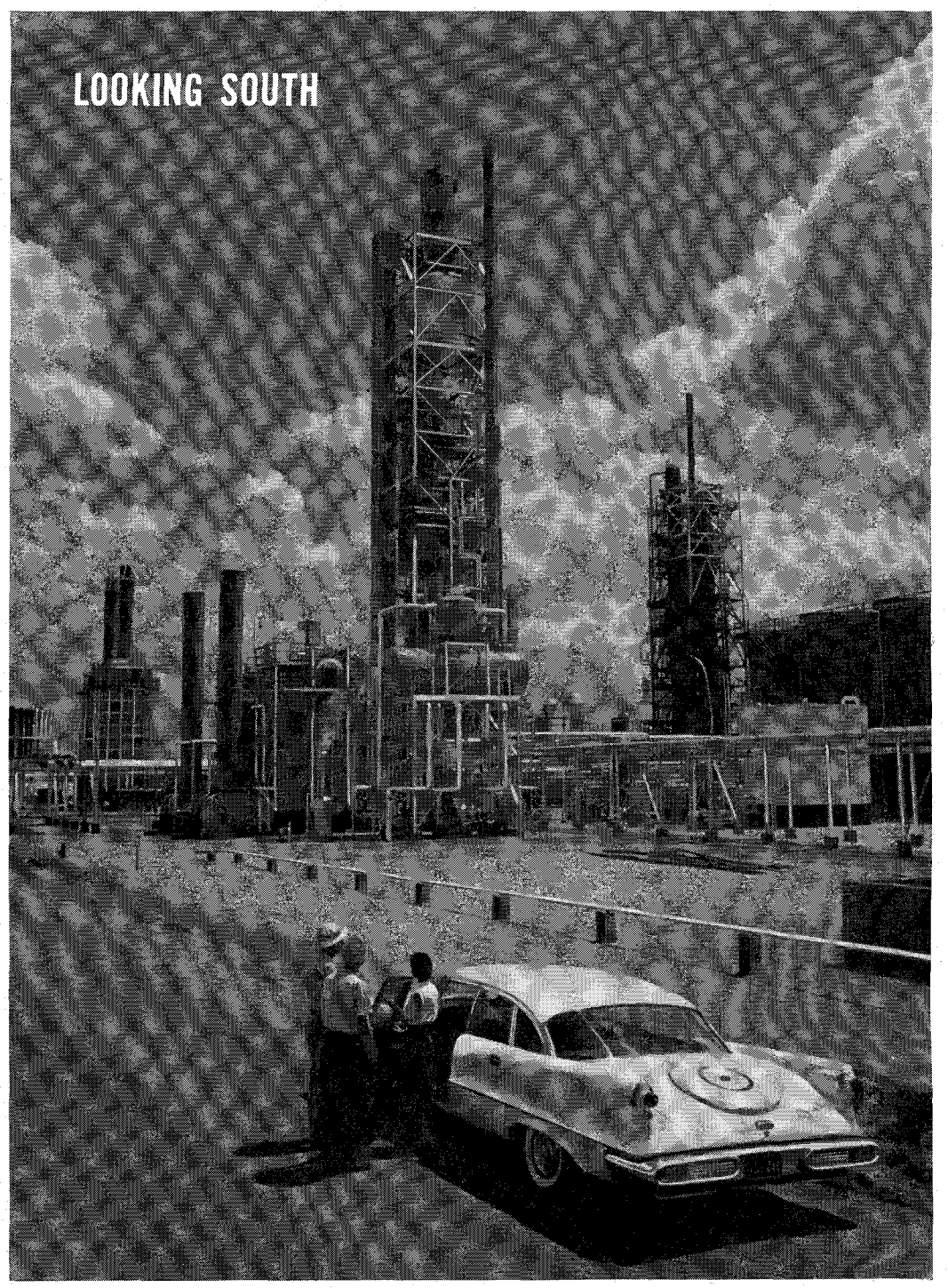
FASHIONABLE COTTON DRESSES made from fabrics produced by Avondale Mills are modeled by workers for other employees at the Company's Sylacauga, Alabama, plant. Avondale employs over 6,000 people and is one of the largest operations in the South's great textile industry.



F-104 "STARFIGHTER" is given an engine test in 65 degree-below-zero conditions in the Climatic Hangar at Eglin Air Force Base near Ft. Walton Beach, Florida. Eglin—largest U. S. Air Force base—has personnel numbering 16,000, of which 4,000 are civilian workers. The base aids the area's economy with annual payrolls and local purchases totaling approximately $75 million.



EDUCATORS FROM 48 STATES convene at the University of Georgia's Center for Continuing Education, in Athens, to discuss adult education. The $2½ million Center, made possible by a grant from the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, has numerous seminars designed to increase the efficiency of Southern businesses and professions.



NEW TYPE REFINERY now produces high-grade gasoline from low-gravity oil found in Mississippi through processing techniques at the modern Black Creek installation of Pontiac Eastern Corp. The new refinery has contributed to the expanding petroleum industry, already an important phase of Mississippi's economy.

Cash Registers are Ringing with the South's Success Story!

DOWN SOUTH, retail sales are climbing at the fastest pace in the nation! The rate of increase is *three times* greater than that of the nation as a whole!

In Dixie, people are earning more . . . saving more than ever before . . . and they're spending more to live better! Southern agriculture and industry are steadily gaining new balance and diversification . . . all Southern economic forces complement each other to create the most amazing regional growth of our time!

The Southern Company and its operating affiliates are privileged to play a part in this growth. Alabama, Georgia, Gulf and Mississippi Power Companies have continually provided an adequate, economical supply of vital electric power. A three-year power expansion plan calling for an outlay of $436 million by the end of 1959 shows their faith that *the last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South.*

Shaded section designates area served by the four investor-owned electric power companies in The Southern Company system.

Alabama Power Company, Birmingham, Alabama
Georgia Power Company, Atlanta, Georgia
Gulf Power Company, Pensacola, Florida
Mississippi Power Company, Gulfport, Mississippi

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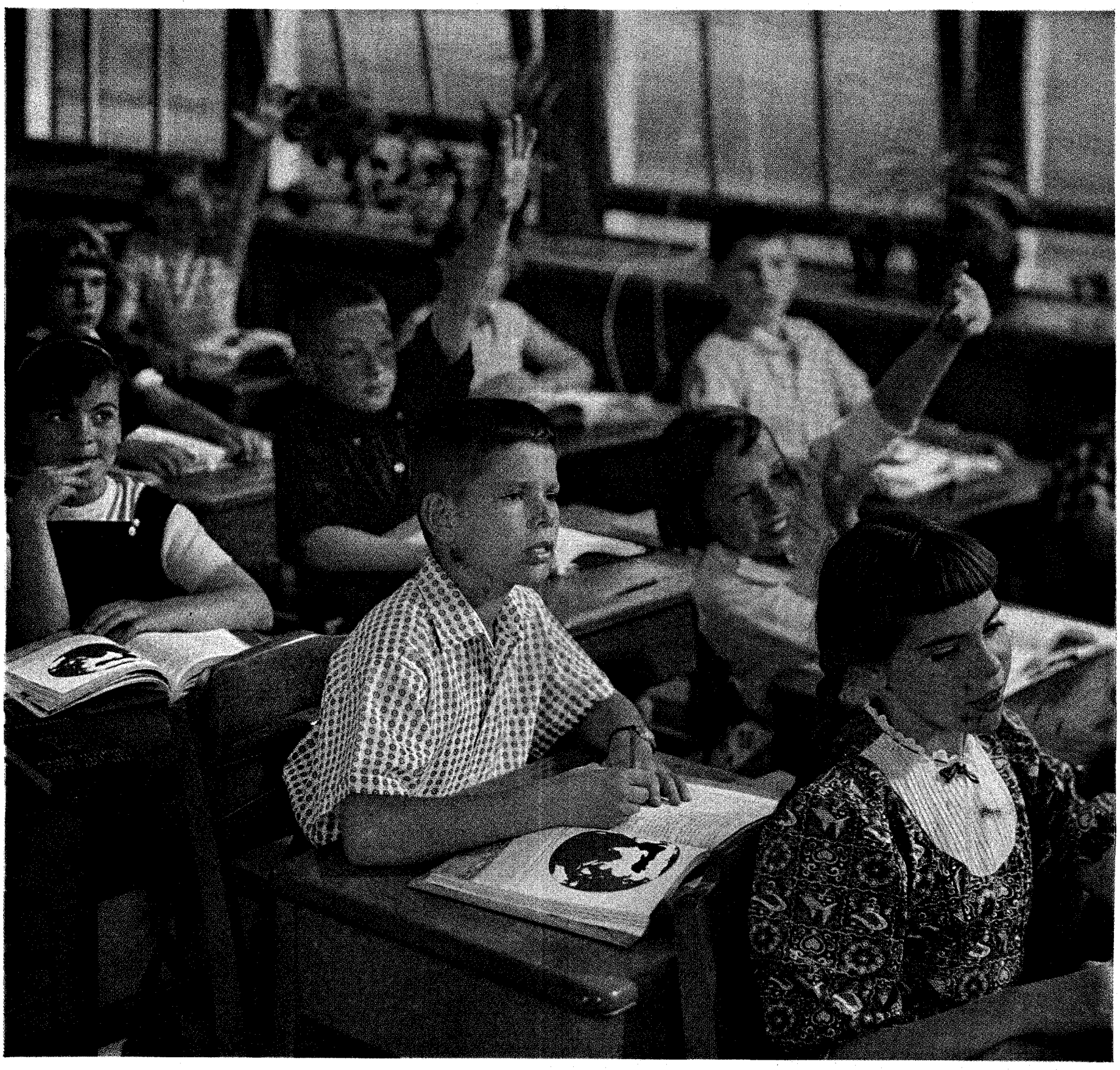

Is there a "Doctor" in the House?

Among these youngsters there may be a potential doctor of medicine, or an outstanding scientist, engineer, statesman or business leader. And to provide him, and other youngsters, with the opportunity for the needed education, America's already crowded colleges and universities must be expanded; new teachers found and trained.

Individuals and business organizations are helping to meet this challenge by giving aid to educational institutions. American Cyanamid Company, through its aid-to-education program, provides a number of scholarships, teaching grants, research fellowships and direct contributions to colleges and universities. Cyanamid also makes available the skills of its scientific personnel in many of its communities to assist teachers and stimulate pupils' interest.

Thus Cyanamid is helping America develop its greatest resource – the young people who will be the leaders of tomorrow! American Cyanamid Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

CYANAMID

50 CYANAMID 1907 1957

HELPING AMERICA MAKE BETTER USE OF ITS RESOURCES

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Editorials

The Reds Hoped That "Moon" Would Panic Us

Perhaps if Mr. Khrushchev had held his horses for a little longer, he would have had better luck in his effort to terrify the free world into a premature surrender. Instead, he permitted the Soviet satellite moon to beep its way around the earth for only three days before letting the cat out of the bag. The cat, of course, was the news that he was willing to place the moon under international supervision in exchange for an agreement by the West to accept "peaceful coexistence"—that is to say, surrender to the Communist conspiracy.

Nobody but an idiot would declare that Russia's Sputnik is just a stunt without military significance. Plainly the Soviet Union's success in launching this satellite carries enormously important implications, among them the possibility that the Reds will be able presently to unload devastating missiles upon this country. However, it is not necessary to conclude that, because we lost the race for a moon satellite, the United States is without any means of defense. Leave it that the military possibilities are, to say the least, unpleasant, but not hopeless.

Why was our satellite program so far behind the Soviet program? The answer to that is probably contained in the difference in purpose between the two projects. A nation which is endeavoring to conquer the world for a fanatical ideological purpose will expend more money, brain and will power on a device designed, even remotely, to advance its military plans than will a nation whose interest in outer space is to produce an interesting and possibly informative gadget for the enlightenment of all nations during the International Geophysical Year.

The appearance of Sputnik should spur new and more realistic activity in the rocket field. It is, as the President pointed out, Soviet possession of "a very powerful thrust in their rocketry" that concerns us more than the "orbiting" of the satellite.

However, the Khrushchev interview makes it appear probable that the immediate interest of the Kremlin in Sputnik is in its propaganda and political effects rather than its present military value. We and the other free nations are expected to become less assertive than we have been in our determination to support anti-Communist countries and regimes. We are expected to throw in our hand as far as a unified Germany is concerned, and to say to ourselves, "Well, keeping Red China out of the United Nations isn't worth the destruction of American cities."

But the object of the Communist conspirators is to panic us into handing them Asia, Eastern Europe and the whole "uncommitted world" without a shot being fired. A phenomenon as mysterious, unfamiliar and potentially deadly as a man-made moon is expected to win for the Communists triumphs which more routine terrors have been unable to bring off.

It appears that Sputnik has persuaded President Eisenhower to accept Khrushchev's suggestion for a conference on outer-space missiles. Although, in the light of the experience at Geneva three years ago, little can be expected from such a conference, we are hardly in a position to reject such a proposal out of hand. If the Soviets really have the "ultimate weapon," they are unlikely to agree to anything but abject surrender. If they have not yet perfected such a machine, they can be relied on to keep the conference breathing futilely until their scientists can catch up. Conference or no conference, our cue is to get the missile program moving on the double.

One way to avoid what the British call funk in situations like this is to imagine what would have happened in Russia if Operation Vanguard, the ironical caption for the American satellite project, had come off while Sputnik was still on the drawing board. You may be sure, for one thing, that, if any story of our exploit appeared in Pravda, it would be on Page 4 and would consist of the announcement that the little "beep, beep" which might be heard on the radio was a speech by John Foster Dulles being jammed by Moscow's Ministry of Culture. There would be no panic and no unseemly eagerness by Moscow's scientists to explain to the world just how they happened to miss the boat and where Operation Sputnik stood at the moment.

We are not defending secrecy and deception, which normally are bad practice—except to observe that in cold wars as in hot ones it is a little silly to hand over all your secrets. While giving Soviet Science full credit for this epochal achievement, Americans must stand firm against the efforts of Soviet Propaganda to use it as a scare machine.

Why No Parole for the Man Who Helped Convict the Rosenbergs?

When Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were convicted of treason six years ago, the principal, and indeed the essential, witness against them was Mrs. Rosenberg's brother, David Greenglass. The Rosenbergs, it will be recalled, stole important atomic secrets for the Soviet Union, possibly including the basic principle upon which the launching of the Soviet's moon satellite depended. Greenglass, who had been recruited more or less reluctantly into Communist espionage, acted as a courier. From the moment of his arrest in 1950 he co-operated with the FBI and the prosecutors and has given valuable testimony before the Senate Internal Security Committee.

Naturally this was no easy decision for Greenglass, since it involved helping send his sister to the electric chair. In one of his appearances before the Senate committee Greenglass said: "At times, since we are all human, I have been sorry I testified, because they are my flesh and blood, and because I felt affection for them and still feel affection for them. But at any time—and this I knew from the beginning—that these people would have wanted not to be martyrs, they could just easily put their hands up and say, 'Stop. I will tell you the story.' But they refused." He added that his mother had gone to see Ethel in Sing Sing prison and urged her to tell the truth. When she came away, the mother said, according to Greenglass, "If people want to commit suicide, I will not stand in their way, and neither will I have anything further to do with them."

According to Judge Robert Morris, chief counsel for the Senate Internal Security Committee, Greenglass was assured because of his willingness to testify, that he "would be given only a light sentence for his own involvement." Despite his co-operation he was sentenced to fifteen years in prison by Judge Irving Kaufman, who had just thanked him for his testimony! He has already served seven years of his sentence and has twice been turned down for parole by the United States Board of Parole. This, of course, is all right with the Daily Worker, which refers to Greenglass as a "Judas" and the "infamous brother of the martyred Ethel Rosenberg." Others will wonder why Greenglass' service to his country is so meanly rewarded.

Judge Morris appeared as a witness in Greenglass' behalf on two occasions, but to no avail. Another key witness who got an even worse deal was Harry Gold, whose testimony upon the Red spy network has been of great help to the FBI and the investigating committees. Gold got thirty years, but is not yet eligible for parole.

Just now, when unrepentant Communists, who have violated our laws and defied the efforts of congressional committees to obtain information from them, are being turned loose in a judicial jail delivery, it seems extraordinary that a man who has renounced his past and given valuable information to the Government should be held in prison after serving a substantial part of his heavy sentence. As Judge Morris recently observed in a letter to the New York Herald Tribune: "What kind of inducement is this for others who carry the secrets of Soviet espionage in the United States to come forward to tell us on congressional committees and in the FBI what these secrets are?"

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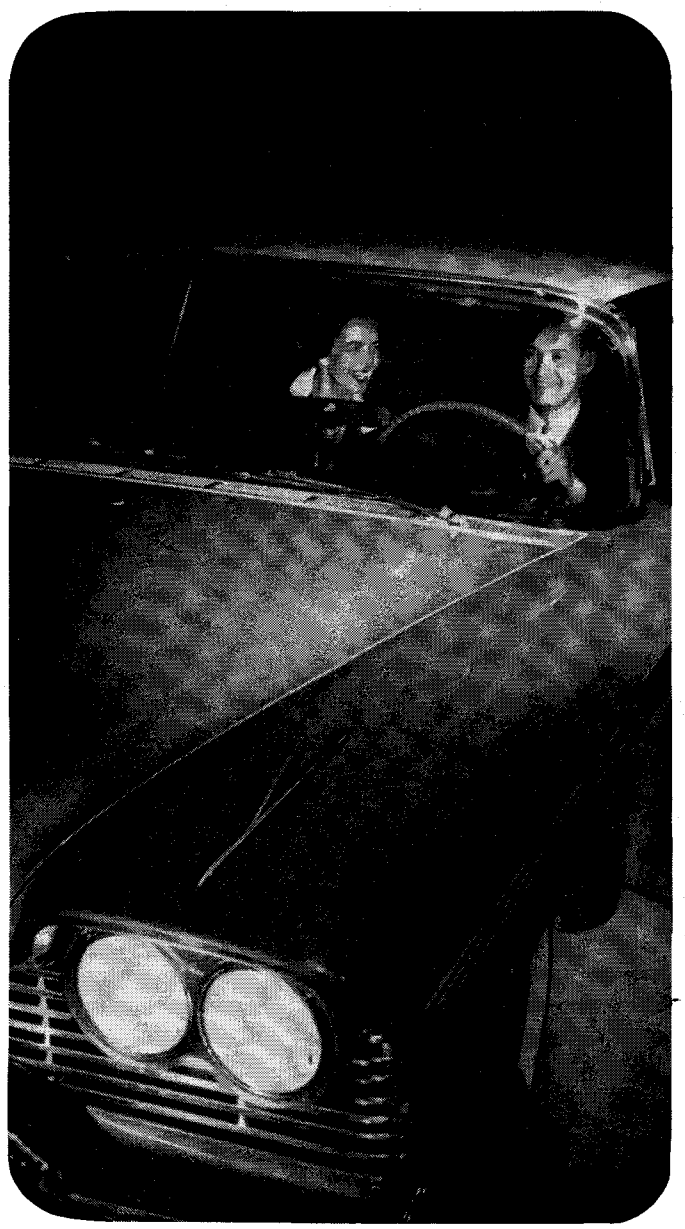

CHRYSLER CORPORATION
brings to
1958

NEW MEANINGS FOR THE NEW CAR BUYER

It grows increasingly clear that great changes are taking place in concepts of design and construction of the motor car in America today. As a result, there are important differences between various cars in enjoyments for the owner. These differences are even more significant in the 1958 models. What is happening is this . . .

1. The *Forward* Look has achieved a major break-through in design, setting new standards in styling and in inherent handling and performance as well.

2. The true importance of these break-throughs—to you—is underscored by the most dramatic wave of popular interest in, and approval of, all five cars—Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial.

3. People realize that authentic enduring style is important. They also realize that it is equally important to *drive*—to *control*—to *feel* the full sense of command—to *know* all the pleasures that define a Forward Look car.

As you study the pages that follow, you will realize that the 1958 cars of Chrysler Corporation fulfill the promise of the most successful design in automobile history. In the clean, fluent, dart-like shape—in the ingenious, rugged engineering at the heart of it—here is the authentic pattern of advance design.

We invite you to compare design... to discover the full bounty of exciting and exacting achievements that distinguish the 1958 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial from all other cars. A nearby dealer will demonstrate the differences. See him and discover why The *Forward* Look reaches farther into the future than any other design of our time.

They're Here! On the next 13 pages CHRYSLER CORPORATION

shows you why for '58 . . . more than ever THE *FORWARD* LOOK is the ADVANCE DESIGN!

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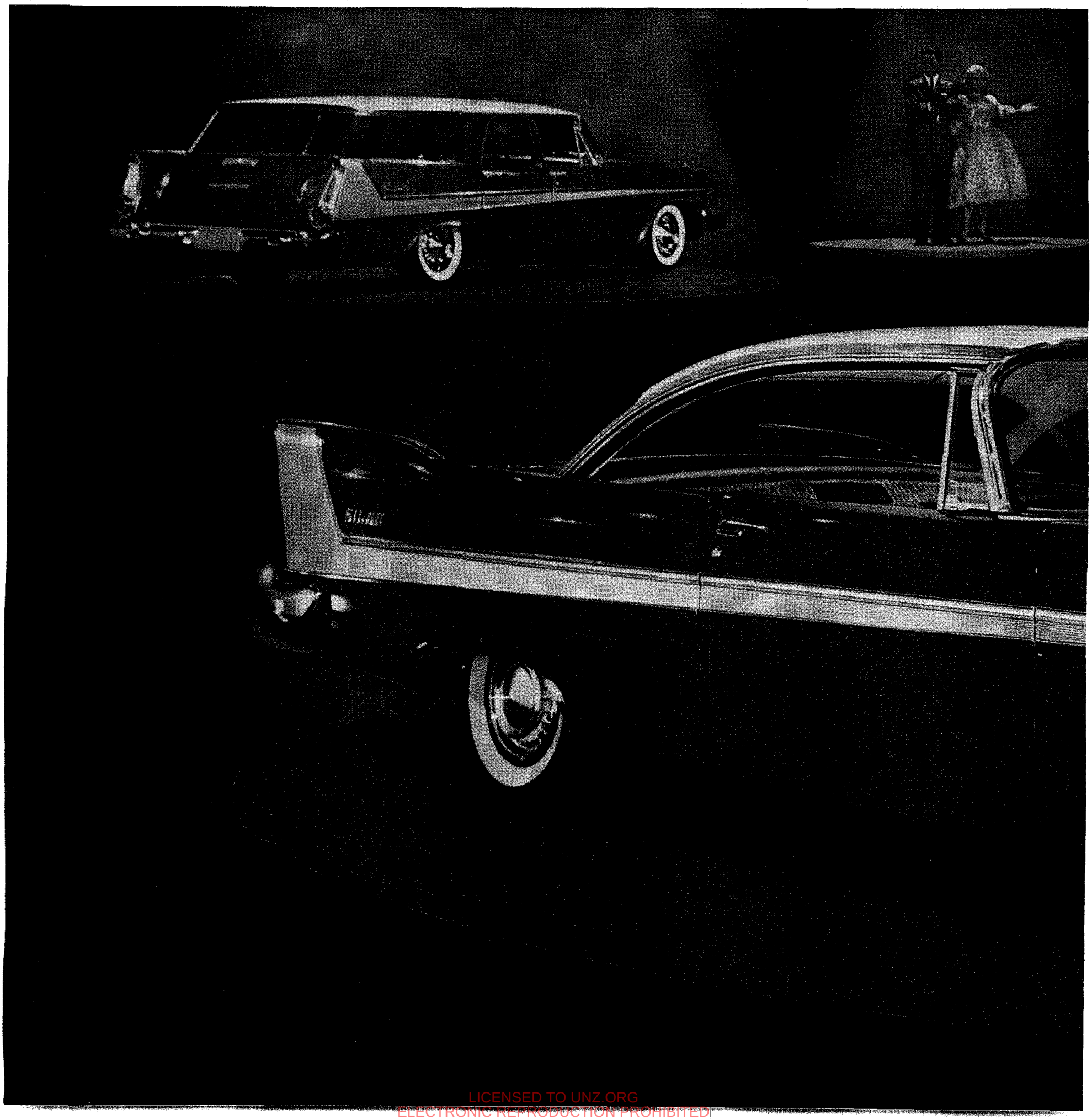
Announcing the car that's AHEAD

Above all others in the world, the leader is most fiercely challenged. This is true in every endeavor; and in th
reply is here today. The builders of the most exciting cars on the road bring you an even greater new Plymout

SILVER DART STYLING • **TORSION-AIRE RIDE** • **GOLDEN COMMANDO V-8*** • **DIRECTIONAL STABILIZER FINS** • **PUSH-BUTTON TORQUEFLIT**
A long, low sweep of beauty! Luxurious big-car comfort! New, advanced engine design! For safer travel on the nation's highways! World's smoothest . . . easiest drivin



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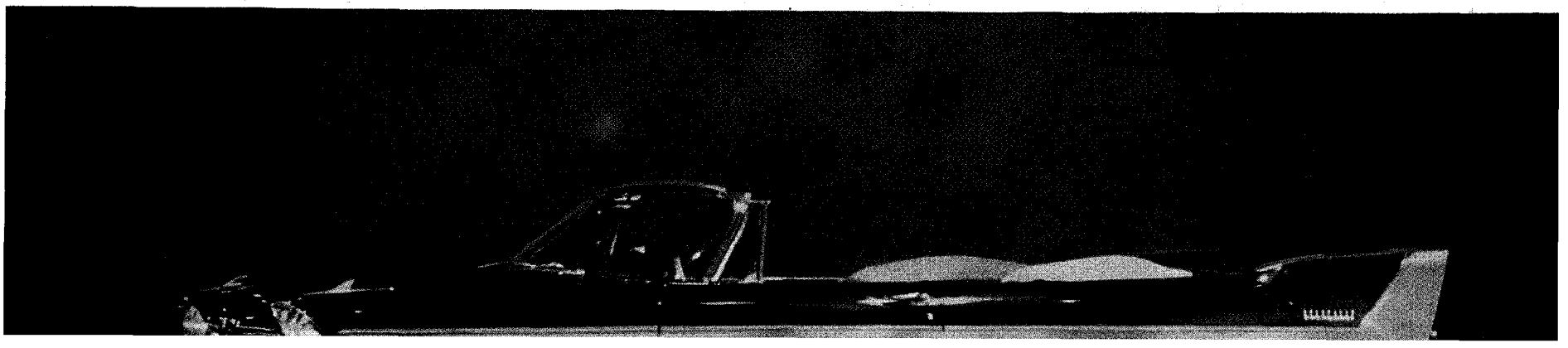
FOR KEEPS!

tomotive field, many have asked of Plymouth: "What can you possibly bring us that is finer?" The proud
. the Star of the Forward Look . . . with many new and important features that will *keep* you years ahead!

UXURY-LINE INTERIORS
'ith beauty-blended fabrics!

ıtional at extra cost

There's no catching **Plymouth**



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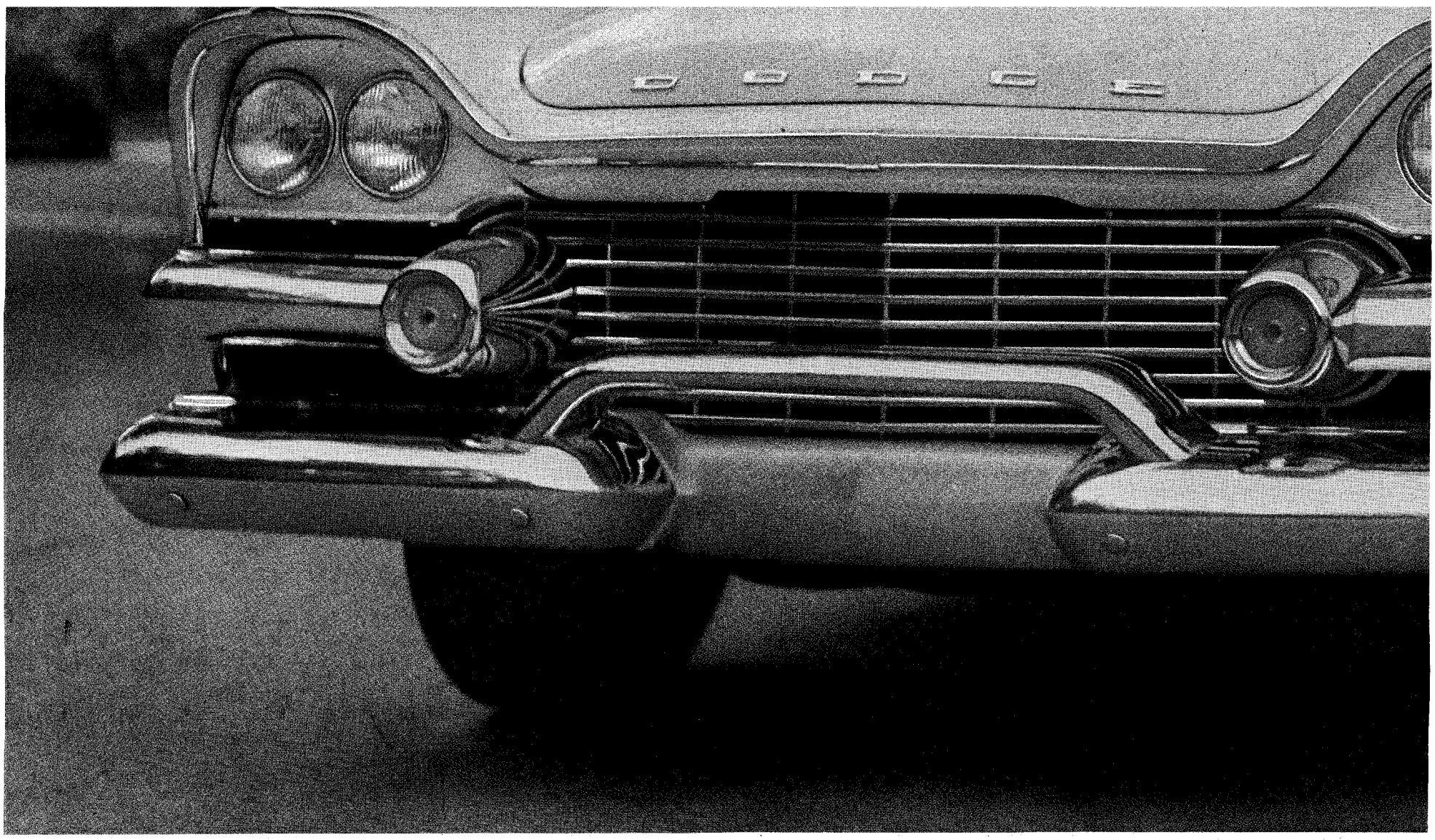

A MOST UNUSUAL NEW CAR is now enjoying enthusiastic reception all over America. It is very low, very daring, beautifully proportioned. The manufacturer, Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, has designated the car "Swept-Wing 58" with the statement: "This is the successor to the 1957 Swept-Wing Dodge which launched a 'buying revolution' against the high, boxy design carried over by other cars in the field. In Swept-Wing 58, owners will have the most advanced 1958 car on the road in style, ride and true greatness of handling." While horsepower and torque ratings on the new Ram-Fire V-8 engine have not been disclosed, it is announced t electronic fuel injection will be available in limited quantity. A remarkable autom transmission (TorqueFlite) combines both a fluid torque converter (for smoothne and 3-speed gear ranges (agility and economy). Driver controls all ranges by pu button, a Dodge "trademark" since introducing it to the industry in 1956. Torsion-A ride, which virtually eliminates road-sway and brake dip, is standard equipment on models. Other significant advances include a new Constant-Control power steer

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SWEPT·WING 58

(So advanced it leaves the rest behind !)

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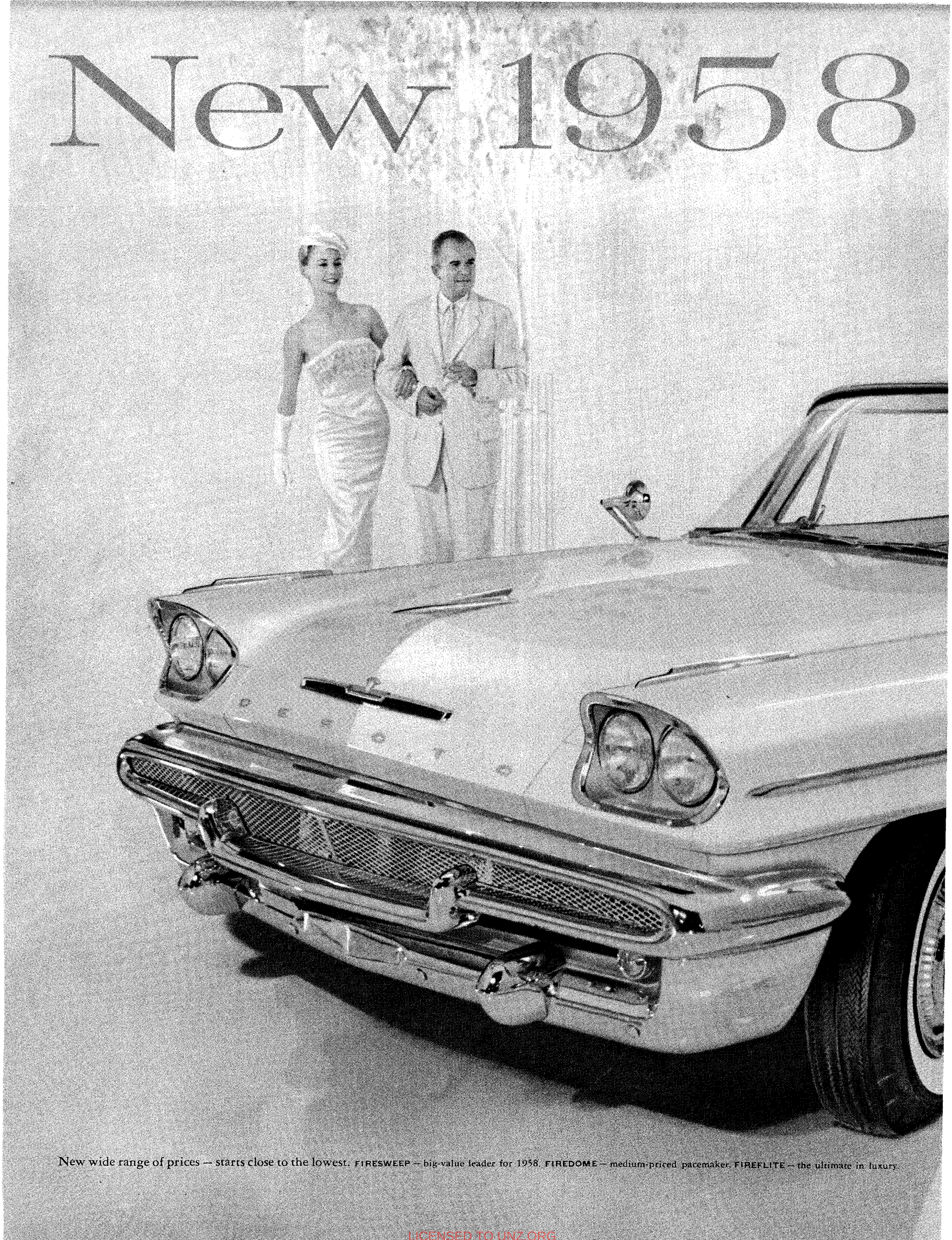
New 1958



New wide range of prices — starts close to the lowest. FIRESWEEP — big-value leader for 1958. FIREDOME — medium-priced pacemaker. FIREFLITE — the ultimate in luxury.

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DE SOTO

the exciting look
and feel of the future!

Fireflite 2-door Sportsman by De Soto
Clothes by I. Magnin

Here is the flight-sweep styling of the future — functional outside, spacious and modern inside.

Here is the power of the future — a new De Soto engine of advanced design. Quiet, economical and powerful, it brings a new smoothness to driving.

Here is the ride of the future — new Torsion-Aire is air-borne smooth, with unrivaled roadability. No extra cost!

Here is the convenience of the future — driving is push-button simple; parking is fingertip easy.

Get a glimpse of the future at your De Soto dealer's today.

De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation

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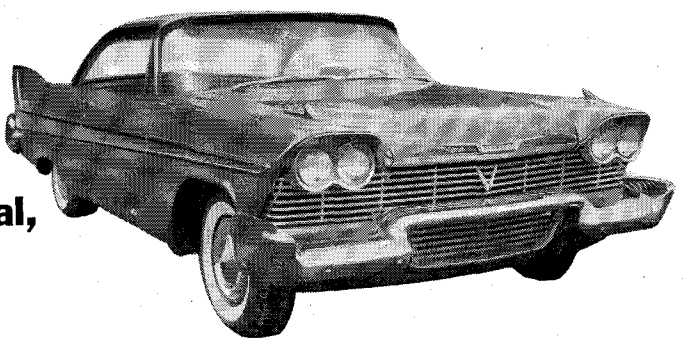
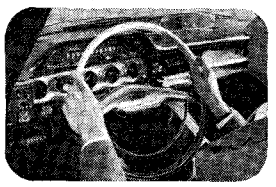
You've just seen the new '58 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto.

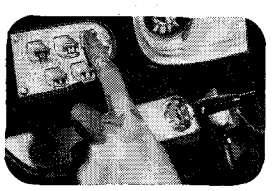


Now, before you turn to the new '58 Chrysler and Imperial,

LOOK AT ALL THAT'S NEW FOR YOU in the cars of THE *FORWARD* LOOK! Your first time at the wheel

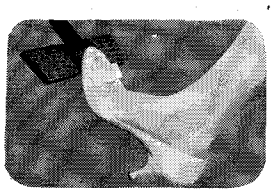


you're in for a brand new sensation! Push a button

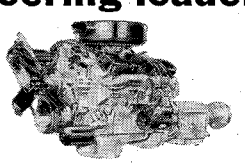


(on the dash for safety) and you're off to the most controlled ride you've ever enjoyed—TORSION-AIRE! New CONSTANT CONTROL POWER STEERING

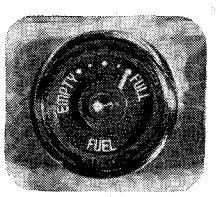
works for you full-time. You'll feel safer, surer with TOTAL-CONTACT BRAKES . . .



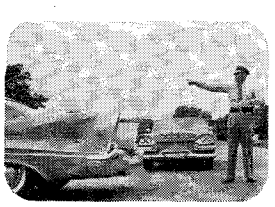
longer lasting and less work for your toes. And you'll be pleased as punch with the way it PERFORMS. (Chrysler engineering leadership is a famed and



familiar story.) You'll thrill to new smoother, quieter engines. You'll see why the cars of CHRYSLER CORPORATION set records for ECONOMY



as you whisper your way through traffic.



Whether you go with TORQUEFLITE or POWERFLITE

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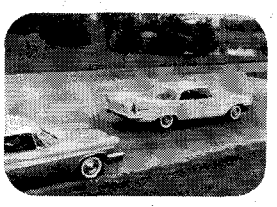
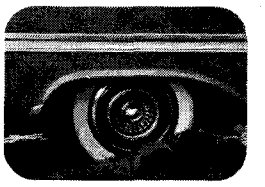
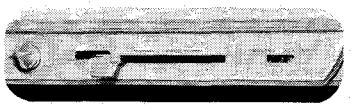
you get an unmatched combination of smoothness . . .



performance and economy! You've more ways to save gas with a new 3-step choke. Fuel injection on some models. You'll surge out of snow or mud with new Sure-Grip differential.





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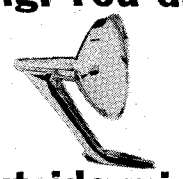

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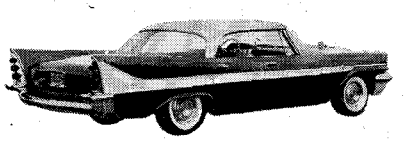
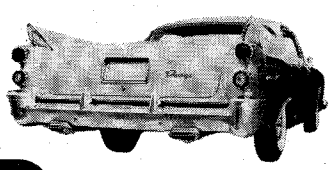


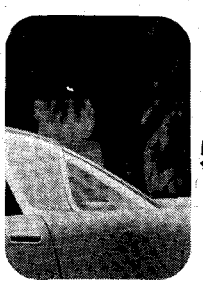
and handsome new grilles . . . functional fins . . . not added on—they flow out of the design!

New taillight glamor, too!



Wrap-around windshields, both top and bottom,

front and back.



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exciting new colors. Yes, a new experience is waiting for you right now at your

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ANNOUNCING THE GLAMOROUS

You'll thrill to its Bold New Look of Success and to its dramatic all-new concept of quality construction, performance and prestige . . . never before available at its price!

ADVANCED New Flight-Sweep styling!
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SAFEST New Total-Contact brakes!
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ALL-NEW CHRYSLER WINDSOR!

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EW! A car not only *all-new* in styling . . . *all-new* in engineering . . . *all-ew* in performance but representing an *all-new* concept of luxury in its new wer priced field! Imagine! *Chrysler* quality . . . *Chrysler* luxury . . . *hrysler* performance . . . *Chrysler* prestige! All this in a new lower riced range! So much more to enjoy! So much less to pay!

EW! Never before has it been possible to own so much glamour . . . so uch luxury . . . for so little . . . and only Chrysler offers it to you today!

EW! Ask your Chrysler dealer to show you Chrysler's long list of special new 1958 features such as Chrysler's new Auto-Pilot! The greatest driving safety, driving comfort feature ever invented! Not a governor, but an *assisting* device connected with speedometer and accelerator. It prevents excess *speed* in traffic zones, maintains constant *speed* on highways. Be sure to see it in operation.

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IN THREE PRICE CLASSES . . .
NEW YORKER • SARATOGA • WINDSOR!

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Announcing for 1958...

With a sound like the wind, and a starry glitter, the magnificent new Imperial for 1958 rolls on the scene. Here in all its triumphant beauty is America's new fine-car style leader – acknowledged throughout the nation, deeply recognized by the industry itself. The Imperial is a superb forerunner of what others may have . . . later. You may own it, and drive it, now. Unique performance characteristics are yours to command. For the Imperial, along with its great good looks and good taste, places at your service the industry's admittedly finest engineering. Touch a button. You summon deep-breathing power which feels limitless. Turn the wheel. For all its impressive size and length, your car handles like silk . . . an experience at once thrilling and restful. The exclusive suspension system on the Imperial holds you serenely level and supremely com

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ble with Imperial's exclusive new Deluxe Dual Air
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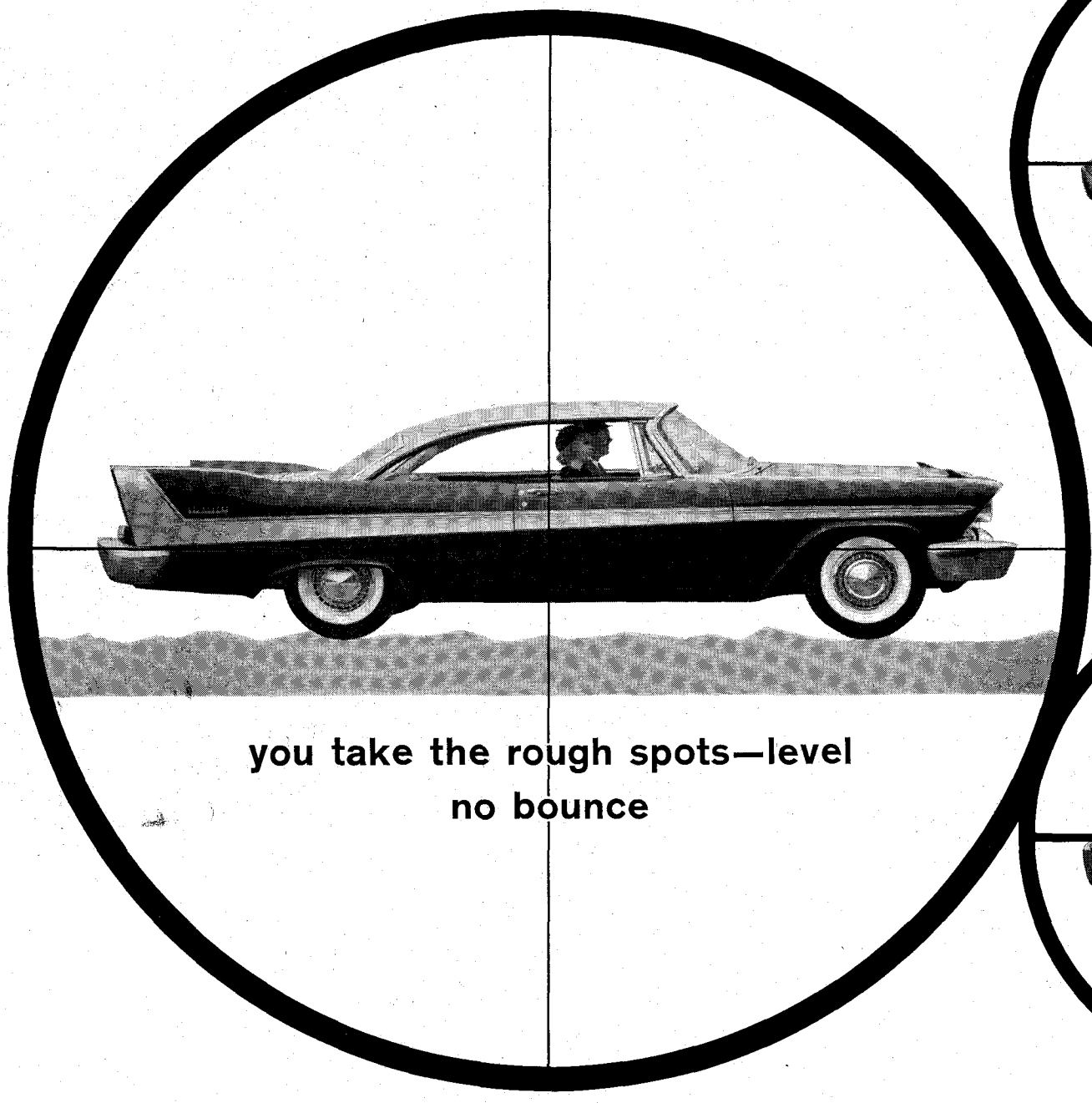
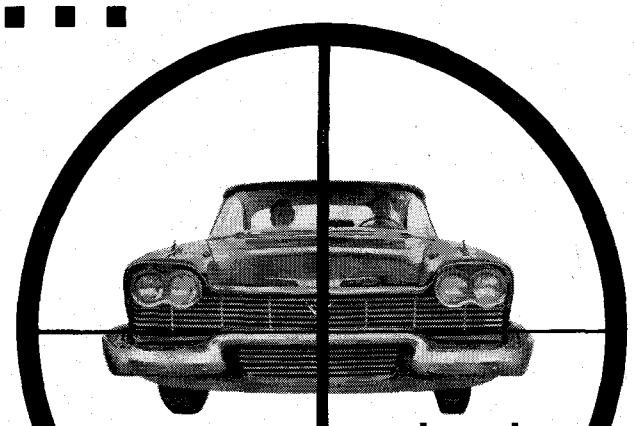
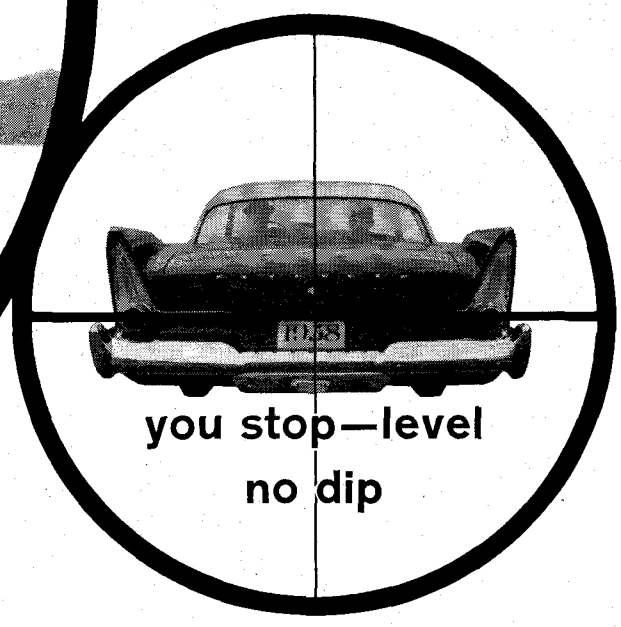
TORSION-AIRE RIDE...



you take the rough spots—level
no bounce



you corner—level
no lean



you stop—level
no dip

the only completely controlled suspension system—and at no extra cost!

When you first drive a *Forward* Look car, you're in for the surprise—and ride—of your life. Such constant, utter control you've never experienced before. From the moment you take off, you're the boss. Bumps . . . curves . . . quick-stops . . . all are ironed out, as you experience a degree of riding comfort unmatched by any other cars on the road.

What is Torsion-Aire? It's more than just new springs. It's a scientifically balanced total levelling system. Torsion-bars . . . shock absorbers . . . levelizer rear springs . . . super-cushion tires . . . smaller wheels . . . ball joints . . . rubber insulation . . . all combine to give you the only truly new way of cradling your car, and you!

Torsion-Aire has been tested by over a million owners . . . proved by billions of driving miles. Torsion-Aire helps make possible the striking and popular low silhouette of The *Forward* Look. There's generous, new, leg-sprawling roominess, too. And—most importantly—it's all yours to enjoy AT NO EXTRA COST!

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

All in a night's work: At a Polish celebration in Detroit, Williams (right) performs a polka with youngsters in their national costume. Later that evening, the governor called the square dance shown on the following page.

Soapy, the Boy Wonder

By BEVERLY SMITH, JR., *Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*

How durable are the glittering political charms of Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams, a wellborn Democrat with surprising talent as a shirt-sleeve vote getter?

Accustomed to the chair-borne coverage of politics in Washington, it was with some surprise that I found myself, one evening not long ago, trotting briskly through the back lanes of Hamtramck—pronounced Hamtramick—Michigan. Ahead, setting a swift pace in the dusk, was the towering figure of Gov. G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams.

The governor, due to make the kickoff at a night soccer game between two Polish-American teams, had been delivered by his driver at the wrong stadium. Discovering his mistake, he had set off at a fast lope for the other stadium, a few blocks away. Soon he was on the correct field, shaking hands with the players, giving the ball a healthy boot, and then moving to the stands to shake hands with the spectators and occasionally exchange a greeting in Polish. (Soapy has a smattering of no less than thirteen foreign languages, a fact

Soapy and his wife Nancy, also a campaigner, at an "apple smorgasbord" put on by German, Italian and Swedish fruit growers. He travels 75,000 miles a year on the lunch-and-handshake circuit.

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City-born Soapy, making like a country boy at a hoedown, calls the sets for members of a Detroit Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union local at their annual dance.

At the National Cherry Festival in Traverse City: the governor is willing to play the clown if it will win votes.

much appreciated by the foreign-born groups among Michigan's voters.)

He does not usually have to gallop on foot to his engagements, but the incident was typical of the energy of the most tireless campaigner in American politics. Earlier this day he had traveled some hundreds of miles by car, boat and plane; had ridden in and reviewed a parade in Grand Haven; and had made or renewed acquaintance with thousands of constituents. On the next day, a Sunday, he flew to a County Labor Picnic at Marshall and to a rodeo at Hazel Park; greeted a banquet of the Islamic Association in Detroit; and attended a Belgian-American Businessmen's Picnic at Swiss Valley Park. All this during what was supposed to be his vacation, and in a nonelection year.

Michigan reporters aver that "Soapy has been campaigning *365* days a year since 1948."

In that year, when Soapy, at thirty-seven, was first elected governor, he was variously regarded as a boy wonder and a political accident—in both of which there was some truth. Most Republicans put him down as an amiable sophomore who would cause little trouble and could easily be ousted after one two-year term. They underestimated his brains, his shrewdness, his endurance, his tenacity and his ambition. He is now in his fifth term as Democratic governor of a traditionally Republican state, where no governor ever served

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more than three terms before. In 1956, when Eisenhower was sweeping Michigan by 350,000, Williams was reversing the tide to win by nearly 300,000.

In the nine years since 1948 the "boy wonder" has developed into one of the most formidable figures on the American political scene. Also one of the most controversial. Conservative Michigan Republicans regard him, with mingled bitterness and dread, as a "Machiavelli," as a "phony idealist whose every move is calculated for his own advancement," "a stooge of the CIO," and as a man whose tax policies and pro-labor bias are driving industry out of the state. Admirers see him as a dedicated liberal and friend of the underdog; as one who combines a scholar's knowledge of government with a rare gift for practical politics; and as "another F.D.R." who, as presidential nominee, could carry the Democrats to victory in 1960.

There is little doubt that Williams himself has his eye fixed on the presidential nomination, and will make his big try for it in 1960. As of now, in the winter book, he is ranked as a medium long-shot, but changing events may turn certain of his liabilities into assets. And it should be remembered that he has consistently been underestimated by the opposition. But before trying to assess his chances, let's take a further look at him as he is today.

Now forty-six years old, Soapy Williams still keeps much of his boyish appearance. The thick shock of dark hair, which has been compared to Li'l Abner's; the green polka-dot bow tie which he has made his trade-mark; the athletic figure—six-foot-three, 210 pounds—the large blue eyes with unusually long lashes; the big, happy smile—all these contribute to the impression.

Thus it comes almost as a shock, when you see him close up, to note that his hair is beginning to gray on the sides and show a small bald spot on top.

But the youthful impression still predominates. It consoles his foes and worries his friends as they look toward 1960. They figure that most voters like a bit of the father-image in their President. "And even allowing for the gray hairs," one friend admits, "it's hard to see Soapy as paternal." Enemies say he projects an almost teen-age image, which would never do for the White House.

Similarly with the nickname "Soapy," which he acquired in boyhood because his family owns the Mennen Company (soaps and toiletries). "The name was fine, running for governor," says one of his staff. "It set the right note of friendly informality against a chilly or stuffy opponent. But for President—I don't know. Anyway, we're stuck with it now."

Williams himself does not seem to worry about the nickname, and sometimes jokes about it in his speeches. On his father's side, his family used to own a prosperous pickle business. If his father had not long ago abandoned pickles for real estate, he tells his audience, "you might have had the distinction of a governor called Pickles Williams."

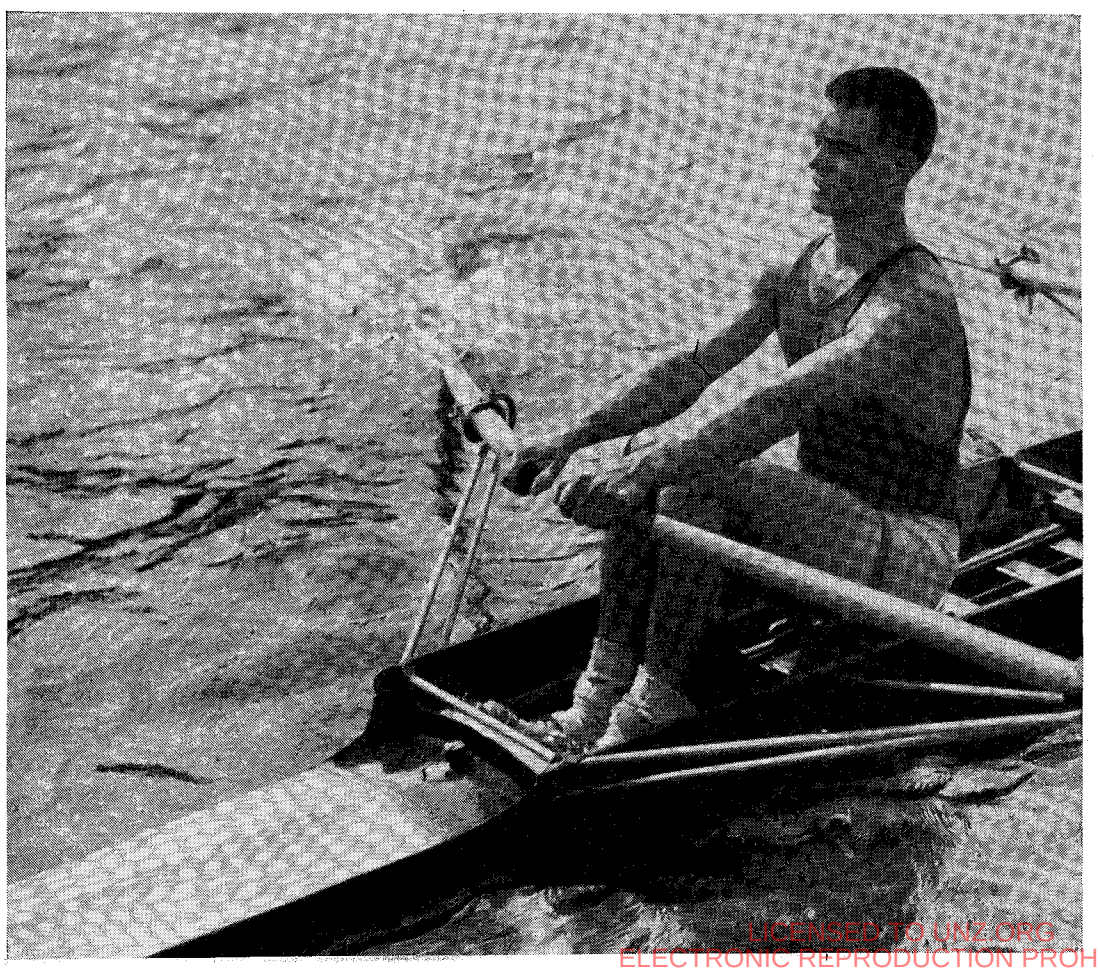
He points out that he is no relation to the Williams shaving-cream family. "The people of America think I am, and this is quite a trial to my family. My Uncle Mennen (William Gerhard Mennen, head of the Mennen Co.) doesn't like this reverse publicity a bit."

One of the most interesting things about Williams is his combination of the practical and the intellectual. One Michigan editor says, "Soapy is part cornball, part egghead."

On the one side there is the Williams who travels 75,000 miles a year to meet the folks; who at a church supper will go out into the kitchen to greet the cooks and help with the dishes; who can call a Virginia reel or join in a Hungarian or Finnish folk dance; who seems at home in a union hall or at a state fair; who has an appeal for every minority or underprivileged group,

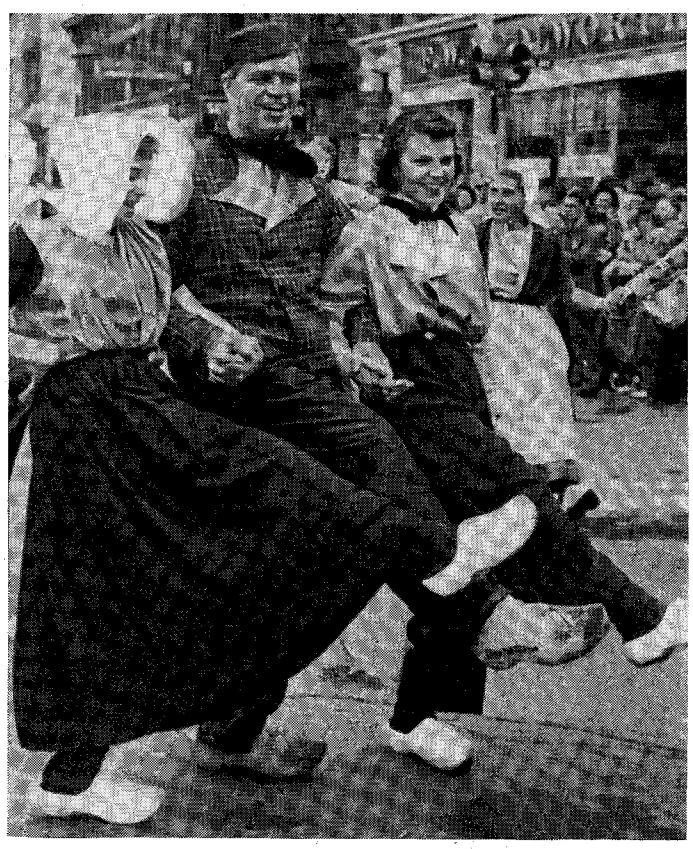
(Continued on Page 136)

A Princeton crewman in 1932, Williams was also a wrestler, Phi Beta Kappa and big man on the campus.



SOAPY LOVES THEM ALL

Negro-Americans: Williams at Wilberforce (Ohio) University, where he delivered the commencement address.



Dutch-Americans: The peerless campaigner danced in the streets at Holland, Michigan's Tulip Time Festival.

Greek-Americans: The baby kissed the politician when Soapy arrived for a Hellenic-American dinner.

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STUBBORN BRIDE

It wasn't until after the wedding that she learned what kind of people he came from . . .

By MARY AGNES THOMPSON

Lt. Frank Palcoucek slowed the car a little as New Czechy's white grain elevators appeared, slashing the purple-blue of the evening horizon. The vague uneasiness he had felt when he had suggested visiting his folks rolled over him now with a desperation close to panic. He felt like a little boy again. It was not that he was ashamed of the folks, he told himself over and over to lull the nagging uneasiness, but how could you say to reserved Linda Raeburn, one of Biloxi's elite, "Look, my old man is still pretty much old-country. He talks funny and loud, and sometimes he forgets and runs a bunch of Czech into it, and sometimes when I'm not watching I catch myself talking almost like him. And mamma ——"

He gripped the steering wheel angrily. Well, mamma was something special that happened to a guy once in a lifetime. Old-fashioned, maybe. But mamma had been the buffer that had quietly eased itself between her youngest son and his tempestuous old man when the quarrels threatened violence. Nobody was going to hurt mamma!

"What's the matter, Frank?" Linda asked anxiously, her easy drawl carrying a nervous note. "You're awfully quiet. . . . It's pretty country. All wheat."

She waited, her dark head still at that expectant angle.

Frank glanced at the countryside. The wheat was turning, waving gently in the evening wind, icy-green and shimmering. He could tell the approximate yield of every field in passing. Old Bohomil Palcoucek had taught even his rebel son the fine art of wheat raising. Frank grinned wryly, but the thought of old Bohomil was not amusing. He could see him, inspecting Linda carefully, then making his blunt pronouncements.

"It's all right, if you like wheat," Frank said with a brief shrug, his mind still on his father. "I never liked it. So the old man let me go, after a couple of rounds." He had an odd sense of loneliness akin to guilt now, coming home in June when the wheat was turning away from greenness. His Air Force uniform would be a sharp contrast to the overalls and blue shirts of the community Czechs.

"I'm the youngest son. I was supposed to farm next to the old man. He didn't want to let me go, so don't expect him to roll out the red carpet, honey." His mind flickered an image of old Bohomil coming in from the field, his huge body surging with the vigor of a man who has lived much outdoors and who rode his seventy-odd years triumphantly. His clothes would be wet with perspiration.

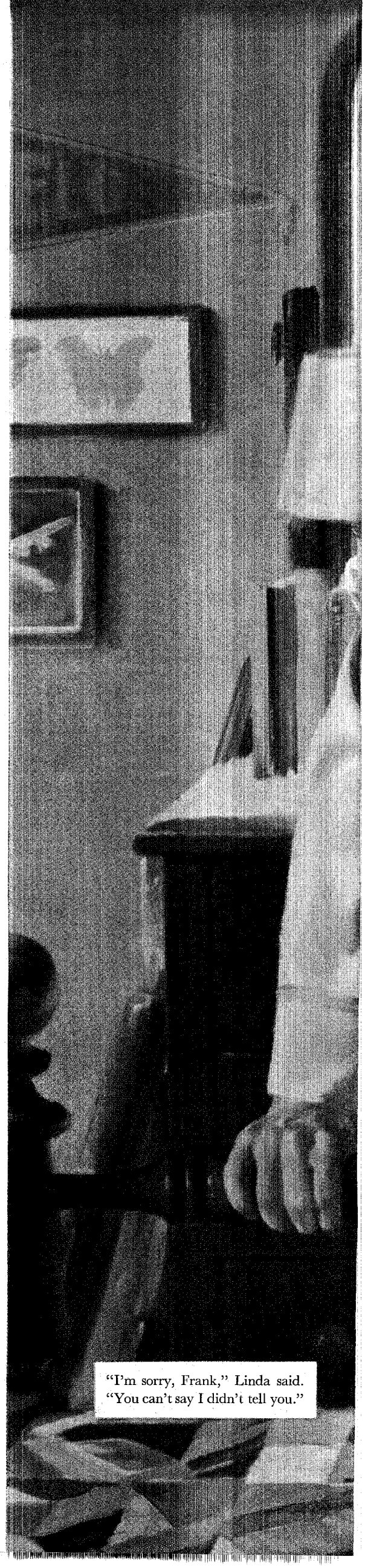
In the small mirror Frank could glimpse Linda, cool and serene in a pastel suit. Only a wisp of her dark hair showed from the edge of the scarf she wore around her head. She looked almost fragile. She was staring straight ahead, her lips parted slightly as though ready to speak, yet she hesitated.

"Scared?" Frank asked, trying to appear at ease himself to allay her fears.

"Your folks won't like me," she predicted moodily, her voice so faraway it seemed cold to Frank. "You know they won't. Is that what's worrying you?"

He drove the car to the side of the highway and slammed on the brakes. The vague irritation mounted (Continued on Page 59)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris



"I'm sorry, Frank," Linda said. "You can't say I didn't tell you."

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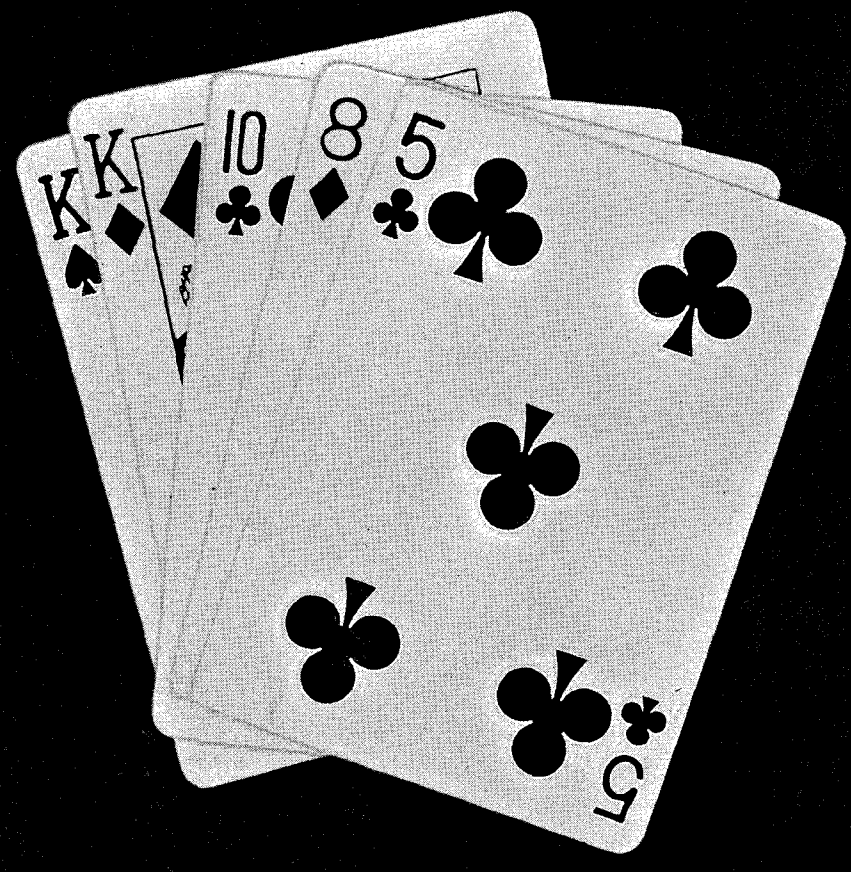
Draw-Poker Hands

nothing wild, Jacks or better to open. There are seven players.

TWO SMALL PAIR

If seven are playing you can assume that there are about three pairs distributed around the table, and possibly a four-card straight or flush. Two small pair, then, may be the high hand before the draw—certainly more than enough to open the betting.



ONE BIG PAIR

Another player has opened. That means he must be holding Jacks or better. Do you stay with a pair of Kings?

WINNING AT POKER

A master of the game's infinite subtleties tells how to come out ahead in a half dozen of its most widely played variants.

By HERBERT O. YARDLEY

I began to play poker at the age of sixteen and quickly learned how to win. That was more than fifty years ago, and I have been winning consistently ever since—in Washington, New York, Hollywood, London, Paris, Cairo, Rome, Hong Kong, Chungking, and on boats and trains and airplanes. I do not believe in luck—only in the law of averages.

The first poker game I ever saw was being played in the rear of a saloon in the little Indiana frontier town where I was born in 1889. At the time, I was president of my high-school class, captain of the football team and a fair student, with a special aptitude for mathematics. My mother had just died, leaving me to do pretty much as I pleased. I haunted poker tables in the town's saloons for months, observing the play. Meanwhile I was dealing hands in my bedroom and studying them.

Finally I settled on Monty's Place, and with an inheritance of $200, and fifty dollars I had earned at odd jobs, I began to play. Monty's saloon was the cleanest in town. The owner, James Montgomery, could have posed as Gentleman Jim Corbett in height, weight and looks. He was good with his fists. Rumor had it that he had killed a man in New York who was fooling around with his wife.

The poker room at Monty's was at the rear of the saloon. The door was barred, and its sliding window was guarded by a bouncer. Strangers were welcome after being frisked for weapons. We played at a large round table covered with green billiard cloth, and surrounded by seven cane chairs. Three games were played—stud, straight draw, and draw with deuces wild. In stud the dealer anted two dollars. In draw and deuces wild each player anted fifty cents. The house cut was fifty cents per game.

The first night I played at Monty's I think my heart never (Continued on Page 140)

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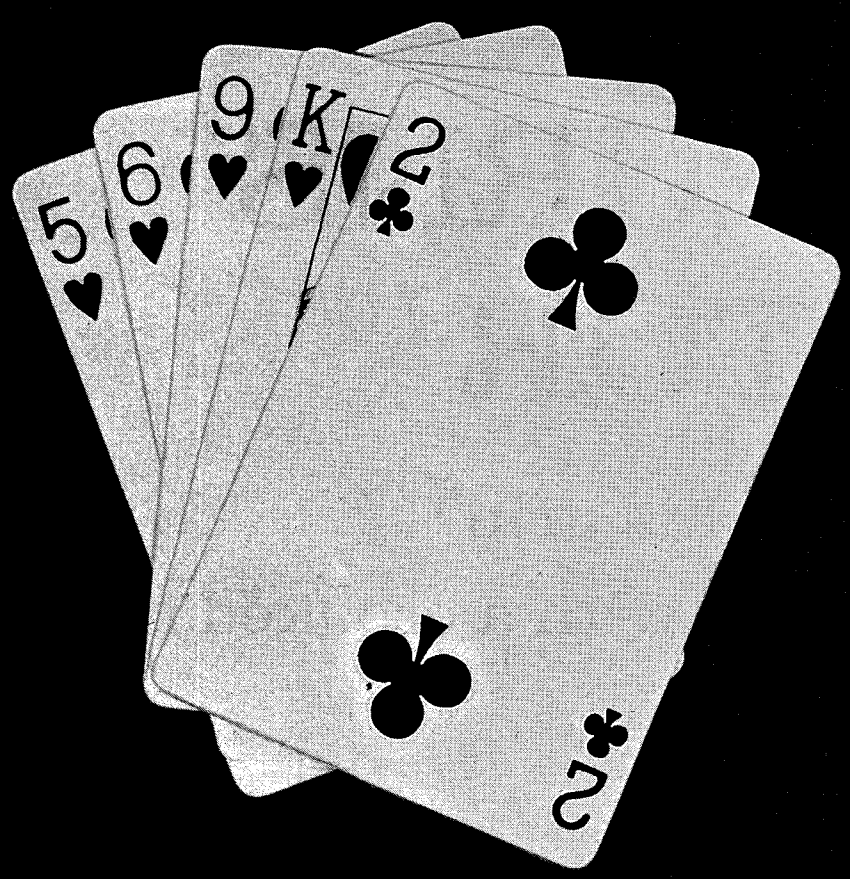
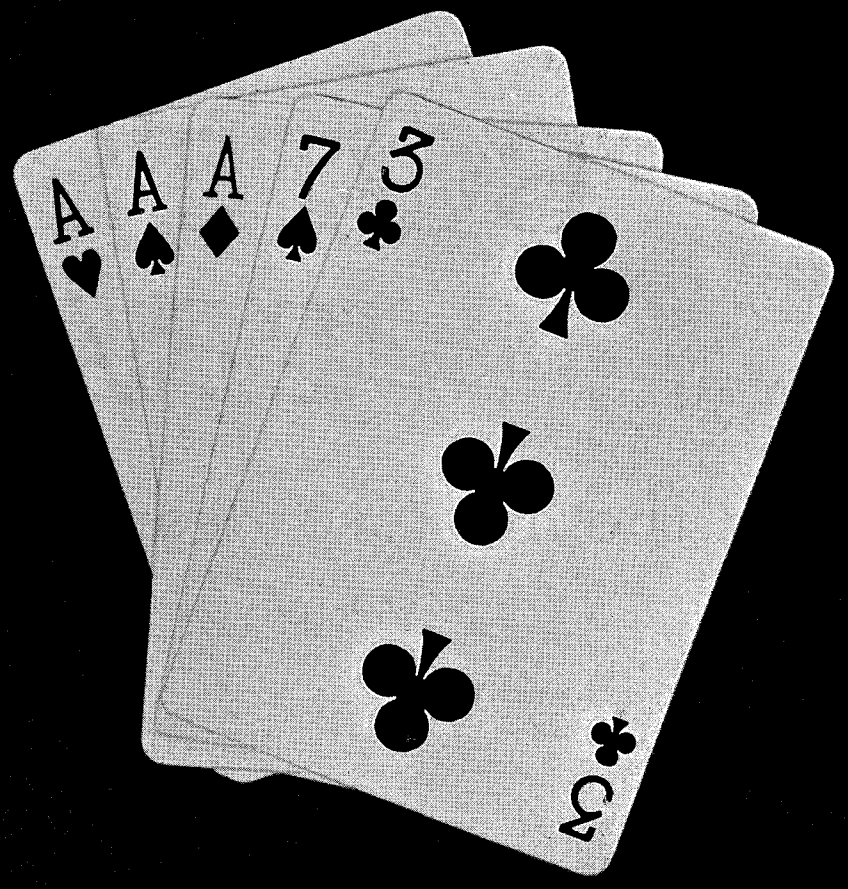
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY THEM?



FOUR-CARD FLUSH

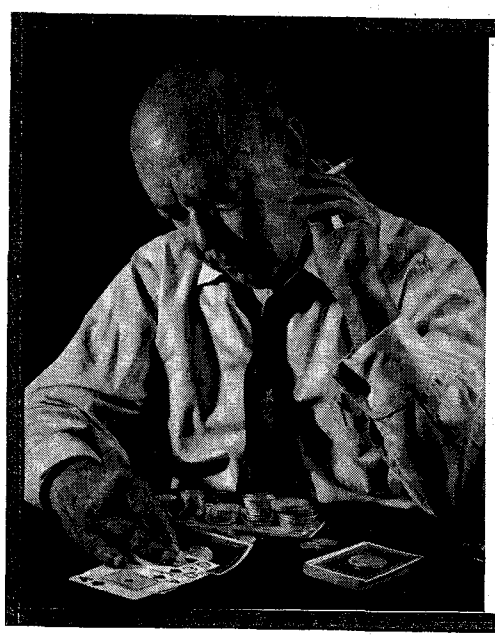
The pot has been opened, and it's up to you. Do you stay, hoping to make the flush with a one-card draw? Or do you fold? Bear in mind that the odds against getting the fifth heart are about five to one. Well?



THREE-OF-A-KIND

A player sitting to the left of the dealer opens. You're next, with three fat Aces. Think carefully now: should you just stay, or raise?

Answers below



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Because he plays such a tight game of poker, Herbert O. Yardley has been dubbed "Old Adhesive" by his friends. He brings to the table intuition, patience, boldness, and a deep understanding of mathematical probabilities—the same talents which have won him enduring fame as a breaker of codes and ciphers.

Yardley's career as a cryptanalyst began with World War I, when he organized a Government bureau to decipher intercepted enemy messages. By Armistice Day, he and his staff had read some 200,000 coded dispatches in a dozen languages. Breaking the Japanese diplomatic cipher was his greatest triumph, and for this he received the Distinguished Service Medal; but all this was a state secret until 1931, when Yardley was permitted to publish a book about his experiences—The American Black Chamber. (Other cryptanalysts broke the Japanese code again shortly before World War II).

Since his retirement three years ago, Yardley has been making a scientific study of poker in all its variations, thus reinforcing his fifty years of experience as a player. Now he has told all in The Education of a Poker Player, to be published next week by Simon & Schuster. This article, adapted from the book, may be read with benefit by everyone, and most particularly by those luckless wights who habitually stay on a pair of Tens.

—THE EDITORS

Answers: THIS IS HOW YARDLEY WOULD PLAY THE HANDS ON THESE PAGES

Two Small Pair

Yardley says: "Never open on two small pair—never. Fold them. It's twelve-to-one you won't make a Full House. If someone else opens, don't stay. Anyone who stays on two small pair should have his head examined. You fold—or you bluff by raising before the draw, standing pat, then betting."

One Big Pair

Yardley says, "Yes. But never stay on less. If you are sitting to the left of the opener, raise on a pair of Kings or Aces. If you drive out other players and the opener draws three cards, draw three with him. If he draws two cards, or one, draw two. If he checks, bet regardless of your hand. If an occasional player stays after you have raised, draw two and bet, unless someone stands pat."

Four-Card Flush

Yardley says, "A four-card flush should never be played unless there is over five times as much money in the pot as the bet itself. That goes, too, for a four-card straight, open at both ends. As for an inside straight, why draw to it? The odds are twelve-to-one you don't make it."

Three-of-a-Kind

"My rule is this," says Yardley. "If you're holding three-of-a-kind, Tens or better, don't raise. You want to entice as many others to stay as you can, because you're pretty sure of winning. However, if your threes are Nines or worse, raise. You want to drive out players who might draw against you."

See page 144 for "Five-Card Stud" and page 146 for "Deuces Wild"

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BOTTS TURNS TRAITOR

Had the master salesman lost his grip? Was he in cahoots with a crooked rival?

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Monday, September 9, 1957

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
HOTEL FAIRFIELD
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR BOTTS: Our dealer in Mine City, Pennsylvania, reports that he is in trouble and needs help. For some time he has been working on a contractor by the name of George Crampion, who specializes in moving buildings of all kinds. Our dealer was trying to sell this man one of our big X-20 Earthworm tractors. He had reached the point where he thought the sale was practically in the bag when his prospect suddenly informed him that the whole deal was off.

It seems that a man bearing the fancy name of Vincent Van Verdingham had arrived in town, had announced that he was a salesman for the Goliath Tractor Company and had then handed out a sales talk as fancy as his name. He told Mr. Crampion that our crawler-type Earthworm X-20 does not have sufficient traction to move large buildings. It does not grip the ground the way it should. When it attempts to haul a heavy load, the tracks merely spin and dig a hole in the ground. The Goliath tractor, on the other hand, is equipped with a new type of giant-size rubber pneumatic tires, approximately eight feet in diameter and with completely new and revolutionary treads.

To the casual observer these treads look like any others. But, according to Mr. Vincent Van Verdingham, they are provided with thousands of microscopic vacuum suction cups. These cups, although they are invisible to the naked eye, have the power to grip the ground, or any other surface on which they travel, with a tenacity similar to the suction cups on the tentacles of an octopus. In consequence, the Goliath tractor never slips; it never skids; and it can pull up to four times as big a load as any Earthworm or other tractor of similar weight. At least this is the line that Mr. Van Verdingham was putting out.

Mr. Crampion was so impressed that he held up his order for an Earthworm and demanded a competitive demonstration.

The Goliath man promptly brought in one of his tractors. He rented a small warehouse filled with about a hundred tons of Portland cement. And he announced that he would jack up this building, place it on skids and haul it to any place Mr. Crampion desires. He plans to have the heavy cement in the building and to use skids instead of wheels or rollers, so as to make the job more difficult and thus demonstrate the superiority of his machine. He has challenged our dealer to hook onto this load either before or after his own demonstration.

Our dealer has accepted the challenge. He thinks an X-20 Earthworm tractor can move the warehouse. He does not think the Goliath tractor can handle it, but he is not sure. He does not know much about the Goliath. He never heard of these special suction-grip tires. And he wants us to give him all the information we may have.

I would suggest that you go to Mine City at once. You have been out in the field more than I have. You have had many opportunities to observe the Goliath tractor in action. So I feel you are the ideal man to advise our dealer as to what he should do.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

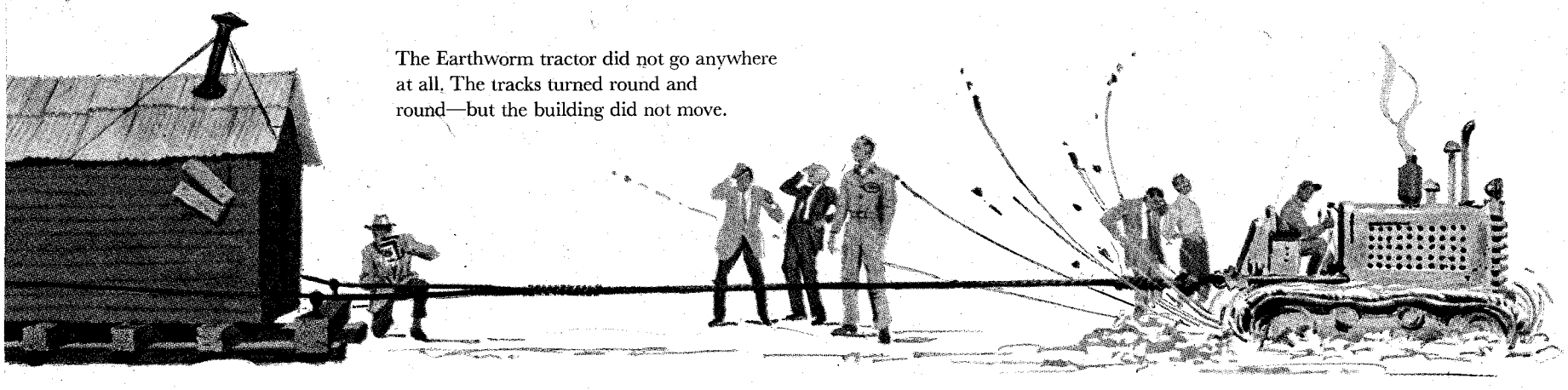
MINE CITY HOTEL
MINE CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Wednesday evening, September 11, 1957

Dear Henderson: Thanks for your letter. In sending me to deal with the machinations of the upstart Goliath Tractor Company, you have indeed selected the best man in the entire tractor industry.

(Continued on Page 130)

Illustrated by Walter Skor



The Earthworm tractor did not go anywhere at all. The tracks turned round and round—but the building did not move.

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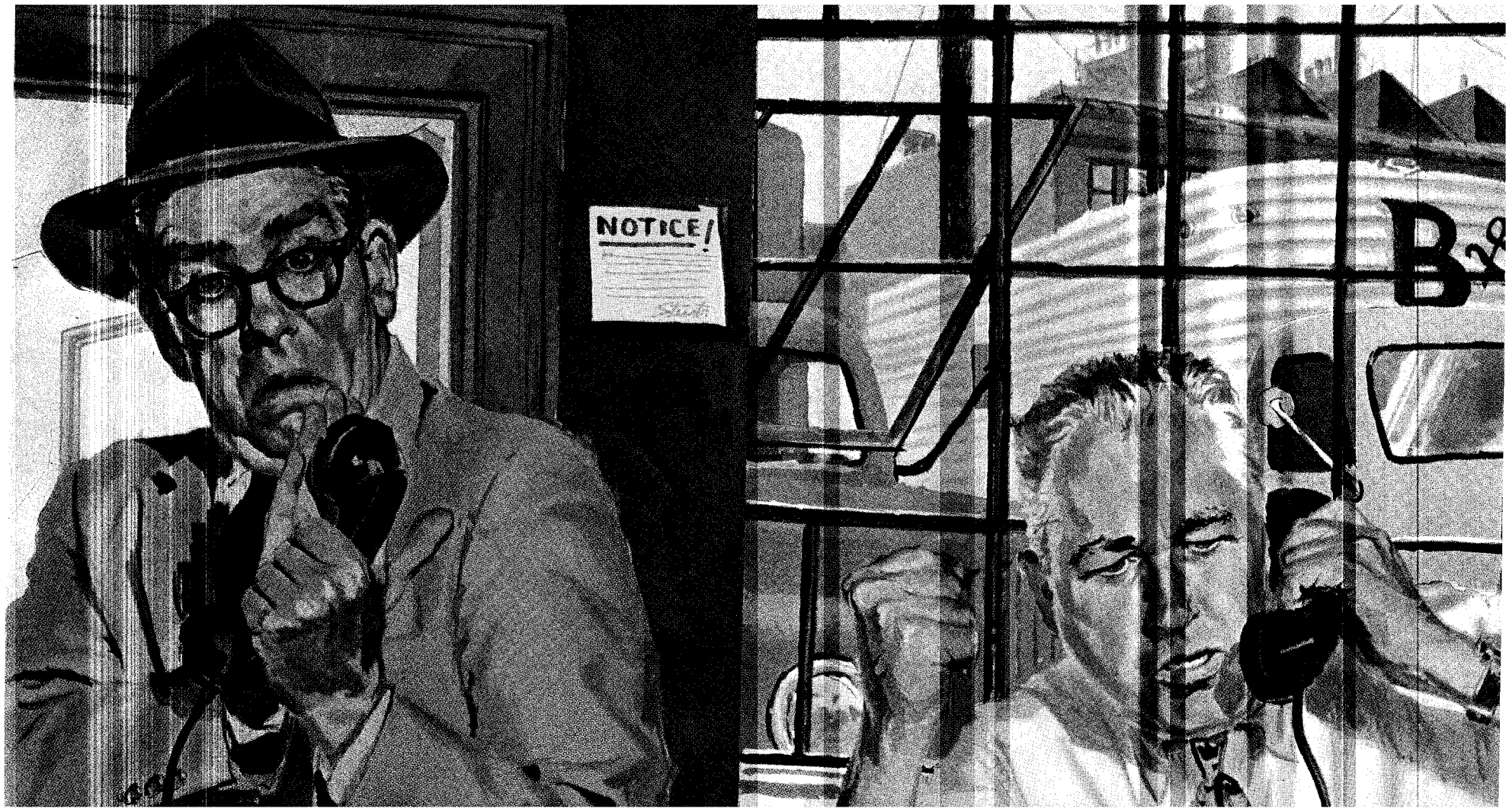

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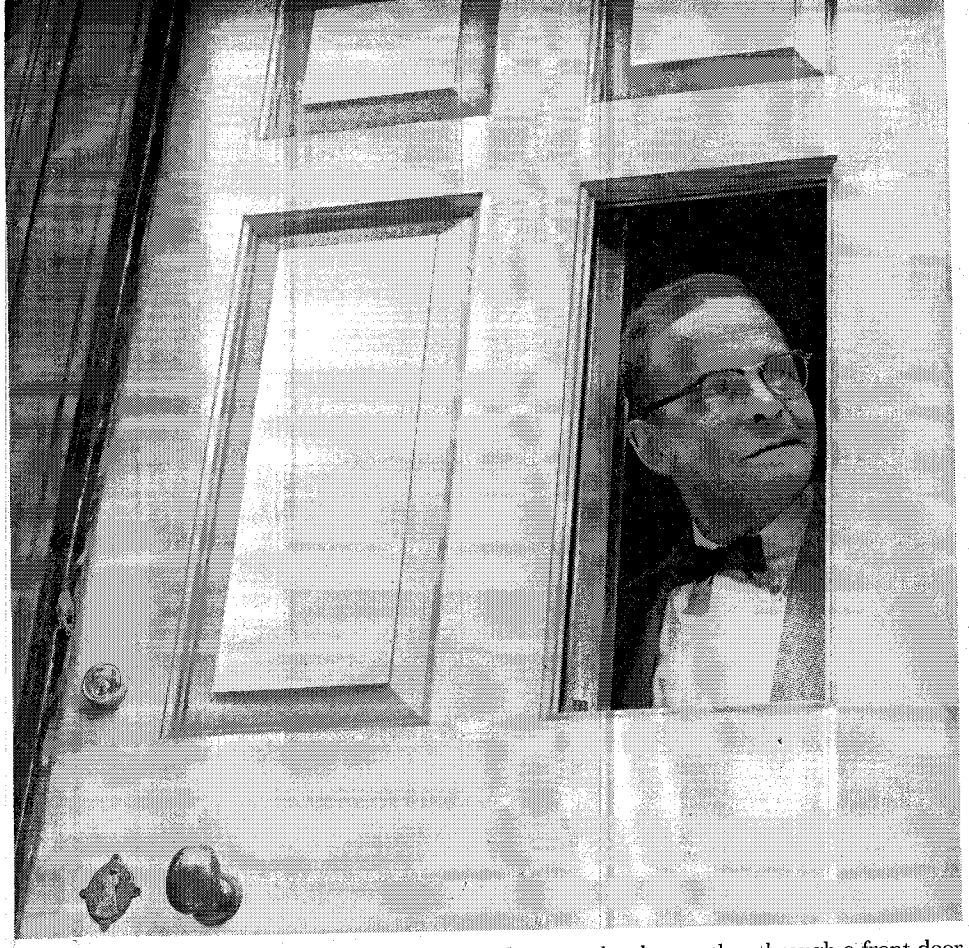


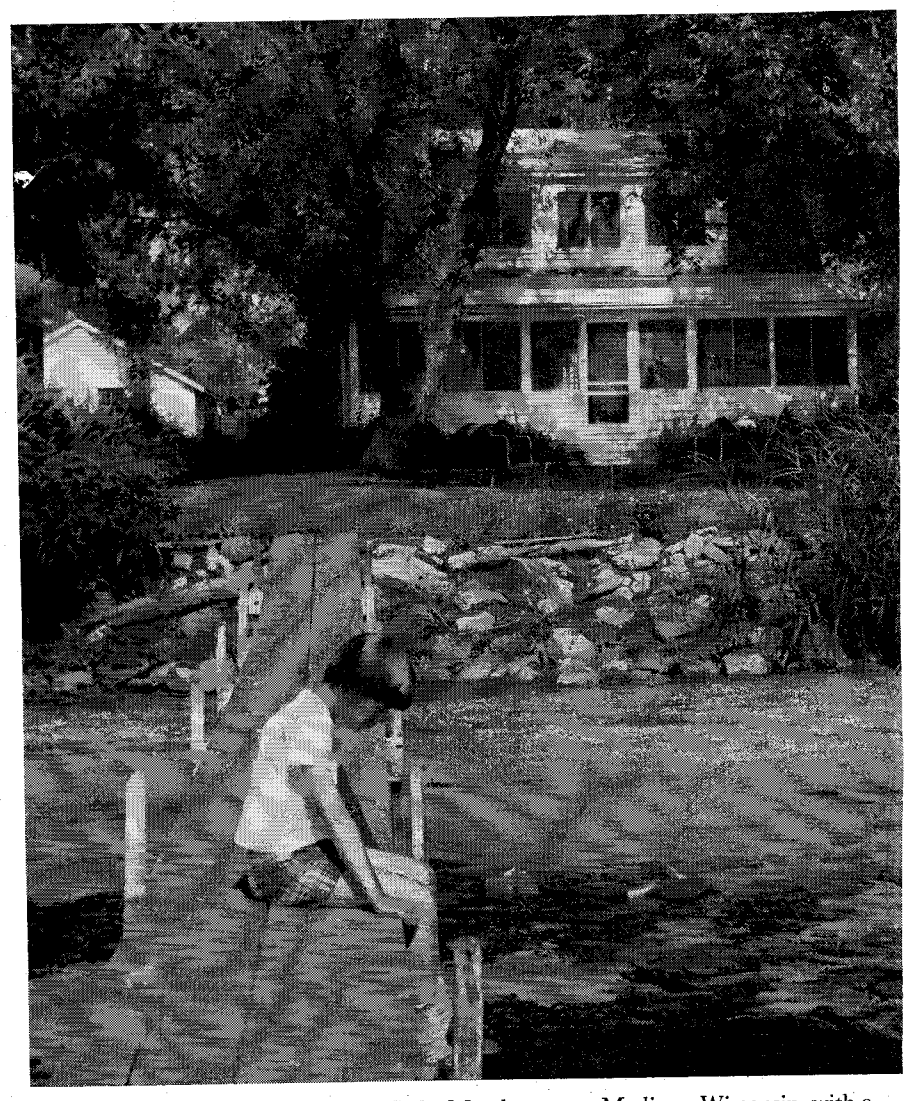
How is it outdoors? The author samples the weather through a front-door panel in his all-year air-conditioned home, on Philadelphia's Society Hill.

Climate control is automatic in Nicholson's restored three-story Colonial row house. The first owner had to feed wood to fireplaces in each room.

We've Got the Weather Licked

A Post editor and former fresh-air fiend tells how automatic climate control closed his windows forever—and he likes it. Here's what the new systems cost in money and headaches.

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON



The Burdick home on Lake Mendota, near Madison, Wisconsin, with a dock for daughter Maren, is cooled and warmed by a heat pump.

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I recently met a man who has tinkered for five years and spent nearly $5000 so that he and his family can live in what they consider perfect climate the year round. The temperature within their home, summer and winter, stays at a steady seventy-six degrees, while the relative humidity is a springlike 50 per cent all summer and seldom drier than 30 per cent in winter. The air is always fresh and in motion, but there are no perceptible drafts or noises from the machinery that moves it. The operation costs him a modest seventy-one cents a day.

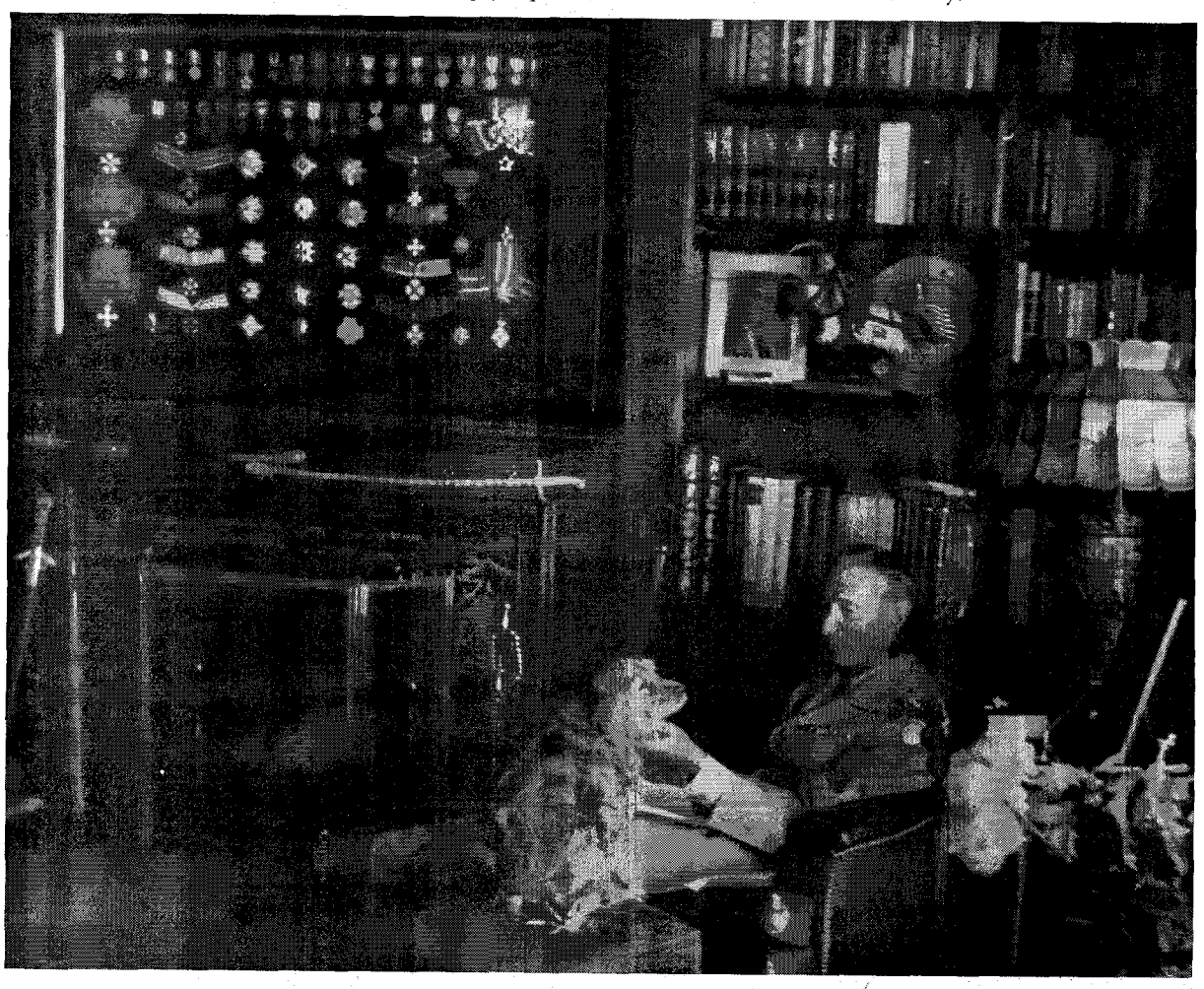
This perfectionist's name is Glydewell Burdick, and his experiments in indoor climate are performed with an electric heat pump in a cottage remodeled to serve as an all-year home on the shores of Lake Mendota, Wisconsin. Mr. Burdick commutes a few miles around the lake to his office in Madison, where he is secretary of the Wisconsin Power & Light Company.

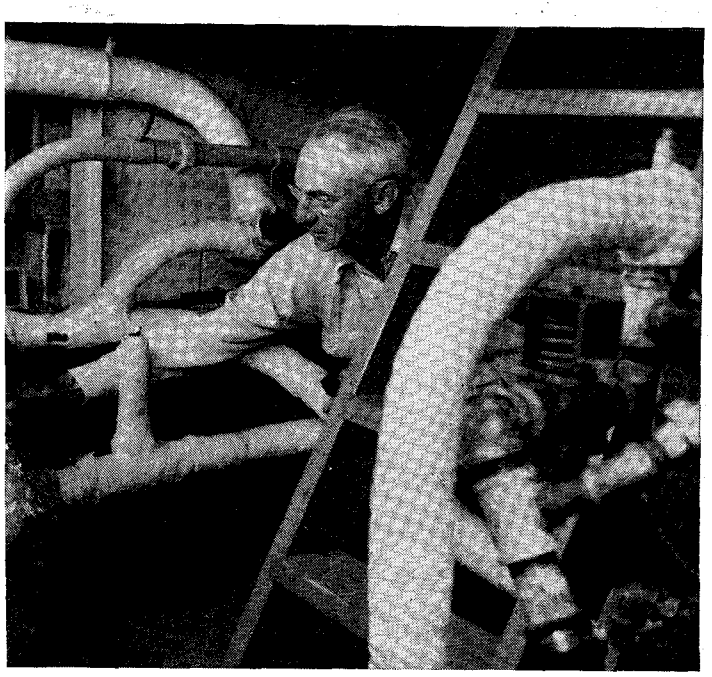
The Burdick heating-and-cooling plant and his theories on the maintenance of perpetual spring indoors are well known to members of the American Society of Heating and Air-Conditioning Engineers, who maintain a laboratory of their own to study these matters. His is also a familiar voice at meetings of the electric utilities, where problem No. 1 is the recent unprecedented use of kilowatts for summer cooling and the industry's opportunity to build an equalizing winter load by competing with gas and oil for the home-heating business.

The threat of such competition, and the countermeasures which gas and oil are taking, are a spur to complete home air conditioning, both winter and summer, which 500,000 families now enjoy. A third of us got on this home-climate bandwagon within the past year. I made it the hard way, electing to install an all-year system in a 190-year-old colonial dwelling. In the course of this job, which would have cost a fortune even five years ago—if it could have been done at all—it became obvious that a new era in home heating has arrived to march hand in hand with the cooling age. I discovered an industry bubbling with ideas and new devices; a lot of perplexed plumbers and tinsmiths, who are probably the world's worst salesmen; and people like myself, ready to buy a package (Continued on Page 125)

The new home of General and Mrs. Mark W. Clark has "zoned" heating and cooling.

General Clark and his cocker, Pal (below), enjoy a preselected band of "weather" in his study.





Glydewell Burdick has filled a basement with heat-pump machinery to bring "perpetual spring" indoors.

Electric heat competes with other fuels sixty miles north of Duluth: the Hinsverks live in Gilbert, Minnesota, and spend about $160 a winter for kilowatts to heat their well-insulated home.

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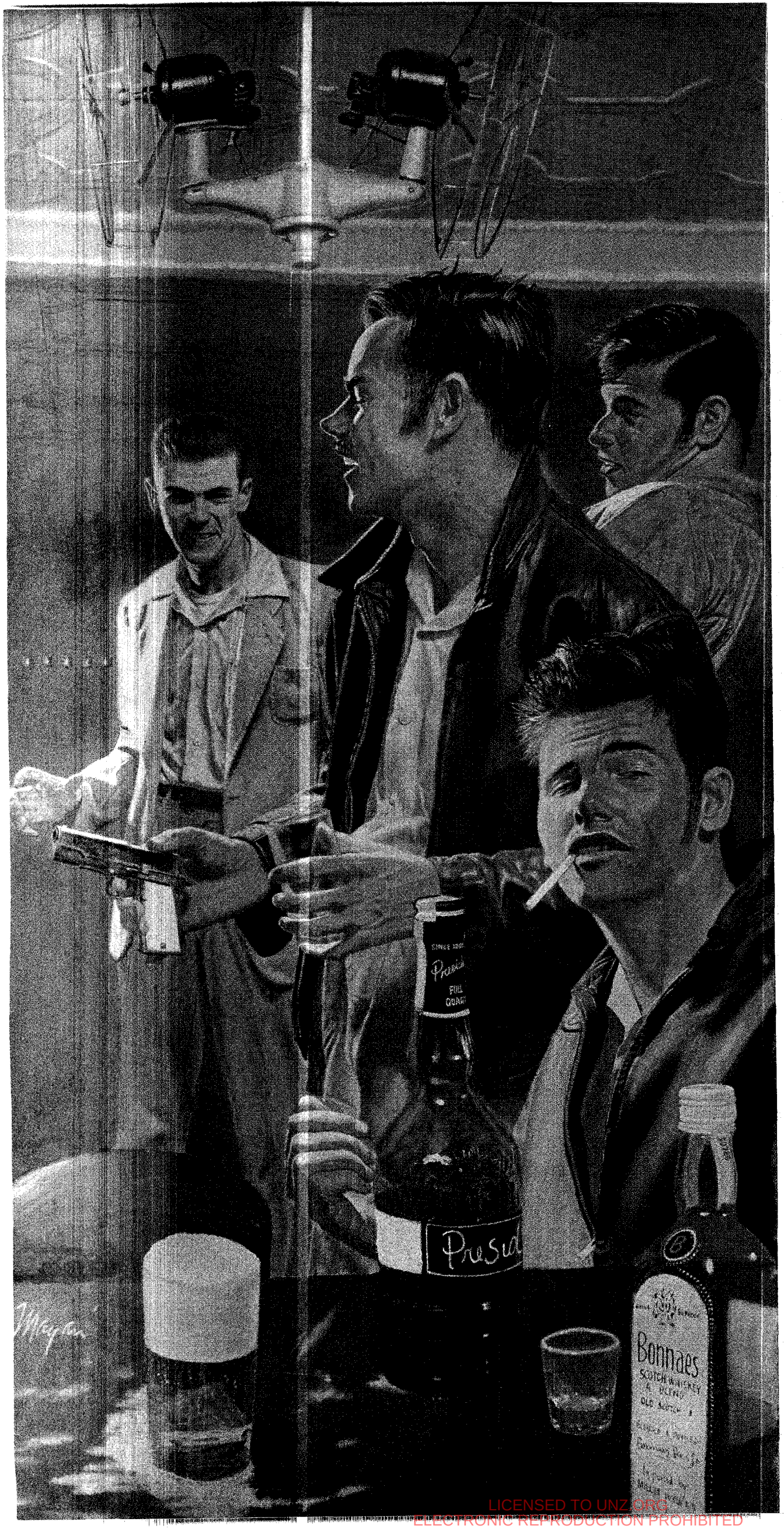

THE COP WAS SCARED

Was he still man enough to face the toughest test of his career?

By DON MURRAY

If there is a time or place to lie, this wasn't it. On top of that, Reardon had never been a man to run away from the truth, but he lied just the same.

Reardon was a cop, a twenty-nine-year-old, lanky, swivel-hipped, halfback type with a crew cut, high cheekbones and a mouth that turned up at the corners until he had a job to do. Then it slashed straight across his face, a perfect match to the slate-gray eyes that could look warmly at a boy playing ball one minute and stare down the biggest mug in town the next. Reardon had been a patrolman for seven years, with time out to run herd on a marine platoon in Korea, and he was most of the way along to his night-school law degree. Up to now, his record was one of the best in the department.

The commissioner ran over that record in his mind as he sat in the high-backed leather chair on the other side of his vast mahogany desk, looking at Reardon.

He'd made a career of knowing people—how good they were and how bad, what they could do and what they couldn't, where they were strong and where they were weak. He knew well the man who sat straight-backed, on the edge of the famous wood chair right in front of his desk. You had to know the ones on the way up, and Reardon certainly had been one of those.

While the commissioner chatted about Reardon's Julie and the kids and if he'd taken Tommy out to see the Lions play, he watched Reardon. He (Continued on Page 72)

"I'm a police officer," Reardon said.
"I'm coming to take the gun from you."

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Neil H. McElroy (left) was sworn in as Secretary of Defense on October 9, just five days after the Soviet Union galvanized the world with Sputnik.

Showdown in the Pentagon

A Post editor reports the new crisis in our armed forces' long-smoldering rivalry, what it means for our national safety, and how it helped Russia beat us with the satellite.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

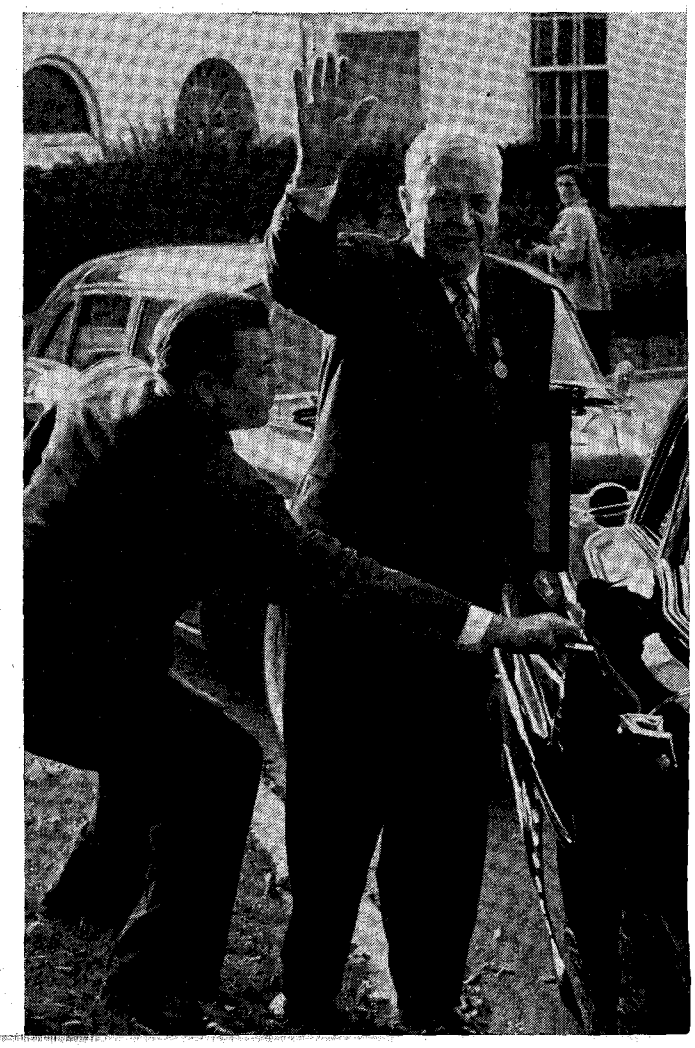
Stirred by emotions as lofty as patriotism and as base as human selfishness, the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps are quietly but assuredly priming their verbal guns, getting ready for one more battle in the old feud that has been raging among the services for a dozen years.

The point at issue will be the same which has divided the armed forces since World War II—whether a single service, wearing a common uniform, serving under a general staff and a single chief of staff, shall replace the loose co-operative arrangement, the so-called "Command by Committee" which exists at present under the Joint Chiefs.

When the Russians sprang a surprise by sending their Sputnik flying around the world and over Washington, this served only to intensify the brewing battle and hasten the time when it is likely to break out into the open in a knockdown, drag-out fight. A couple of Army generals immediately said that if they had been given the job of launching an earth satellite, instead of the Navy, we would have beaten the Soviet to the punch. But the bitter feeling between the Army and the Air Force over control of guided missiles is even more violent. The arena where this battle will come into the open is likely to be the committee-room of the

(Continued on Page 114)

Retiring Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson. The harsh cutbacks during the closing days of his regime filled the services with alarm.



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On opposite sides of the football fence are Texas president Dr. Logan Wilson (left) and Darrell Royal.

A special counselor helps frosh footballers Laughlin, McManus and Davis figure out what's in those books.

Something's Got to Give at Texas U.

By FRED RUSSELL and JACK GALLAGHER

Now that academic standards have begun to interfere with football, what can Coach Darrell Royal do? Apparently the Texans can't have their de-emphasis and eat it too.

Dr. Logan Wilson, president of the University of Texas, feels an uneasy kinship with football coaches. While the 1956 Texas football team struggled through its worst season in history, Doctor Wilson, who had raised the school's academic standards to the point where pigskin purists felt their sport was suffering, was hanged in effigy. On three later occasions, crude dummies of Ed Price, the Texas coach, were suspended from Austin telephone poles.

"I guess," Doctor Wilson concluded, "that the only job more demanding than the presidency is the football coach's."

Midway in the disastrous season Ed Price announced that he was going to resign, and Darrell Royal ultimately was named to succeed him. Although Royal could sympathize with the troubles of Doctor Wilson and Price, he has never been through the same thing himself. As football's young-man-in-a-hurry, he hasn't stayed around any campus long enough to be hanged in effigy. The Texas job is his seventh since graduating from the University of Oklahoma in 1950.

None of the other berths were quite like this one. In Austin his problems go far beyond the football field. It may be that no opponent his team meets—including his old school, Oklahoma, which whipped the Longhorns by 21–7 last month—will cause him more worry and uneasiness than the Texas faculty. Royal can draw upon some of the finest high-school football material in the nation to rebuild Texas football—but can he keep his players eligible?

Royal (right) paces the sidelines while his Longhorns battle Tulane. Texas won this game, 20–6. The youngest head coach in the Southwest Conference is in its hottest spot.

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In Texas, football is a way of life. Ambitious young men grow up yearning for a place on the All-American team as earnestly as imaginative schoolboys in other states dream of becoming President of the United States. But there is a scholarly side to the Texas scene, one which is increasingly emphasized as the state moves forward. Tremendous educational advances have been made in the past twenty years, and they have manifested themselves in the founding of new schools and the enlarging of existing colleges and universities. With the number of students at an all-time high, the financial needs of universities have increased.

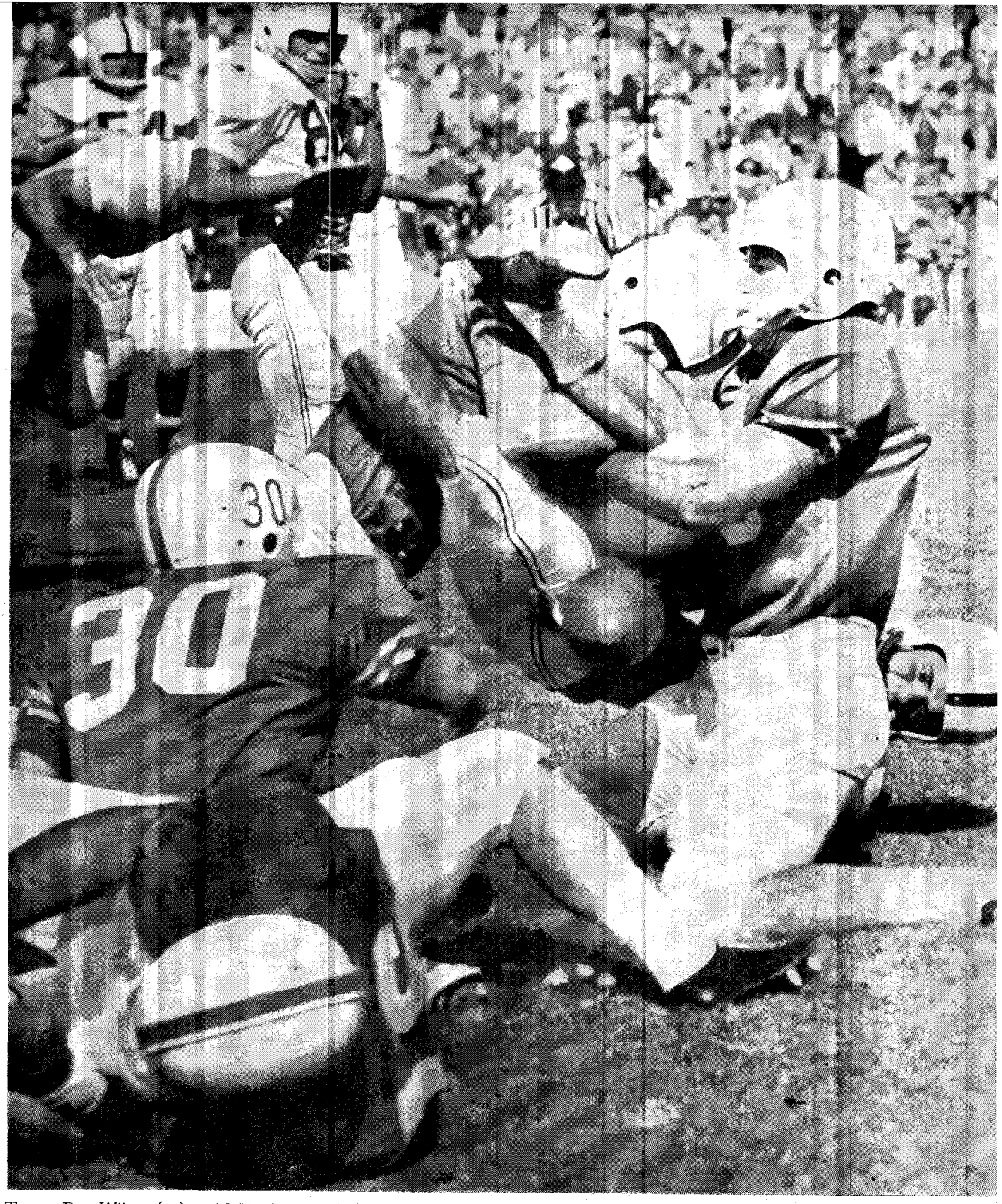
All this has led to a changed football situation at the state's biggest school, the University of Texas. It is dependent to a great extent upon appropriations from the state legislature, and when the appropriated funds failed to meet the university's long-range program of expansion, measures were taken to hold down enrollment. Beginning in September, 1956, Texas became the first state school in the country to require entrance examinations for all freshmen. Academic standards were raised approximately one fourth. As a result, many people insist that the climate at Texas no longer is conducive to winning football.

However, thirty-three-year-old Darrell Royal obviously was brought there to win. Although his victory total as a college head coach has not been outstanding—seventeen wins and thirteen losses in three seasons at Mississippi State and the University of Washington—his leadership and his grasp of coaching techniques have left a solid impression everywhere. In the four non-conference games which opened the Texas schedule this season, Royal broke even, thus assuring an improvement over last year's record of one and nine. With his forthright personality and his disarming smile, he reminds people of his own coach at Oklahoma, Bud Wilkinson. Royal says now, without a touch of braggadocio, that he believes every school where he has worked would willingly hire him back if the proper vacancies existed.

When Royal flew into Austin last December to be interviewed for the Texas job, the university's board of regents had already investigated him. They had called two of the country's most successful coaches—Bobby Dodd, of Georgia Tech and Hugh (Duffy) Daugherty, of Michigan State—and asked them to name the country's brightest young coaching prospect. Both gave the same answer: Darrell Royal.

Royal and the university made such a hit with each other that it took only a matter of minutes for them to come to terms. He signed a five-year contract at $17,500.

This made him the fourth man in twelve years to tackle the Texas football job. Even before the recent academic complications set in, it was a hot spot. Royal's three predecessors all suffered from the fact that too often followers of Texas take football success for granted. When Dana X. Bible coached the Longhorns to two Southwest Conference championships and two second-place finishes in his last four years, there was grumbling because his final team in 1946 had failed to win the title. He withdrew to the athletic directorship and promoted assistant coach Blair Cherry to the top football post.

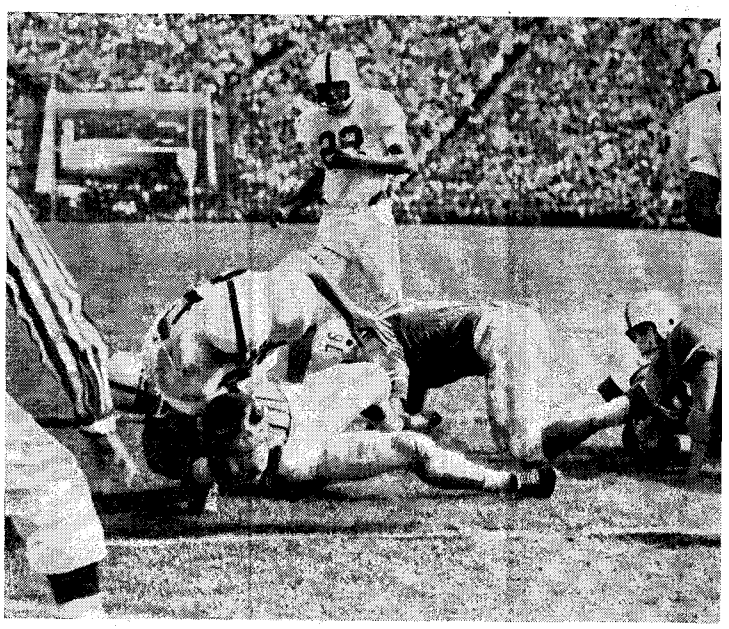


Texans Don Wilson (62) and Mike Dowdle (33) upend Oklahoma ball carrier Jakie Sandefer in their October 12 game, which Oklahoma won, 21–7. On this play the ball squirted out of bounds and Oklahoma retained possession.

A brilliant tactician, Cherry served four years, and his teams played in the Cotton, Orange and Sugar Bowls. Then the pressure and health considerations impelled him to quit the job.

Ed Price succeeded Cherry, and won or shared championships twice in his first three seasons. But in 1954 the Longhorns began to slip, and last season Price decided to bow out, although at the time this was announced he still owned the best over-all record in league competition of any active Southwest Conference coach.

Darrell Royal has started out under more difficult circumstances than any of these other men. In addition to the heavier scholastic burden that football players now are forced to carry, the situation has tightened up in other ways. No longer do the athletes have the run of their own special dormitory; in line with a policy of putting athletics fully within the framework of the university, there has been integrated (Continued on Page 111)



Oklahoma's Clendon Thomas goes over the Texas goal line as Monte Lee brings him down too late.

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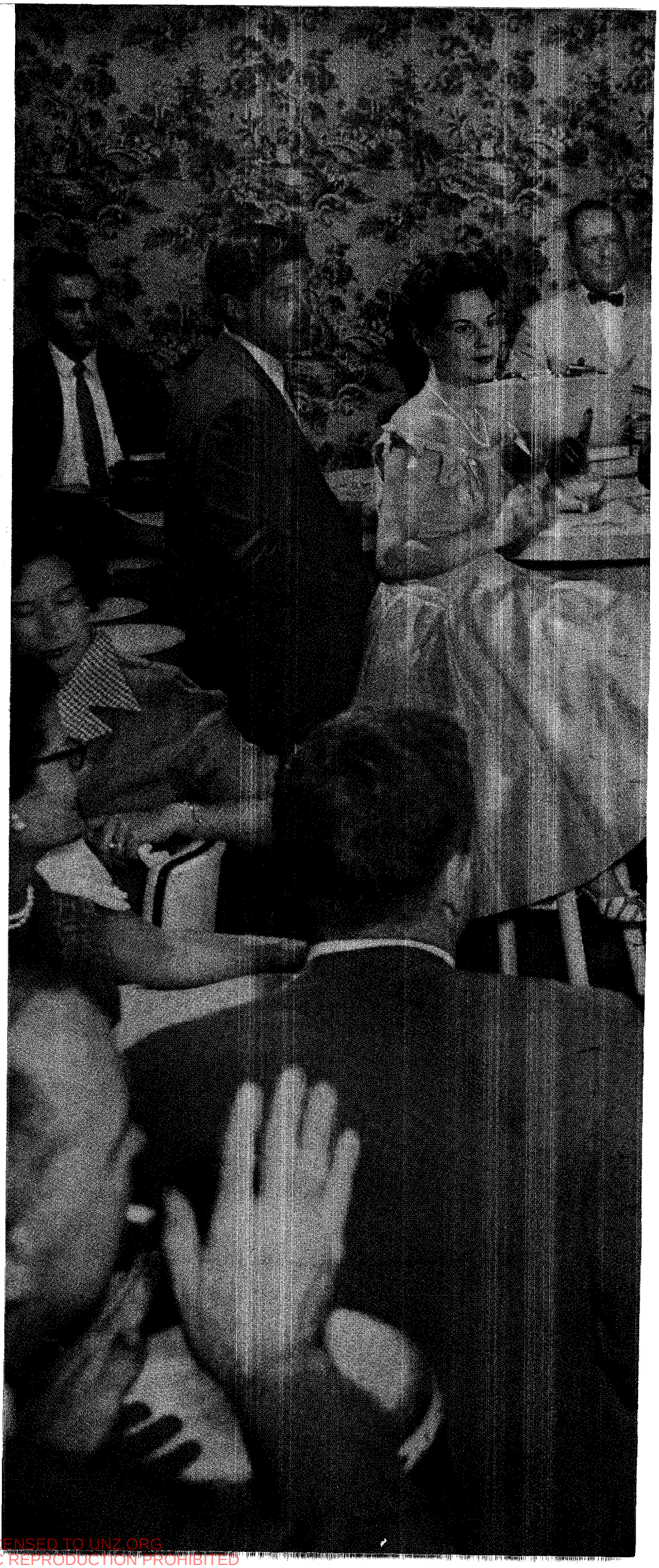
The Face of AMERICA

French Quarter

In Old New Orleans lie streets named for kings of France. But Louis IX or Henry of Navarre wouldn't know St. Louis Street or Bourbon Street today. In a town noted for uninhibited frivolity, this area is devoted to honky-tonks, intimate dives and various types of dancers on display. The girl in motion at right specializes in Latin-American wiggles—calypso, mambo, meringue and cha cha cha. Her name is Chris, and her husband happens to own the 809 Club, one of the higher-class *boîtes*, where she stages six to eight of these frenetic exhibitions a night. Drums and maracas are provided the customers in hopes that they will inflame the revelry. But from the patrons' faces one must conclude that the problem of pleasure is the same in the Vieux Carré as in Paris or Rome: Sooner or later, you get bored. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



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Will
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The scientists are learı
to parenthoo
This is how genetic
inheriting p

Bob and Irene Pershing were a healthy farm couple who had every prospect of a married life until their first two babies, both were born with clubfeet. The Pershings—nc real name—were crushed by their children's tion. And, to make matters worse, their ma was threatened because Bob came to believ his wife's family had "tainted blood" as the of some dark ancestral sin. His proof was th grandfather and great-uncle also had beer with deformed feet.

The young husband's reaction was nc usual. For want of better information, man ple still believe that defects and abnormali children are a form of divine punishme moral lapses of the parents or preceding g tions. The birth of a crippled or retarded always brings sorrow for the child and a often causes the parents to harbor misdirecte picions and feelings of guilt. And there is a fear, as in the case of the Pershings, that the l cap may strike any future children.

Fortunately, the Pershings were persuac seek advice from a heredity counselor, a nev of scientist who specializes in the practical ings of the laws of human genetics or patte inheritance. The counselor immediately perfc

By IRVIN

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Peter looked toward his wife. She shook her head gently, and it was as decisive as the burning of a will.

THE FORTUNE HUNTERS

By ROBERT SHERMAN TOWNES

They never bothered to visit her until she lay dying, and the time had come to claim her money. . .

Miss Hook usually spent one or two evenings every week with old Mrs. Elena Volkov. They made an odd pair. Miss Hook was a tall, full-figured woman, tweedily elegant and long-boned. She taught high-school English, but looked like the head of a smart finishing school. Mrs. Volkov, widow of the wealthy candy manufacturer, was a dumpy, bouncy little mushroom in black silk, rather like a vaudeville version of Queen Victoria. She admired Miss Hook, as did the whole town, for her incredible range and depth of learning. The teacher was drawn to the little old lady because here was someone whose love of people, all people, was joyful and utterly open; she did not have to hide it behind bright glasses and a dry voice.

Emma Hook was universally agreed to be a great bargain in the teacher market. Her imperious, acid tongue handled English as the millionfold miracle that it is; her broad learning vitalized every class. She had dragooned a generation into using an English so clean and supple that they did not fully appreciate it until they found it commanding special respect in their later careers. She allowed no skin-tight jeans in class, but she respected their tribal significance. In a basketball-crazy town, she had made a scientific study of the game and become an unassailable authority and arbiter; this she considered as much a part of her training for her job as the courses in grammar she had taken at the State U. Once she had quashed a nasty riot at the Big Game by standing up and saying in that famous, dry, cool voice, "The referee is, alas, right." The bottles were sheepishly put down, ladies breathed again and returned to their seats. A platoon of cops could not have done it.

She had become an unofficial but potent adjutant of the Juvenile Court, striding briskly about in her trim (Continued on Page 101)

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Kids Say the Darndest Things!

"Did your father give you any advice on how to behave on television?" the author asked this young man. "He just told me one thing," was the reply. "Keep my zipper up."

Mr. Linkletter shares the startling outbursts of small fry who appear on his program. Example: "My mother's O.K., I guess, except that she runs around the house in her nightgown all day."

By ART LINKLETTER

Part Two

The whole wonder and delight of childhood was captured by a statement that a darling little girl made one morning on my TV-radio program, House Party. It wasn't meant to be cute. It was simply the shy answer to my question: "Have you ever been in love?"

"No," she replied, "but I've been in *like*."

Answers like that have an offbeat sort of logic that no amount of backstage coaching could equal. That's why I've made it a rule, in the years I've been doing the House Party show for CBS, to play the whole program by ear. Almost any question, commonplace in itself, is apt to evoke startling answers from subteen-agers. One day, for instance, I got on the subject of table manners with a panel of four small guests.

"Who can think," I asked, "of some bad table manners to watch out for?"

After earnest thought, all four came up with answers:

"Don't put your food in other people's drinks."

"Don't use your dress for a napkin when your mother's looking."

"Don't throw food under the table if there's not a dog under there, because it'll rot."

"You should always turn your head when you sneeze at the table, but you'd better grab your plate and take it with you, because then people can't sneak vegetables on your plate that you don't want while your head's turned."

These children, like most of those I interview, were chosen for the show by teachers in the Los Angeles schools. Many others are recommended in the thousands of letters we get from proud parents, and we pick some of these, too, after auditions by our staff "teacher."

At first, the parents think it's a great idea to have Sonny Boy appear on television. Then they have second thoughts. What if he blabs the family credit rating? Suppose what daddy has been saying about the big boss? In the weeks before the curtain goes up, Junior is indoctrinated, coaxed, threatened and rehearsed by his family. Once we're on the air, I attack this defensive position by asking, "What did your mommy tell you not to say?"

The answers are wonderful:

"My mother told me not to tell any of the family secrets, like the time she dyed her hair blond and it came out purple."

"My mommy said to keep quiet about her condition, but I don't know what a 'condition' is. She just keeps getting fatter and fatter every week."

"My daddy told me not to laugh too loud, and no matter where it itches, don't scratch anywhere."

Sometimes I open with the question, "How were you picked to come today?"

One boy said, "The teacher gave us all a test in our imagination."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"It was easy. I pretended I was an onion."

Another young man was more modest. He said, "I was chosen to come on the show because in our room there's some younger, and some older, while I'm sort of in the middle ages."

A good many children wish at times that they were older than they are. A five-year-old told me she'd like to be six. "I'm tired of being five. I've been five for a whole year." A six-year-old said she'd like to be seventeen, "Because then you're an old woman and pretty soon you'll be with God." It's all in the point of view. A five-year-old boy thought it would be nice to be fourteen. Why? "So I can be a father. I'd like to start with fifty-one children."

But one boy was quite satisfied. "I like being eleven," he said.

"What's so good about being eleven?"

"Your stomach is larger than before, and you can eat more."

Occasionally I ask my young guests what they'd like to tell the world—or anyway, that portion of it that's listening in. They have some valuable announcements to offer. Here's proof:

"I'm having a birthday party next Saturday. I hope that everybody in the country will come. I live at Two Hundred Walnut Street. The party starts at two o'clock. Bring a present!"

And a practical-minded little girl put in a plug for her father: "All the sick people in the world, if they want to get well, can come to my dad. He's a people doctor and he charges two dollars."

Children like to imagine they're able to excel in all sorts of ways. One youngster with great imagination told me he was the best fisherman in his whole family. He had beaten his father and even his grandfather at catching whales, sharks, porpoises, octopuses and trout.

When I asked for the secret of his success, he confided, "When you throw in your line, the main thing is don't look hungry, because if the fish see you up there licking your lips, they'll know you want to eat them. But if you pretend you're not even interested, they think you've thrown in something for them to eat, and they bite it."

If all else fails, here is the question that opens the conversational floodgates: "What do you like to do best?" Some of the rejoinders are based on fact, but many venture into the land of make-believe. Here's a boy who enjoys fantasy:

"I like to jump on my Pogo stick and bounce right up to heaven."

"What do you see up there?"

"Girl angels, dog angels, cat angels and fish angels."

"No boy angels?"

"No. Boy angels and worm angels don't go to heaven."

(Continued on Page 56)

Photograph by Sid Avery

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MURDER ON MY STREET

A murderer was at large, unknown except to one little girl.

By EDWIN LANHAM

"Beat it, kid," the man threatened ten-year-old Pam through the half-closed door. Beyond it, the child could see the outstretched figure of Adele Sharp. Pam, daughter of Bruce Carter, widower and city editor of the New York Express, was unaware of the dangerous implications of the scene she glimpsed. Earlier, Adele had pleaded with Pam's father to print in his paper a picture of her cousin, Sylvia King, who had mysteriously disappeared. Carter investigated and found that the police had made a search of the missing girl's apartment, and that they had discovered a bankbook with a $10,000 deposit.

Carter was too preoccupied with his career at the Express to pursue the subject further: Publisher Ezra Vincent had passed him over for promotion in favor of Harry Banks, protégé of editor Arthur Cole, Vincent's son-in-law.

But meanwhile, Pam's retreat from her innocent errand to Sylvia King's apartment was being watched by a man who would cast an ominous shadow over the child's future.

He was going slowly back down the steps when he heard an excited cry and saw Pam waving to him.

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

II

By four o'clock that afternoon Bruce's situation on the Express was made crystal clear. Harry Banks returned to the city room a little before four, pausing to receive congratulations from the sports editor, the chief librarian, the slot man at the copy desk—holding his first day of court as the new managing editor. He approached the city desk just as Jack Gray hung up a telephone and said to Bruce, "I've got something here on Miss Gorgeous."

"Sylvia King?"

"Yes, except the name she gave at the studio that made that picture of her was Cherry King, and she's a performer of some kind, but last the fellow heard she had a job peddling cigarettes and dolls at a joint down in the Village called the Revelry Club. We may end up with a Page One story yet, Bruce. She looks like the kind that gets into bad trouble, wouldn't you say? Maybe somebody knocked her off."

"Did you say Page One?" Harry Banks asked. "What have you got there for Page One?" He took the photograph from Bruce's hand and asked, "What's the story?"

"A girl named Adele Sharp got in touch with me today," Bruce said. "She came up here from Oklahoma to meet her cousin, and hasn't been able to locate her. That was three days ago."

"The girl peddles cigarettes in a dive called the Revelry Club," Jack Gray put in. "Quite a dish, huh?"

The new managing editor's voice was low and rasping. "For heaven's sake, what kind of country journalism is this?" he said. "I thought you were a hot-shot city editor, Bruce. I thought you knew all the angles. Don't you know a publicity gag when you see one? Let me tell you, this newspaper isn't falling for any publicity gags while I'm managing editor."

Bruce stiffened, but kept his voice controlled. "It's a matter of police record, Harry. She's been reported missing and naturally we're following it up."

"Sure she's been reported missing," Harry said, his voice rising. "She's holed up somewhere waiting for her picture to get in the paper. Just look at that picture! She's a cheap kid on the make, and that Village club is owned by a sharpshooter named Charlie Pearl. He'd try anything to get his joint in the paper. Look how he worked this one—he had somebody contact the city editor of the Express to put it over. Bruce, you're a babe in the woods!"

Harry's face was flushed and a cord on his neck stood out throbbingly. The signet ring on his finger flashed as he angrily tore the photograph into very small pieces and dropped them fluttering into the tall wastebasket by the city desk.

"I want to talk to you, Bruce," he said. "Will you come in my office, please?"

Jack Gray's mouth hung open; the two rewrite men were staring. As Harry strode toward the managing editor's office, Bruce stood quite motionless, waiting until he could trust himself to follow. His anger was cold but immense—the chill, repressed anger that reacted to a deliberate insult.

As at last he moved on, walking slowly, he saw Gordon Gilman standing by a water fountain. A cynical smile was on Gilman's lips and he murmured, "Want to cut the cards—high man—for who gets the honor of slipping the guy a poisoned toad for dinner tonight?"

Harry stood at his big desk with his hands laid palms down on the polished wood and his shoulders hunched over.

His face had assumed an expression of intent sincerity and he said at once, "Look, Bruce, this is my first day on the job. I'm kind of on edge. You don't mind if I fly off the handle a little bit, I hope."

"I don't care for your technique, Harry," Bruce said.

"I want a good paper first time out, that's all."

"That isn't what I meant," Bruce said. "I meant your technique of rendering a public insult and apologizing in private."

"Oh," Harry said. "Hell, I didn't mean to be insulting. Sorry you take it that way, Bruce. I just wanted to head off a boner. I know that guy Charlie Pearl. I know how he operates."

"You may be right about it," Bruce said. "But I'm the city editor and the local news is my department."

"Yes, sure," Harry said. "But this isn't Paris any more."

"What do you mean?"

The quiet eyes were fixed on Bruce's face, the smile was tight with malice. "I mean the shoe is on the other foot now," Harry said. "You were pretty snooty to me in Paris, but I'm not working under you now. You're working under me." (Continued on Page 83)

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"If your kid did see the murderer and he knows it, it ain't good," Detective O'Reilly warned. "Those guys play rough!"

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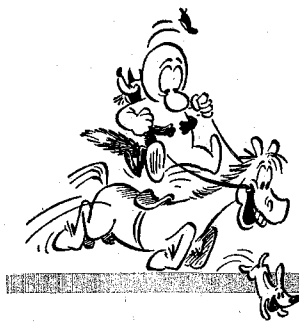


Post Scripts

If I Had a Gun, I'd ——

"I've just started to read a real good murder mystery. It's called The Case of the Disappearing Dagger."

"I read it several months ago. You'll really be amazed when you get to that part where it comes out that it was Lance Carrigan who actually stabbed Lucretia, then tried to cover up by ——"

"I'm not saying anything about it to anybody around the office here, but I thought I'd tell you, Rudy. If we can swing it, my wife and I are going to take a little trip to Hawaii next month, and ——"

"A TRIP TO HAWAII, EH? WELL, FOR PETE'S SAKE! WOW! YOU AND YOUR WIFE MUST REALLY BE IN THE CHIPS TO EVEN BE ABLE TO THINK OF TAKING ——"

"As I recall, Henry, that happened about the time that my wife and I first met at that dance at Bonham Hall."

"I think it did. Incidentally, now that you've been married all these years and it doesn't make any difference, tell your wife here what you said to me about her right after you'd first met. You know, that part about her being a scatterbrained giddy ——"

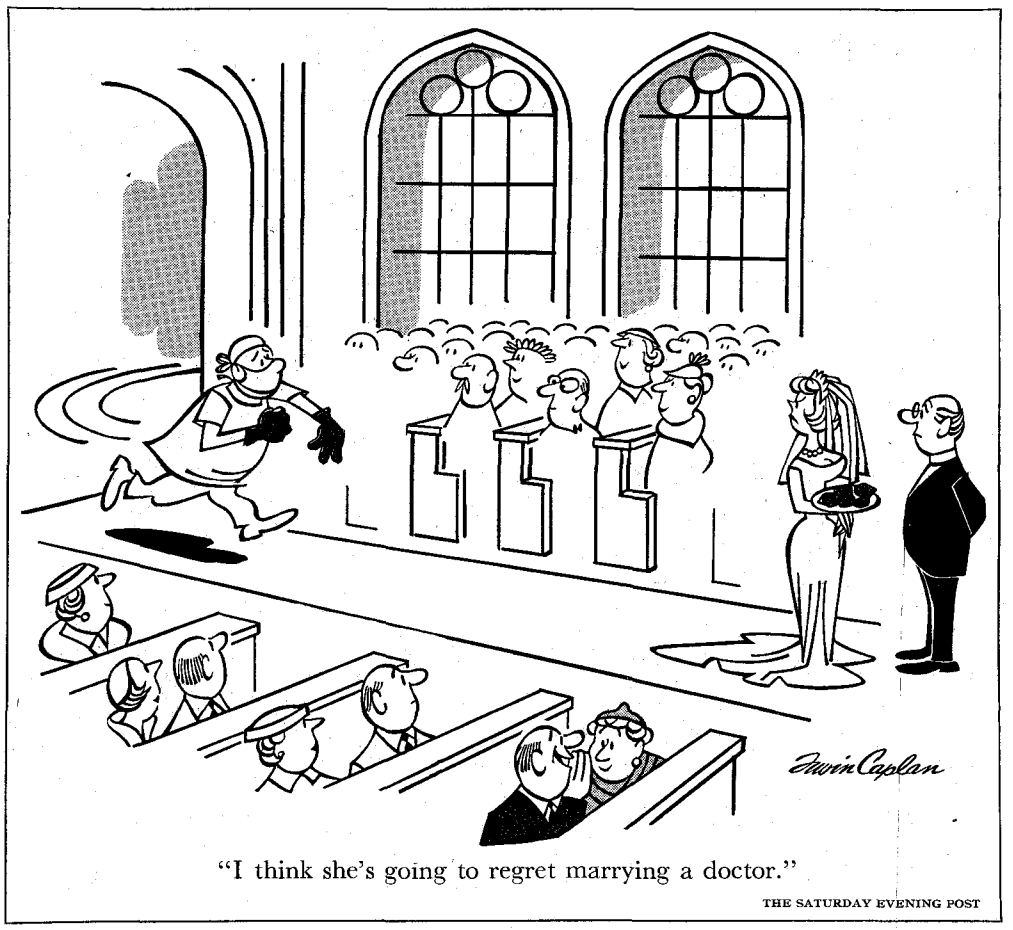
"Hi, Hector. My wife here is trying to wheedle it out of me what I bought her for our anniversary. She's got some foolish notion that it's a wrist watch. Isn't that a riot?"

"Why's it a riot? I thought you told me that's what it was."

"Clyde, I was just telling the boss here that you'd be able to straighten out the whole matter very easily, because you were practically standing right beside me at the time. Tell the boss, Clyde, exactly what it was that I said about him."

"You said he was a big idiot."

RAYMOND HOWARD



"I think she's going to regret marrying a doctor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ex-Job

The pay,
I must say,
Was adequate,
But the boss
So cross
That I hadda quit.

ETHEL JACOBSON

The Laugh's on Me

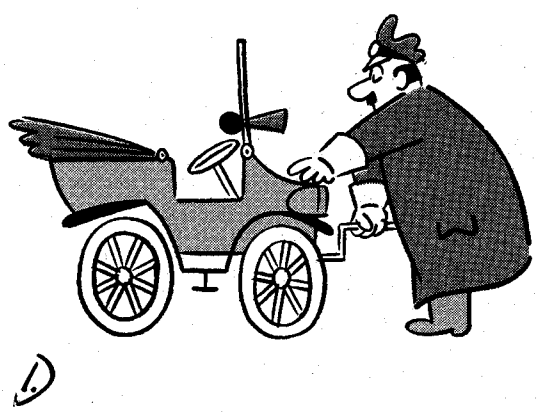
I know of a number of ditties that say
That people with troubles should laugh them away;
And so, when I'm feeling Anxiety's touch
I laugh—but I never accomplish too much.
I find I can laugh till my sides nearly split
And still have my worries to face when I quit.

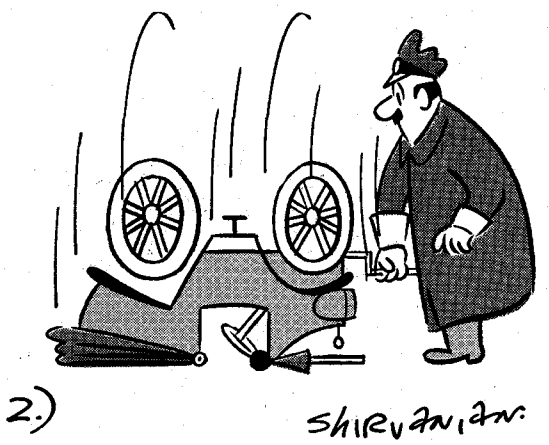
RICHARD WHEELER

Distaff Distinction

Here's a simple classification
For the stuff in an attic trunk:
What a woman is saving is keepsakes;
What her husband is saving is junk.

PENNY PENNINGTON





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jack Do-Good-for-Nothing, a Cursory Nursery Tale for Tot-Baiters

Once there was a kindhearted lad named Jack Do-Good-for-Nothing,
The only son of a poor widow whom creditors did importune,
So he set out in the world to make his fortune.
His mother's blessing and a crust of bread was his only stake,
And pretty soon he saw a frog that was about to be devoured by a snake,
And he rescued the frog and drove the snake away,
And the frog vowed gratitude to its dying day,
And a little later on in his walk,
Why, he saw a little red hen about to be carried off by a hawk,
And he rescued the little red hen and drove the hawk away,
And the little red hen vowed that whenever he was in trouble
His kindness she would repay,
And he walked a few more country blocks,
And he saw a bunny rabbit about to be gobbled up by a fox,
And he rescued the bunny rabbit before the fox could fall on it,
And the bunny rabbit thanked Jack and told him
Any time he needed help, just to call on it,
And after all this rescuing, Jack was huffing and puffing,
And a little farther on the snake and the hawk and the fox jumped him,
And out of him they beat the stuffing;
They even stole his crust of bread and each ate a third of it,
And the frog and the little red hen and the bunny rabbit said
They were very sorry when they heard of it.
You see, Jack against a cardinal rule of conduct had been a transgressor:
Never befriend the oppressed unless you are prepared to take on the oppressor.

OGDEN NASH

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NEW FRIGIDAIRE WASHER RATED N 1

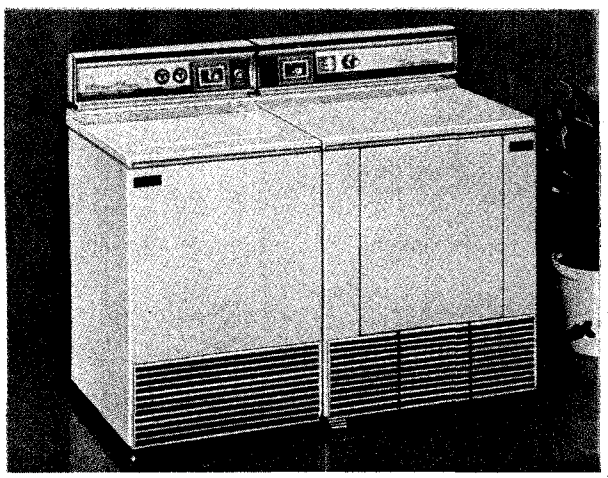
Rated 1 Cleanest Clothes!

Rated 1 Lint Removal!

Rated 1 Driest Spin!

*By U. S. Testing Company, Inc.**

Sheer Look Design! Choice of four lovely colors—sold by Frigidaire at price of white!



3-RING AGITATOR

Gets clothes up to 50% Cleaner than other leading washers—by Test

Yes, America has a great new Number One washer—already proved to outperform, out-clean any automatic known to date.

Its name—*Ultra-Clean*—from Frigidaire! See it—see an entirely different washer with a 3-Ring Agitator that gets clothes up to 50% cleaner—and freer of lint—than other leading makes. See *all fabrics* washed perfectly, in fastest time—and the driest clothes that ever left a laundry tub. All this, with greatest over-all savings in hot water, detergent—*and* a built-in Suds-Water-Saver *in every model* can save you still more!

Combine it with a new Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryer for the fastest, "savingest," "cleaningest" washday pair known. See your Frigidaire dealer.

New Frigidaire Ultra-Clean Automatic Washers for as little as **$229.95**

(MODEL WS-58) Manufacturer's Suggested Price

*In tests of six leading washers under controlled laboratory conditions. Tested and verified by U. S. Testing Company, Inc., largest, most diversified independent textile testing organization in the world. Founded 1880. Reports #29123 and #29123-A dated May 2 and May 10, 1957.

New—Automatic Tinting! Another First! In Frigidaire Custom Imperial and Imperial Washers. Easiest, safest way. No boiling bother, no spotting or streaking. Matching Electric Dryer has Filtrator, controls lint and moisture without plumbing.

New—"Wrinkles-Away" Drying! Frigidaire Imperial and DeLuxe Dryers have the "Wrinkles-Away" Cycle. Removes wrinkles from synthetics "Drip-Dry" garments. Cuts ironing, hanger drying. Freshens like new "washables" mussed through use.

Lint Chaser Ring "sweeps" out more lint, dirt, scum automatically—than washers with filters that must be cleaned by hand

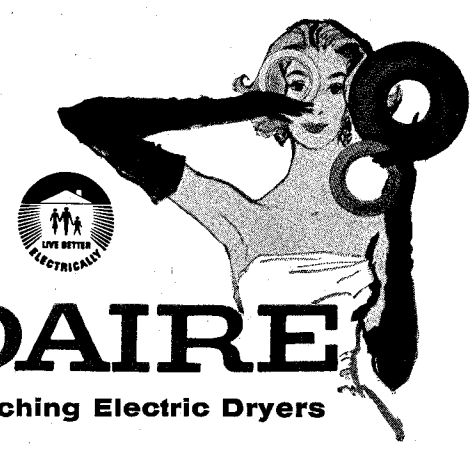
Circulator Ring keeps clothes separated, keeps them always moving under water, opens folds, guards against tangling.

Energy Ring—power-pulses water into surging currents that gently flex clothes, open fabric "pores" to whisk out deep-down dirt.

Below Turquoise Cap is a special dispenser that releases detergent, bleach or tint evenly, safely mixed, under water.

SudsWater-Saver in Every Model Cuts washday costs almost 1/2

Save up to 3500 gallons of hot water—plus 40 good-sized boxes of detergent—in a year.



Get the one that's No. 1

GM GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

'58 FRIGIDAIRE

ULTRA-CLEAN WASHER with Matching Electric Dryers

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Shown below: **(RIGHT)** jacket of 65% "Dacron" and 35% rayon with pile lining of 100% "Orlon"; slacks of 65% "Dacron" and 35% rayon; **(LEFT)** nylon jacket with nylon fleece lining; sweater of 100% "Orlon"; slacks of 75% "Orlon" and 25% rayon. Available at fine stores all over the country.

New wash and wear clothes of Du Pont fibers seldom need ironing...keep boys neat and warm!

These warm jackets are surprisingly lightweight... durable slacks resist wrinkles, hold their press... sweater keeps its shape after many washings!

These wash and wear clothes made with Du Pont fibers keep the most active boys looking well dressed, well pressed and warm. And just wash these clothes by hand or machine, drip-dry, and they're ready to wear again . . . little or no ironing is needed! This wonderful wash 'n' wear convenience and shape retention *last for the life of the garments* because they're made with *high percentages* of "Dacron"* polyester fiber, "Orlon"** acrylic fiber or nylon. Look for wash 'n' wear clothes made with Du Pont fibers *now!*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber.
**"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber.
Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or garments shown here.

WASH 'N' WEAR...NEW CONVENIENCE BUILT IN WITH

DACRON · ORLON · NYLON

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Above: "I go where I'm sent," says Barber, who has clocked more than a million miles aloft in all types of aircraft. Here, on another assignment, he comes aboard an American destroyer via helicopter sling.

The author (left) emplanes at the London Airport at the start of his 91-hour-and-23-minute jaunt around the world on commercial airlines. "I flew four days and five nights and I couldn't have been fresher when I stepped off the plane." His ticket cost $1974.

I Flew 14,000 Miles for Dinner

By NOEL BARBER

A noted foreign correspondent who rashly accepted an engagement on the other side of the globe tells how he got there on time.

LONDON.

It was a dinner party at the Ritz in Paris and I was seated next to Gen. de Lattre de Tassigny, then leader of the French forces in Indochina.

I had covered much of the war there, and I remarked to him, "I wish I could dine alone with you, *mon général*, and we could have a real talk about what's happening in Asia."

"Nothing simpler, Barber," he answered. "Come and dine with me on Saturday. Black tie."

"Love to," I said.

The general looked at me for a full half minute. Then he added smoothly, "I should have mentioned, of course, that I'll be in Saigon."

Old de Lattre loved his little joke, but he was not going to get any eyelid batting out of me, even though Saigon is 7130 miles from Paris.

"Naturally," I replied with a nonchalance I wasn't quite feeling. "Eight o'clock?"

Then things started buzzing. On Wednesday I got my movement orders; (Continued on Page 97)

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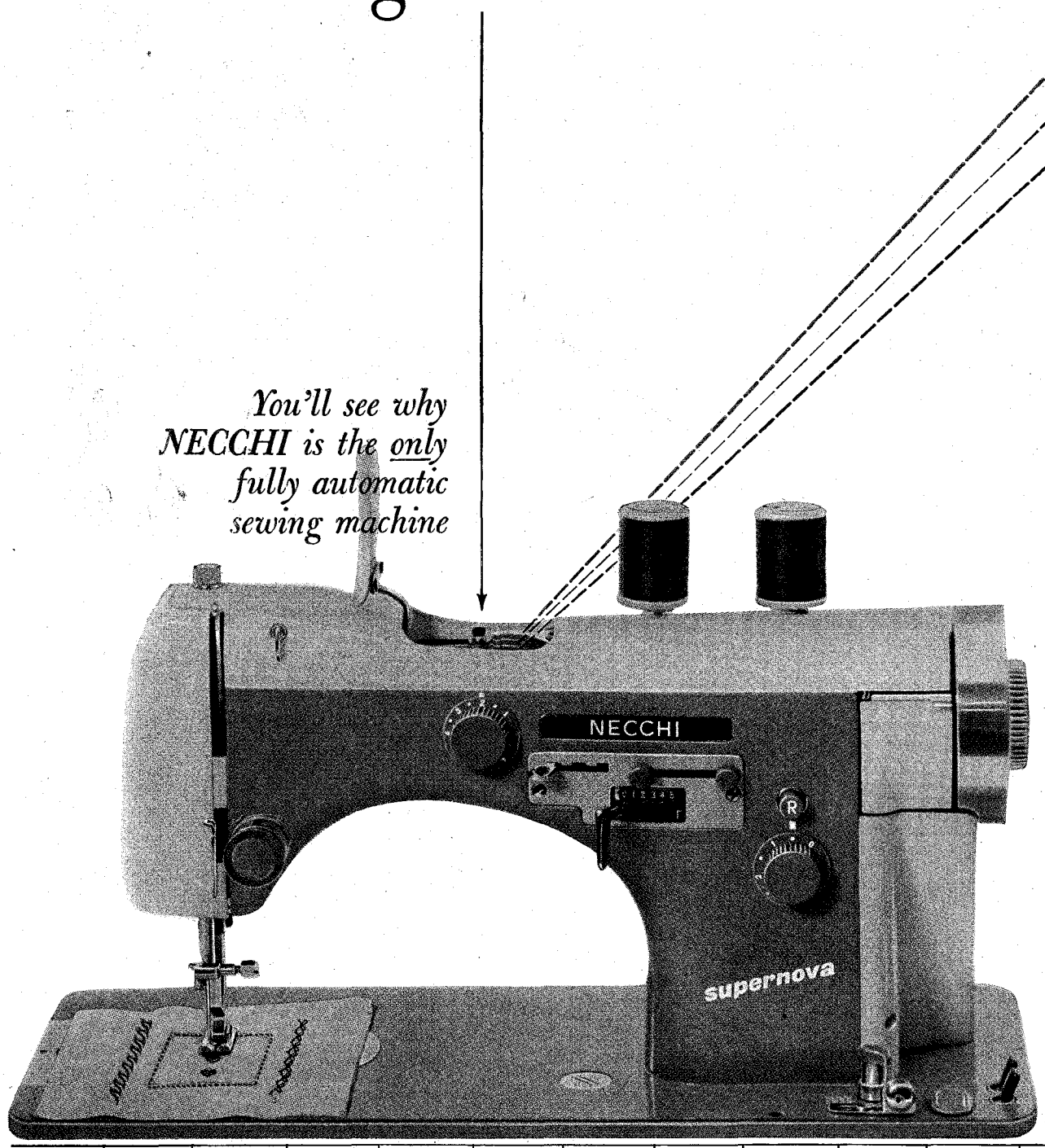
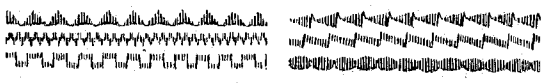
Before you buy a new sewing machine look into both big brands!

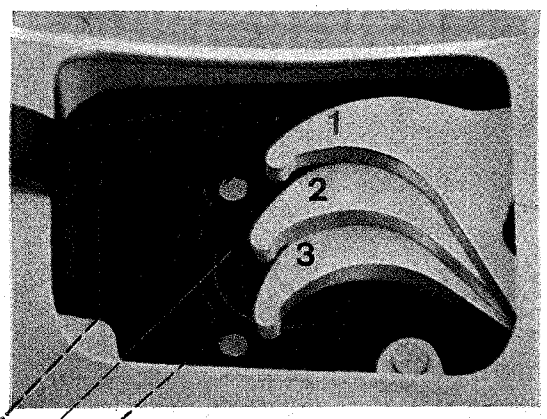
You'll see why NECCHI is the only fully automatic sewing machine



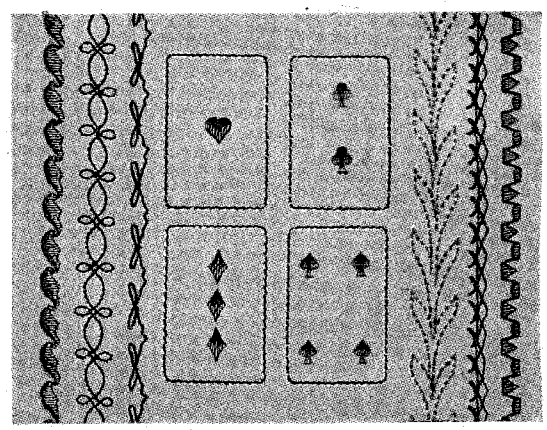
Ordinary automatic sewing machines have single impulse action; are limited in what they can do. This is the kind of embroidery they make, heavy-looking, simple variations of the satin stitch.



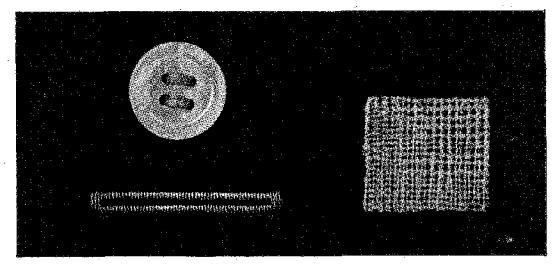
Here's why a Necchi does more for you:



Triple Impulse Action, an exclusive Necchi patent, gives you *complete* automation in sewing.
1. Control #1 changes your needle position.
2. Control #2 swings your needle.
3. Control #3 moves your fabric back and forth.



Delicate fancy stitches like these—more than 200,000 variations of them—can only be made on a Necchi, because of its triple impulse action. Necchi does so much more than any other automatic can do.



Exclusive! Necchi, because of its triple impulse action, can mend and darn, sew on buttons, make buttonholes, blindstitch completely automatically. No need to touch fabric or manipulate dials as with ordinary automatics.

Only Necchi makes all three! Straight stitch, automatic, and fully automatic Supernova. Whatever you want to pay, there is a Necchi for you. See Necchi before you buy. *Send for free booklet:* "How to Select a Modern Sewing Machine." Write Dept. N760, Necchi, 164 W. 25th St., New York, N. Y.

	Triple Impulse Action	Complete automatic buttonholes	200,000 embroidery variations	Automatic design enlargement	Automatic tapered monograms	Automatic mending and darning	Built-in light	Built-in motor	Double needle	Single point oiling	Concealed bobbin winder	2-speed motor	Pushbutton reverse stitching	Pushbutton bar-tacking	Fingertip lift
BRAND 1							X	X	X						
NECCHI	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

Why settle for less than the fully automatic NECCHI when the NECCHI® costs no more!

NATIONWIDE SERVICE THROUGH 2,500 DEALERS. FREE SEWING INSTRUCTION. CERTIFIED BY THE U. S. TESTING LABORATORIES FOR QUALITY AND FOR AVAILABILITY OF SPARE PARTS.

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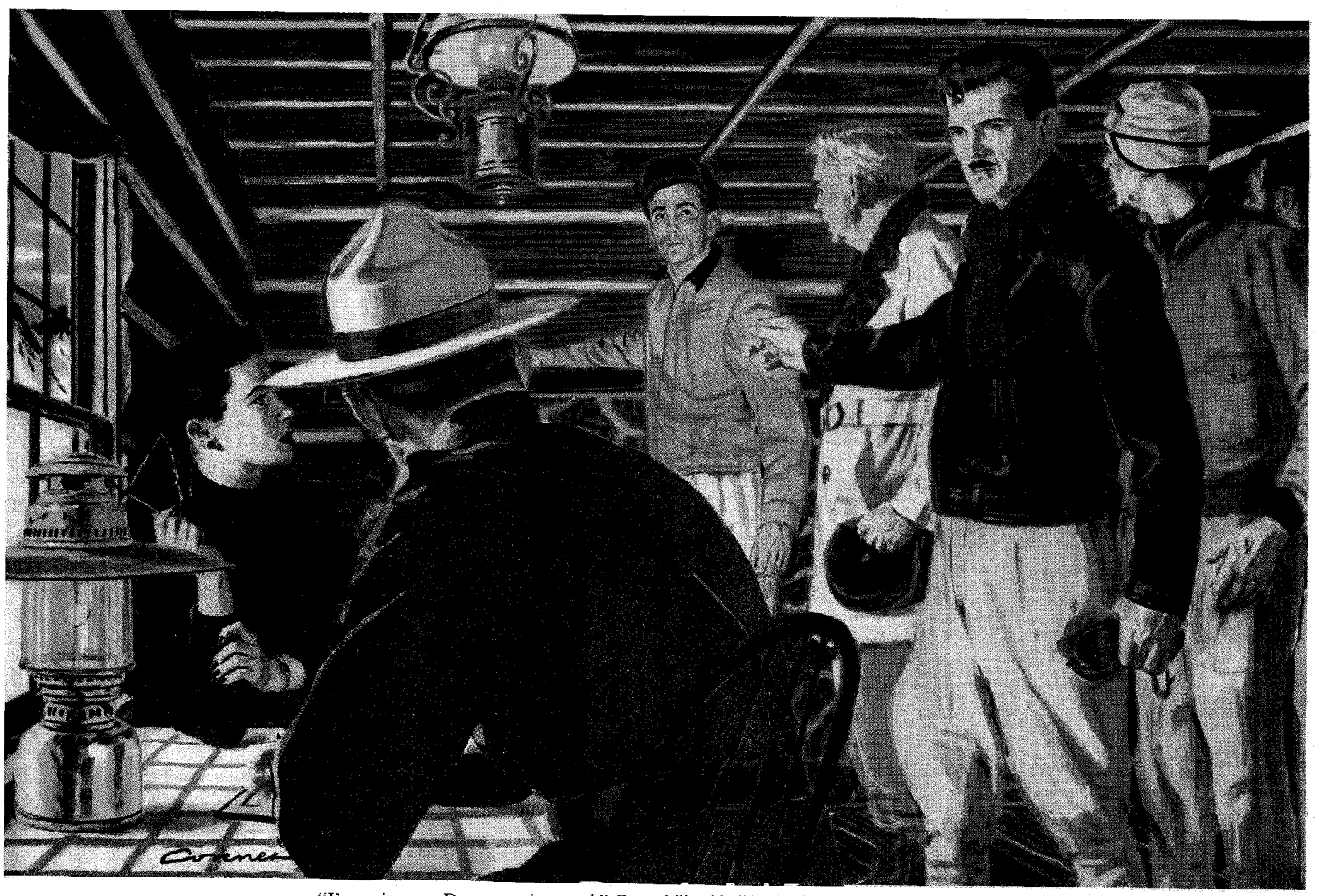

"I'm quite sure Devereaux is armed," Ravenhill said. "A pistol in a shoulder holster."

Trouble at Midas Creek

Was Ravenhill actually working on the side of the Mounties?

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Devereaux's game was blackmail. His object was a fat cut of Homer Wilson's rich gold strike, and his trump card a letter which falsely pinned a murder charge on the old prospector.

To counter Devereaux's sinister intentions, Ravenhill—swashbuckler of the north country—joined Homer, Homer's daughter Pat and Shorty Trost, one of the Midas Creek hermits, in an ingenious plan: Ravenhill started an avalanche which appeared to thunder down over Homer, who, at the last moment, dived into a secret tunnel.

The ruse fooled Devereaux. Thinking Homer dead and his incriminating letter therefore worthless, his blackmail took a new form. He had seen Ravenhill start the avalanche. Unless Ravenhill co-operated with him in making Pat sign over the gold strike, he would report Ravenhill's act to Sergeant Graham, of the Mounted Police, as murder.

For the moment, Ravenhill was stymied. He could not produce the "dead" Homer to clear himself, for Homer—now hiding in Ravenhill's plane—was wanted by the Mounties. His only alternative was to deal with Devereaux.

VI

Devereaux looked fixedly and appraisingly at Ravenhill and at Pat. Ravenhill could almost see him fingering his mental chips—as Ravenhill himself was doing. Pat did the best thing possible; she said nothing and merely waited, white-faced and tense.

Ravenhill said quietly to Devereaux, "I can't get off now. We'll have to see it through until Graham leaves. But if we make our deal first, there shouldn't be any hitch."

Devereaux wasted no words. "What's it worth to you if I keep quiet while the sergeant's here?"

This was a humiliating moment for Ravenhill. It seemed that in the end, after all his masterly and Napoleonic gestures, he was forced to trade with Devereaux. And at Devereaux's own terms. The maddening thing was that Devereaux was unaware of the strength of his own position. He believed he was menacing Ravenhill alone. The formidable fact was that if he made his charges and the sergeant held them all for the (Continued on Page 117)

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A NEW KIND OF

Star Chief Custom Catalina Coupe

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CAR

GENERAL MOTORS 50 GOLDEN MILESTONE

PONTIAC 50

MEET THE BOLD

It's a revolution on wheels—boldly planned from the very beginning as a Golden Anniversary showpiece for Pontiac and General Motors.

The result is a car unlike any you have ever known. It is the Bonneville—a brilliant new series for Pontiac. This Golden Jubilee car is a breathtaking blend of sports car roadability, town car luxury. And it is the perfect representative of this whole new breed of cars—four totally new lines, sixteen sleek new models. In all of them you'll find bold and basic Pontiac engineering advances—advances that will trigger the next big change in automobiles. For instance there's a revolutionary new air ride, a radical new frame, and a new kind of body with steel beams to protect you from every angle.

And there's much, much more: new jeweled action power; a new transmission; new styling . . . and the unbelievable luxury of new fabrics, and wall-to-wall carpeting that you'll find *even in the lowest priced models*. Stop in at your dealer's showroom and see for yourself—no car in history ever left yesterday so far behind!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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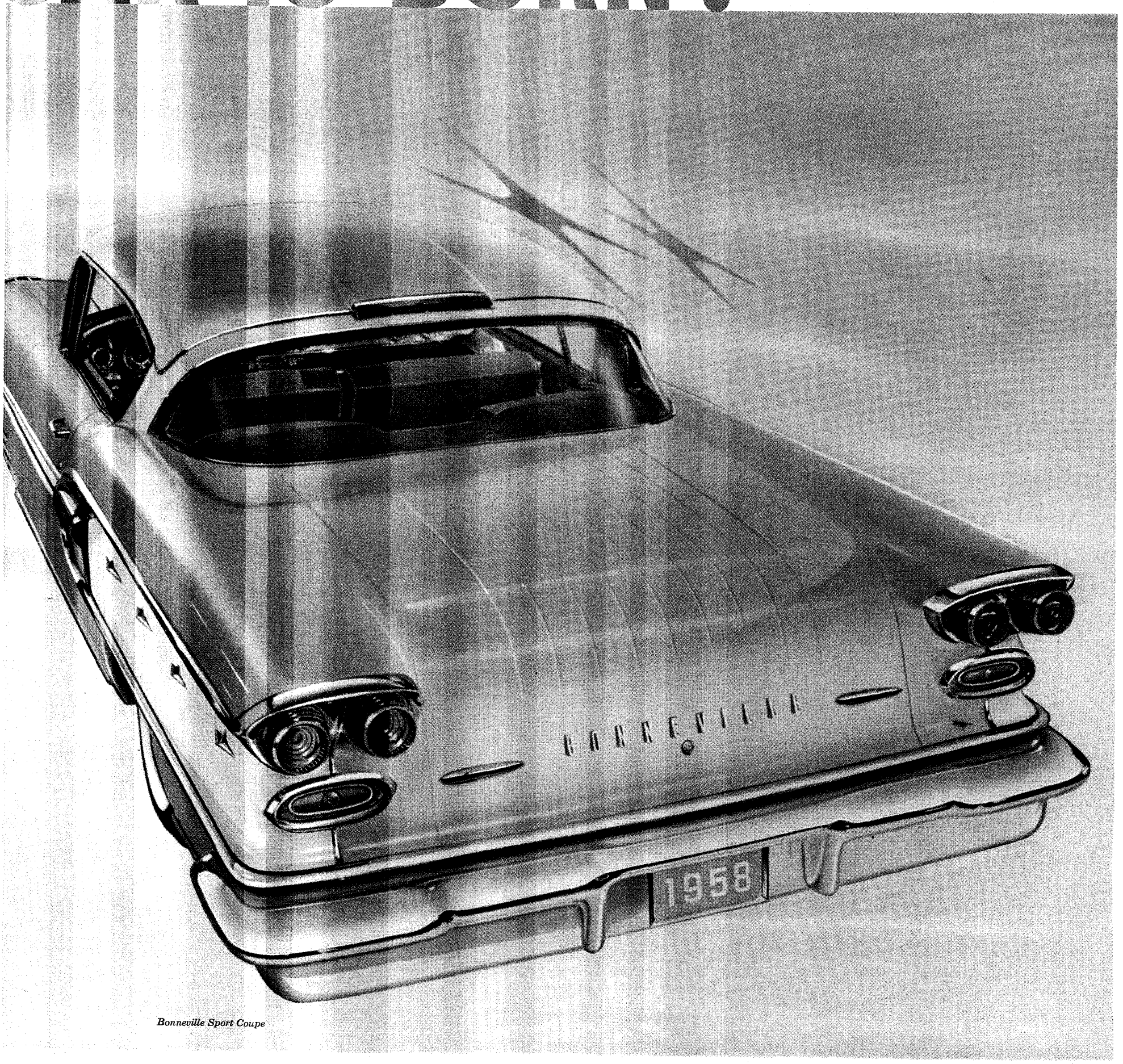
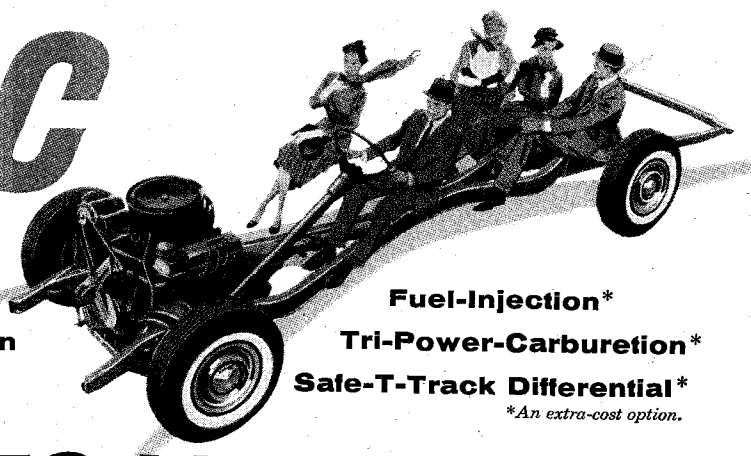
CAR IS BORN!



Bonneville Sport Coupe

NEW PONTIAC



Ever-Level Air Ride*
New Direction Styling
Circles-of-Steel Safety Body
Tempest 395 Performance
Aero-Frame Chassis
Quadra-Poise Suspension
Four Brilliant New Lines—Chieftain, Super Chief, Star Chief and Bonneville

Fuel-Injection*
Tri-Power-Carburetion*
Safe-T-Track Differential*
**An extra-cost option.*

BOLDEST ADVANCE IN 50 YEARS

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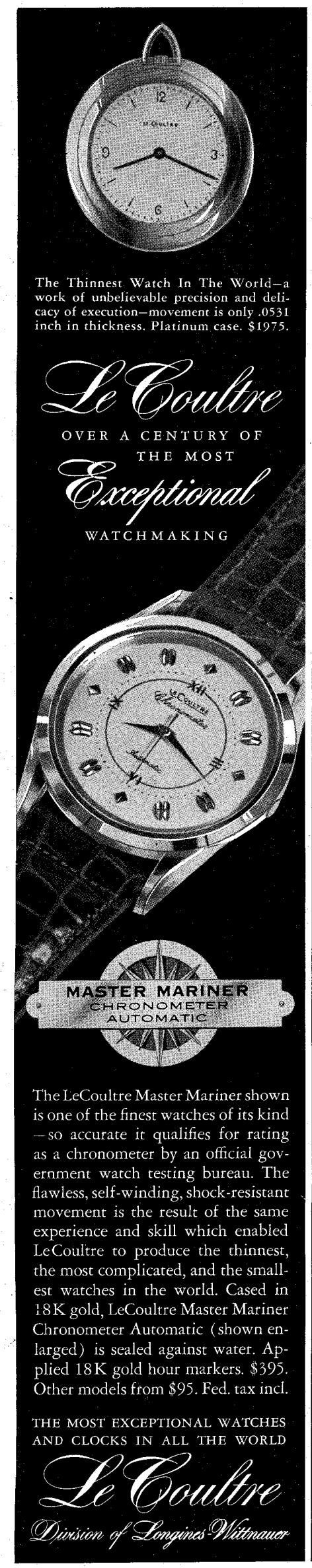
The Thinnest Watch In The World—a work of unbelievable precision and delicacy of execution—movement is only .0531 inch in thickness. Platinum case. $1975.
Le Coultre
OVER A CENTURY OF THE MOST
Exceptional
WATCHMAKING
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Kids Say the Darndest Things

(Continued from Page 44)

A precocious boy who visited us one day claimed that his mother called him "Farmer John."

When I asked him about this nickname, he said, "I like farms, and my specialty is raising calves and milking cows."

"I'll bet you don't even know where milk comes from," I teased.

"I sure do. I'm a professional milking kid."

"All right." I was hooked, and I knew it. "How do you do it?"

"You grab those faucets hanging down there, fasten the machine on and let 'er rip!"

Some boys just naturally get into trouble, whether it's talking or acting. Here's a frank confession from a small Huck Finn: "What kind of a boy am I? Well, I guess kind of troublesome."

"Would you explain that, please?"

"Like if I go into a haunted house, then that's the time the cops are there. Or every time I throw a rock, it seems to hit a window."

Another lad informed me that he was "a serious boy."

"Well then," I said, "let's talk about something serious. What do you think of the United Nations?"

He knitted his brow and asked, "Is that serious?"

I guess you might call me an amateur child psychologist. I've studied the subject in college, read books by leading experts on the subject, and spent many hours discussing children with the top people in the field. But my only real claim to knowledge about kids is in my day-to-day contacts. And five of my own youngsters growing up around me for twenty years attest to my standing as a veteran. But you do have to keep up. Take the slang of ten-year-olds:

"He's a cube" (worse than a square).

"She's Three-D" (dopey, dizzy and dumb).

"Jet-propelled muscle juice" (milk).

I learned these definitions on my program. One of my young informants said his favorite was: "Bury that crazy prehistoric."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means get rid of that old man."

"Who do you use it on?"

"Anyone over twenty-one."

I was questioning the kids one day about the games they liked to play indoors during the rainy season. They named a few standard games, and finally one youngster said he liked to watch television.

But another one snorted impatiently, "I've been looking at television all my *life. Why don't they invent something* new?"

Maybe he has a point there; rainy-day fun does tend to fall into routine patterns. Hobbies would help, but the kids seem to have trouble with them. Here's an assortment of replies to the question, "Do you have a hobby?"

"I used to be the junk collector around the house. That's my hobby."

"Used to be? What happened?"

"One day my dad told me to sort everything alphabetically, and I didn't know what he meant. . . . I thought he was telling me to throw everything out, and now I haven't got a hobby."

"I like to eat and play the piano at the same time."

"That's quite a trick. How do you do it?"

"I play scales with my left hand and eat with my right."

"How old are you?"
"Six."
"Any hobbies?"
"I like to drive cars."
"When do you ever drive?"
"I don't yet because of one trouble."
"What's that?"
"My mother won't give me the keys."

I love the way younger children are resigned to their lot when it comes to organizing the fun. One five-year-old told me he enjoyed hide-and-seek.

"How do you play it?"

"I cover my eyes and tell all the big boys go and hide someplace."

"Where do you hide when it's not your turn to be It?"

"I don't know. I'm always It."

The boy who was learning to catch bees was somewhat happier. "We'll have all the honey we want for pancakes," he boasted.

"That's a perfect way to make a hobby pay off. How do you catch bees?"

"I wait till they light on a floor; then I run up behind them with a glass jar, and the silly bee thinks the bottom of the jar is the top, but it's really the bottom, and the bee gets all mixed up."

He left me feeling a little mixed up too. So did the Cub Scout who announced that his motto was "Be Prepared."

To test him, I asked, "What would you do if you were lost in a forest?"

"The thing to do," he said, "is make a signal fire."

"How do you do that?"

"You get tinder and flint and rocks and wood."

"Have you ever tried this?"

"Sure, I've been away out in the mountains."

"After you got your material together, what happened?"

"Nothing."

A child's faith in the powers of good fairies is appealing.

"How'd you lose all those front teeth?" I asked one boy of six.

"They came out in a wad of gum."

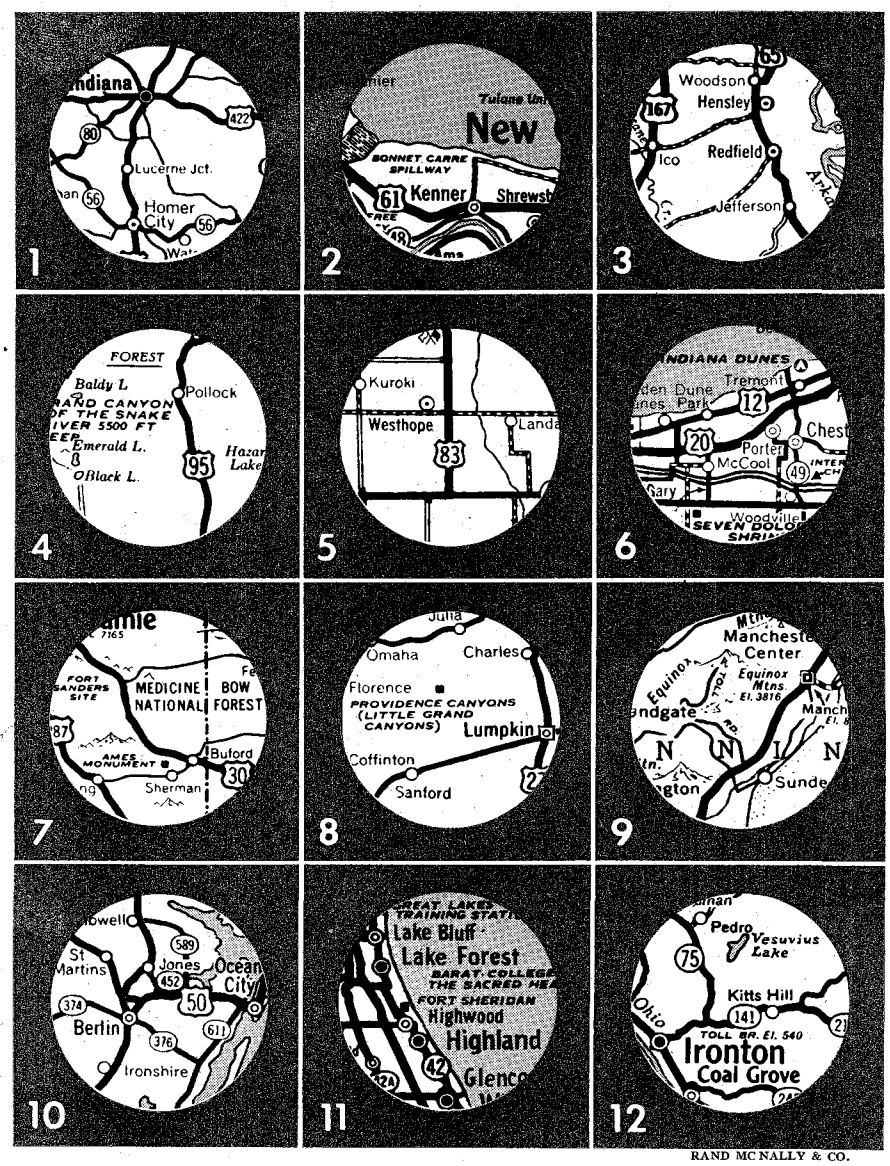
"Then what happened?"

"The good fairy brought some money and put it under my pillow."

"Ah," I nodded thoughtfully. "And where does the good fairy get all this money?"

"I think he robs a bank someplace!"

There are times when the imagination of a young guest puts me in a complete spin. An (*Continued on Page 58*)



RAND MC NALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 59*)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) explanation sounds rational as it is developed, but gradually the full impact of its circuitous reasoning comes home with a thud. Here's a lulu:

"Anything exciting happen lately around your house?" I began.

"Yes. I hit myself on the back of my head with a hammer."

"That's too bad," I sympathized. "How'd it happen?"

"I wanted to kill a fly."

"Wait a minute. How could you see him if he was on the back of your head where the lump is?"

"He wasn't on the back of my head. He was on the table in front of me."

"But I don't understand," I said. "Then why did you hit yourself on the back of the head with the hammer?"

He put his fists on his hips in a gesture of frustration at my stupidity.

"Silly! I wanted to smash him with my forehead."

I sometimes feel that the essence of a child's charm is his unembarrassed directness. Take, for example, the wide-eyed honesty of a five-year-old discussing the part of the Holy Bible he most enjoys:

"I like the part where Moses breaks all the Ten Commandments!"

Children tell the truth in the fewest possible words, revealing situations with no introductory warm-up. For example, this one—a little girl:

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"No."

"Would you like some?"

"Sure, I'm lonesome."

"What does your mother say when you ask for one?"

"She just groans."

Sometimes the conversation takes a serious turn. Ponder this short exchange with a little boy from a poor neighborhood:

"What makes a happy home?"

His reply was quick: "A steady pay check."

There is something intensely practical about childish opinions, a fact which escapes most grownups because they seldom think to ask Junior for his views. But I ask, and believe me I'm enlightened. Like this:

"What do you think of suspenders?"

"I hate them."

"Why?"

The modern man will stand for almost anything—except a woman on a bus.

WILLIAM R. NIMMO

"They get loose in back and fly up and hit your head, boing!"

"How would you change school?"

"I'd change the seats from hard wood to foam rubber."

"Why?"

"I'm not going to say right here—but you know!"

Questioning a girl: "Who matures faster, girls or boys?"

"Girls."

"How do you know?"

"Well, a girl knows when she falls in love with a boy, but a boy doesn't even know that the girl's in love with him or what, and doesn't know much of anything—so girls are more mature."

Questioning a boy: "Who are smarter, boys or girls?"

"Girls are smarter in school, but it's for a reason."

"What's the reason?"

"They cheat."

Obviously, girls and boys don't share the same outlook. Ask a boy what he wants to be when he's grown, and he's apt to plump for a career in football or the firehouse. The girls seem to be absorbed in problems of internal health. They see themselves as nurses and mothers, and can imagine all kinds of remedies for personal ailments. Typical was the girl who said she wanted to be a nurse "and mix up stuff for people."

"What would you mix up for someone with a stomach-ache?" I asked.

"A bottle of milk of magnesia and a bottle of castor oil," she replied. "That ought to do something."

Quite often I ask about a fancied health problem of my own. One such interview was with a tiny girl who patiently answered about what she'd do for measles, mumps, earache and such. Finally I went too far. I said, "What would you do if I stopped breathing?"

"I'd bury you," she scornfully replied.

Girls hate to be called tomboys. One guest protested that she didn't even like to be near a tomboy. When I asked her what she liked best, she remarked, "I like to climb trees, slide down poles, walk fences and have rock fights with my brothers."

I'll bet she'd enjoy meeting a lad I interviewed on another day. He said that he'd like to be Superman. Why this ambition? "Well, he flies around and knocks people down." I asked what he was doing to practice for his career. "I'm a superboy," he explained. "I practice knocking down my little brother."

Here are more conventional ambitions—small boys speaking, of course:

"I want to be a train engineer."

"What's the main thing an engineer does?"

"He watches not to drive the train off the tracks."

"I want to be a parachute jumper."

"What happens if your 'chute doesn't open?"

"I have them lower a ladder."

"I want to follow in my dad's footsteps."

"What does he do?"

"I don't know."

He was very young, but, even so, his ignorance astonished me; I learned long ago that the modern family discusses everything before the children. Parents who have reeled back from the TV screen, aghast at their child's revelations, later confess that they are to blame for speaking so frankly. What a child hears, he repeats.

One little fellow assured me that he had no brothers or sisters, and didn't expect to have any.

When I asked how he could be so sure, he shrugged and said, "Because my mother's not pregnant."

When a child speaks in innocence, who can complain? I'm long past the stage when I can be embarrassed by young fry. I'd better be—almost any question I ask is likely to involve a fact of life. You'd think this would be safe: "How do you get money?" But the answer was, "I get a nickel every day I don't have a damp bed." So I was hooked, and had to go on:

"How are you doing?"

"I made a dime last week."

I quit right there.

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Linkletter. The last will appear next week.

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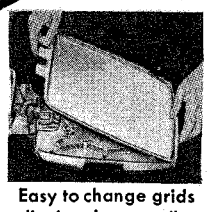

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Stubborn Bride (Continued from Page 28)

in him. He stared straight ahead, as she was doing. She was getting into one of her brooding spells now when they were almost home. He'd hoped it wouldn't happen, but here it was. Funny that a girl like Linda would ever have to be plagued with the same doubts he'd known. But he'd had reasons. She hadn't. Yet she was afraid of strangers.

"Now, listen," he said doggedly. "Whether they like you or not doesn't make any difference. I'm the one who's marrying you. I'll admit you're not like any of the Czech girls the folks thought I might marry. So you can't work like Czech women can. But my folks aren't like your folks, either. Well, maybe they won't like you. You probably won't like them either."

Her hands were in her lap, nervously clenched. "What're they like?" Her voice sounded childish, almost excited now. "Ever since I was a little girl, it's fascinated me where people come from and who their parents were and if they had grandfathers. Things like that."

"They came from the old country," Frank said shortly.

"You—you never talked about your folks before, Frank. Why?"

"There wasn't anything to say." He shrugged uneasily and looked away over the icy-green wheat. "I didn't third-degree you about your folks, did I?"

"No," Linda said slowly in her soft voice. "You never asked me about my folks. Or where they came from. . . . I'm sorry, Frank."

Neither spoke any more. There were only the sounds of an occasional bird and the thrumming of wheat starting to ripen. Something about the sound brought the aching to Frank again. He had never known that feeling when he was still home. But now he had been gone and had come back, an alien, and the rustling of wheat in the wind hurt him.

He wanted to tell Linda how it was with Bohomil and Anna Palcoucek—big Bohomil who gave orders around New Czechy, and Anna who had loved him all through the rugged years with him. He wished he could explain how it was with Czechs, that no matter how long they were gone from the old country they never quite forgot how the Moldau ran its course or the sounds and smells of Prague—Praha they steadfastly called it. But he could not find the words without seeming to apologize for his parents. A boyish stubbornness kept him from either apologizing or explaining.

"I'm going to stop for a beer before I go out to the farm," he said instead as they drove into New Czechy. "I need one, that's for sure. Want to go in with me?"

Linda glanced around at the small town spreading about the tall elevators, like fingers leading to a strong palm. "The hand that feeds America!" Bohomil Palcoucek always called New Czechy. He was great on that America stuff.

Frank opened the door for Linda and she got out and looked around again. "I was afraid New Czechy would be bigger," she said.

They went inside and slid into a booth. After a while a dark-haired girl sauntered over. She stared at Frank, then tilted her head back and laughed. "Frankie Palcoucek!" She slapped him on the shoulder with familiar hilarity. "Look at the looie bars! I figured you'd get kicked out and have to come home!"

Frank wished she'd drop that Frankie stuff. He could feel a tinge of color working up over his neck. When he'd been a kid the other boys always made fun of him because he reddened when he got angry. "Hello, Suzy." He made his voice easy and finally flashed a smile at her. "Nope, I'm not kicked out. I see you're still around driving the fellows crazy."

"Oh, just dancing my head off, sure." Suzy watched him boldly. "I'll bet this is What's-Her-Name. Your old man said you were bringing her home."

"This is Linda Raeburn. Linda, this is Suzy Hrubeck, an old friend of mine."

"Friend is right." Suzy raised her eyebrows coyly. "Say, you got here just in time for the kolach festival. It's tomorrow, remember?"

"Kolach festival!" Frank groaned and rubbed his hand across his forehead. "Well, you'll be up to your ears in Czechs, Linda, that's for sure."

They drank the beers, and Suzy followed them to (*Continued on Page 62*)

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 56

1. Pa.	2. La.	3. Ark.
4. Ida.	5. N.D.	6. Ind.
7. Wyo.	8. Ga.	9. Vt.
10. Md.	11. Ill.	12. Ohio

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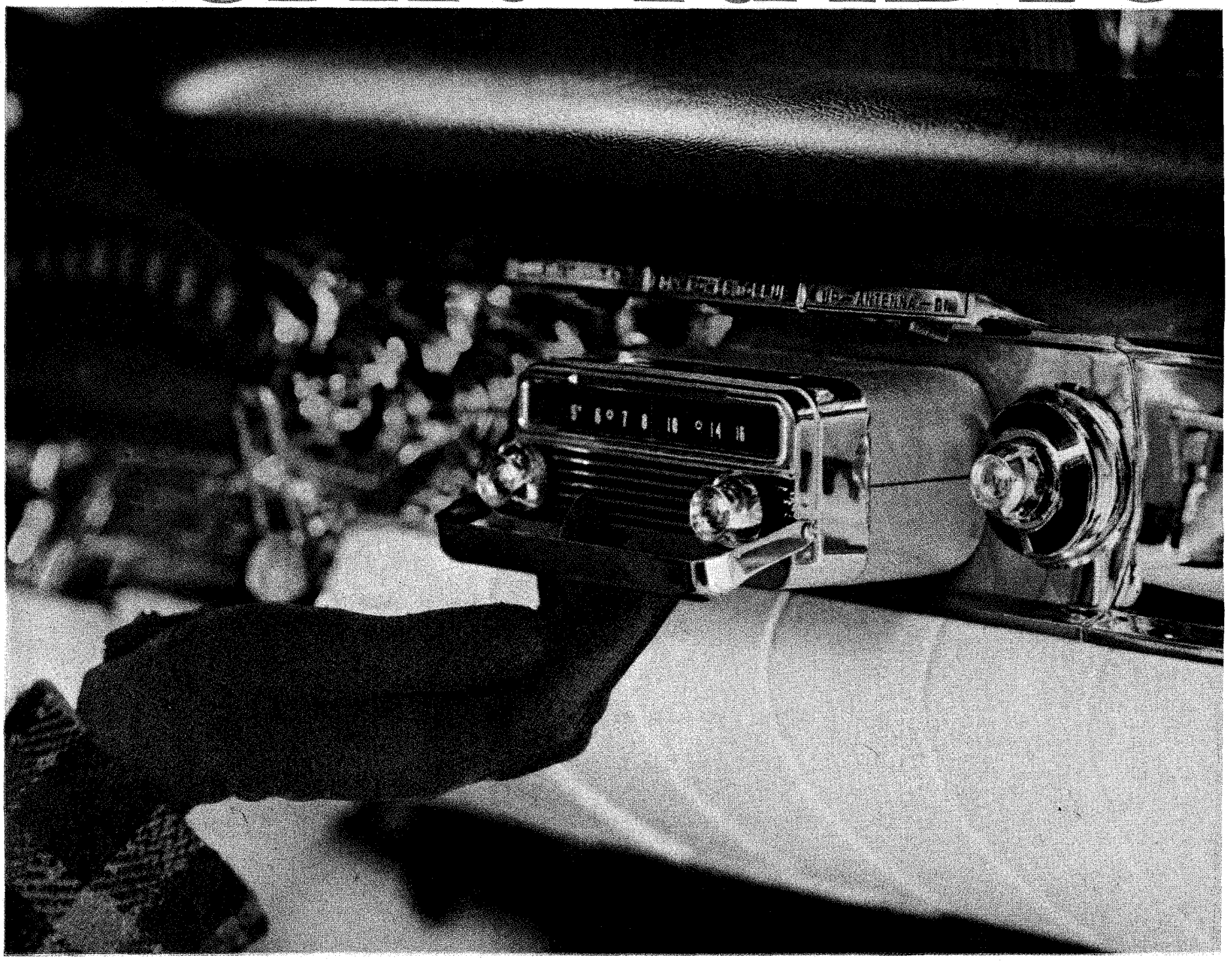

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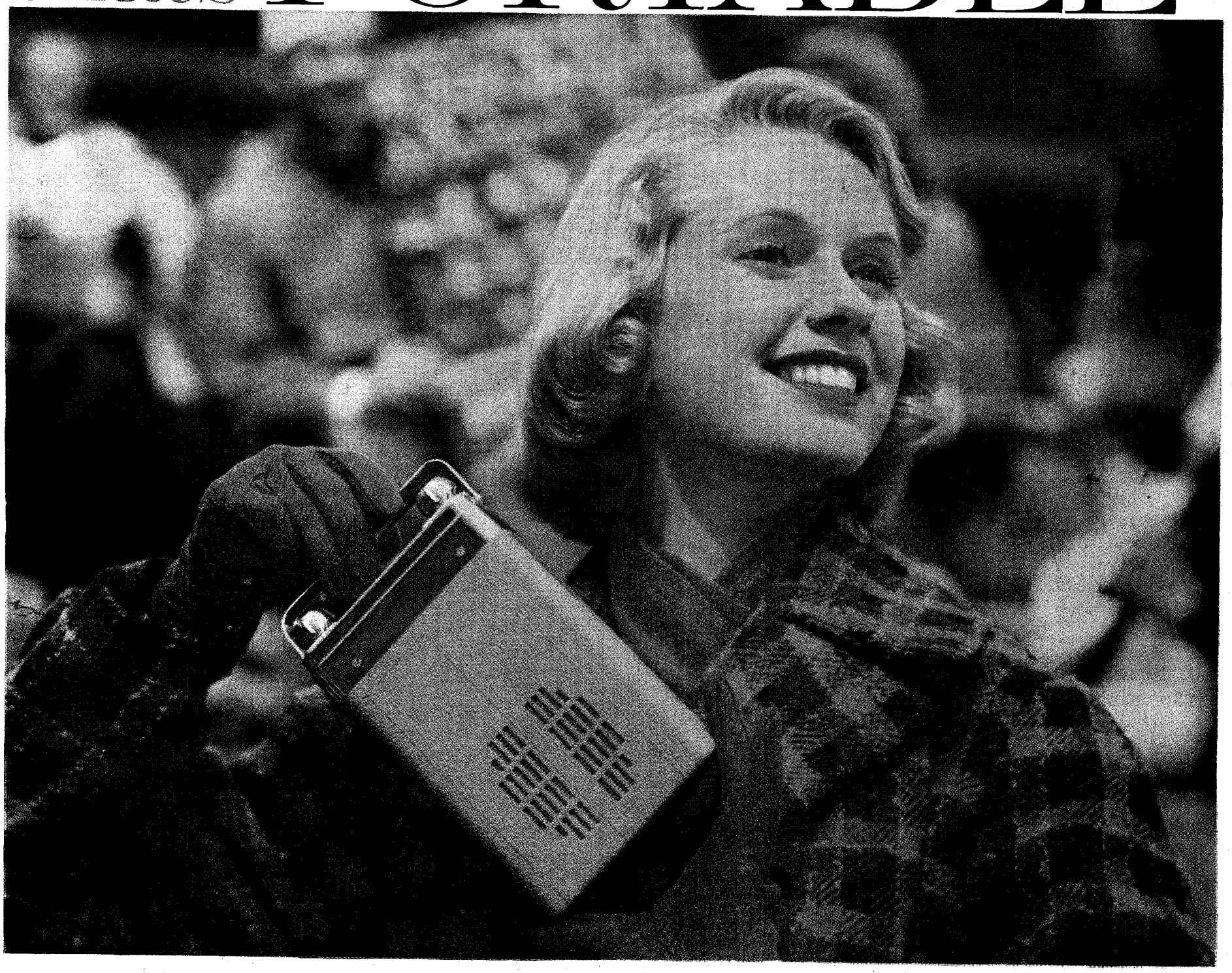

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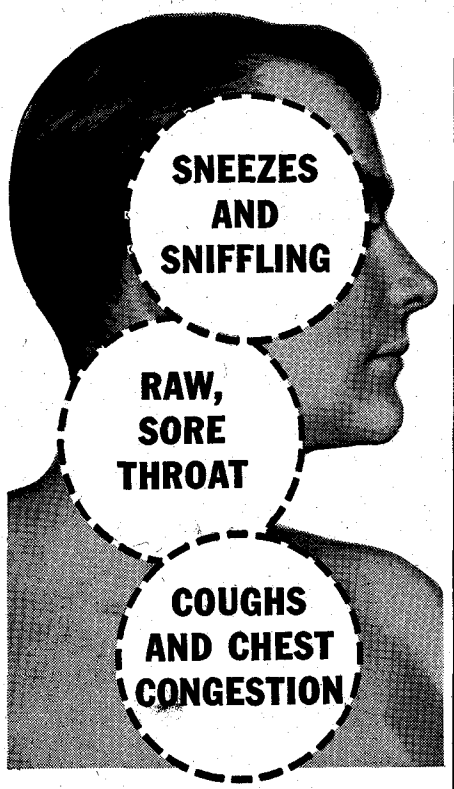

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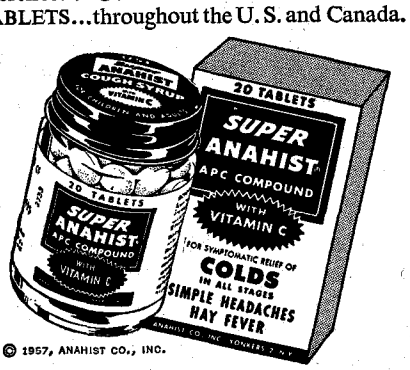

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(*Continued from Page 59*) the door. Linda got into the car. She was nervous to the point of silence. It was at times like this that she retreated so far within herself that Frank hardly knew what to say to her.

"Your old man said she was an outsider," Suzy whispered maliciously. "She's cold as an ice cube, Frankie."

"Shut up." He was already feeling the sullen irritation he had always known when he was home. He'd thought the air force had taken it out of him. Now it had returned. "Someone ought to put you in cold storage for a while."

"An old girl friend?" Linda asked when he got in. Her expression was remote. She applied make-up carefully.

"We used to hit the Bohemian dances together. That's about all."

"Are you sure it's all, Frankie?" There was a caustic tone in Linda's use of his childhood name.

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" he snapped, starting the car. "Let's cut the wrangling. It's bad enough we hit New Czechy in time for the kolach festival tomorrow. You'll need your nerves for that. So save 'em."

They drove down the old familiar road to the Palcoucek family home. The big two-story house looked clean and white, set in its mounting of clipped lawn. Bohomil always said you could tell the Czech farms easily. The houses were always painted. The lawns were always mowed. The barns were as well kept as the houses.

He parked the car under the tree in the back yard where he had always parked it when he wanted to have it ready for quick departure. Looking back, he realized that from the time he was little on he had always been ready to leave the farm. He had to take Linda through the back door, but it would not matter. Anna Palcoucek's kitchen was to her what Bohomil's barns and granaries were to him.

He opened the door and Linda stepped inside, but as he followed her, she turned and let him pass. His eyes moved quickly to the woman who was kneading dough at the kitchen table. Kolaches. Mamma was making kolaches, the sweet rolls the Czech women made by the hundreds for the festival. They were symbols, reminding the Czechs of the old country.

For a moment Frank hesitated in front of Linda. He should never have brought her home, he realized. How could he ever make her understand how it was about mamma and the kolaches, and Bohomil dancing the beseda on festival night, with hundreds of Czechs cheering him on? And following that, his thunderous speech about how Czechoslovakia would rise again from its chains and become another America, free to breathe again. Frank almost groaned.

Then Anna raised her head and the clear gray gaze moved slowly, fondly over him. He forgot all about Lt. Frank Palcoucek and the base at Biloxi, and the big Raeburn veranda where Mrs. Raeburn entertained the officers. He was Frankie once more, Anna Palcoucek's youngest son.

"Mamma!" he cried out, an agonizing joy making his voice boyishly raspy. "I'm home, see? I'm home, mamma!"

Except for the quick light that made her plain face beautiful, Anna Palcoucek might have been inspecting a casual acquaintance. She patted the kolach dough briskly. Then she rubbed the remaining dough from her hands carefully. But her eyes never left Frank. "So!" she said then, holding out her arms to him. "So you come home, huh, Frankie?"

He took two quick steps and gathered her up in his arms, buried his face against her neck, and for a while they stood there, oblivious of the girl who was standing, alone and proudly erect, by the door. Frank could say nothing and Anna kept murmuring little pet phrases in Czech, over and over, her cheek nuzzling Frank's head, like a mare caressing her colt.

"I make kolaches, see? For the kolach festival tomorrow," Anna said when Frank dropped his arms and turned to Linda. "Poppy seed. Apricot. Prune. You remember how you like the poppy-seed kolaches, huh, Frankie?"

"Sure, I remember, mamma," Frank said slowly. "I remember, all right." He forgot to introduce Linda. He looked past the two women, out the window and beyond, where in every direction the wheat rustled and crinkled in the sun. Again he felt alien, surly. "Where's the old man? Out tramping down half the wheat trying to figure out what the yield's going to be?"

The old bitterness against his father flecked him. He did not know why it should touch him now. But something about seeing mamma making kolaches had done it. They were so proud of being Czech, mamma and papa. He recalled the time at Biloxi when he had got into a brawl with one of the fellows who had lightly called him a bohunk. But he could not say whether it had been pride or humiliation that had made him fighting mad, and he wouldn't talk about it afterwards to Linda. No Czech wanted to be called a bohunk. He knew that. As Bohomil had once put it, "I call me a bohunk, but you don't!"

"Papa comes now," Anna said. "He comes, Frankie."

Bohomil stalked into the room, slamming the door behind him. There was the odor of wheat fields and barns and sweat about him. It surged through the kitchen in the wake of his steps. He tossed his straw hat onto a chair and ran one of his huge hands through his hair, only now graying a little. Then he slapped Frank on the shoulder.

"So you make it, huh?" he grunted. "This your girl, huh?"

"This is Linda," Frank nodded.

Linda held out her hand. It was only then that Frank remembered he had not introduced Linda to Anna. But once more Bohomil's immense vitality shoved Anna's personality to the background. He grasped one of Linda's small hands in his own and inspected her with the cautious suspicion with which he would investigate an animal before admitting it to his selected herd.

"So," Bohomil nodded only a little, his keen eyes running over Linda. "This goin' to be your woman, huh? Well, by golly, that Frankie can still pick 'em, huh, Anna?"

Anna nodded and smiled. Frank glanced quickly at Linda, remembering Suzy at the tavern. Everyone was determined to remind Linda that in his day he'd been quite a boy. Linda's eyes narrowed the way they always did when she felt somebody was disapproving of her. Couldn't she tell the old man was actually trying to be friendly?

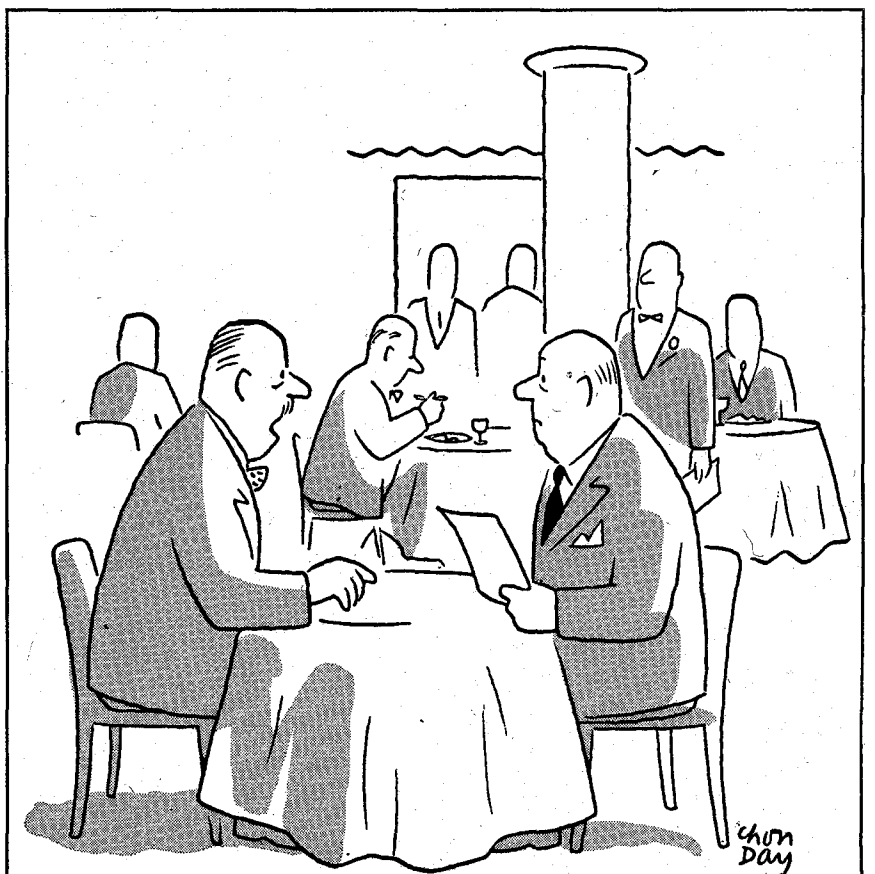
"The old man likes his joke," he said in a low voice, touching her arm. "Well, you must be tired, honey. Mamma, can you show Linda where her room is?"

"You come in time for kolach festival." Bohomil was not yet through with Linda. "Then you see what kind of people you marryin' into, by golly. Tomorrow is all kinds of contests. Sokols do all kinds of crazy sport stuff and then at night is dancin' the beseda. Old-country dance. You dance, huh?"

"Yes." Linda was still staring at Bohomil, her eyes fixed on him as though hypnotized, her hand still imprisoned in his great one. "I dance." She hesitated, then the soft words came faster, almost tumbling over one another in her haste to assure him she could compete with the Czech girls. "I dance all kinds of popular dances."

"We see. I dance the beseda with you tomorrow night and we see if you enough woman to marry Czech man. That beseda, that some dance, huh, Frankie?"

"Yeh." Frank nodded nervously. "It sure is some (*Continued on Page 64*)



"If it weren't for the $120,000-a-year salary, bonuses, cost-of-living adjustments, retirement fund and paid vacations, I'd quit this rat race."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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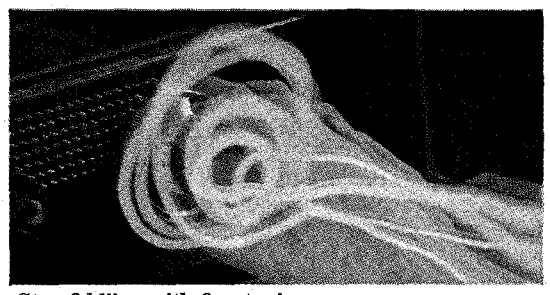
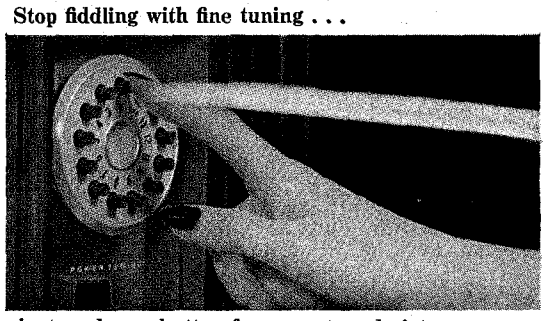


Stop fiddling with fine tuning . . .



just push one button for a pre-tuned picture.

You just touch a button and the next channel comes on with a sharp-tuned picture and sound the way you like it.

It's automatic—for you pre-tune each channel individually the day you get your set. After that you hardly ever have to touch the fine tuning. Now remote control is truly practical.

And most General Electric consoles include remote control—at no extra cost.

Model 21C1552. 21-inch (over-all diagonal) tube—262 square inches of viewable area. Genuine mahogany veneer, also in blonde oak. Remote control.

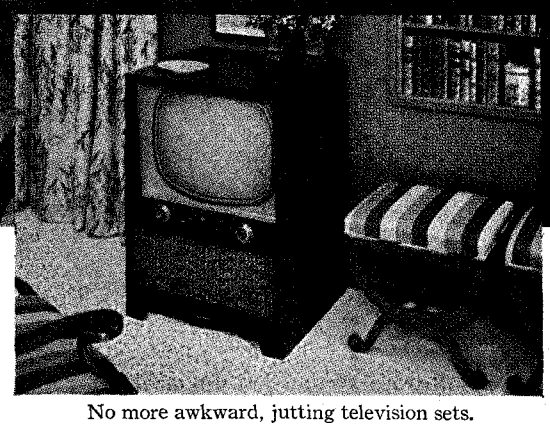
New General Electric 110° tube cuts 6 inches off cabinet depth for a new Slim Silhouette

At least 6 inches shallower than older sets, new General Electric Slim Silhouette cabinets are only 15 inches deep—blend with your décor instead of dominating it. Decorator William Pahlmann is so enthusiastic, he has designed room settings to go with them.

Here a console lines up with benches, an arrangement that looked awkward before.

You too will be inspired by these graceful cabinets and genuine hardwood veneers.

And you'll delight in the superb sound system—3 electronically matched speakers give balanced life-like tone. See the full line at your dealer's this very week!



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(*Continued from Page 62*) dance. It winds you. Linda didn't bring the right kind of clothes to dance the beseda in, papa."

"Mamma she used to dance the beseda, huh, Anna?" Bohomil went on, ignoring Frank. "Back in old country, Anna and me we showed 'em how beseda oughta be danced." He was quiet a little. "The night of our weddin' dance we showed 'em, huh, Anna? Anna she went all the way to Praha to get her weddin' dress, and not many girls in our village ever got to go to Praha, let alone wear no dress from the city."

"All the way from Praha," Anna said softly, looking out the window.

Why couldn't they call it Prague, Frank thought irritably, the way everyone in America except Czechs called it? He moved toward the living room.

"Linda's tired, mamma," Frank said, frowning. "We drove all the way today from Tulsa. We stayed overnight with some friends of hers in Tulsa."

"By golly, I betcha they haven't danced the beseda in the old country since the soldiers come." Old Bohomil stood, slowly pounding his right fist into his left palm, almost like the ominous beating of a drum, fierce and warlike. "But someday they goin' to, believe me. Someday it's goin' to be like here in America."

"Papa," Frank broke in.

"I tell 'em tomorrow night." Bohomil nodded savagely and shrugged as though to shake off his anger if only for a time. "After we dance the beseda and everybody all worked up, I tell 'em how it is with the old country. How it is here in America better."

"I show you to your room, Linda." Anna said softly, leading the way to the living room and toward the staircase leading upstairs from the hallway just next to it. "You tired, maybe so."

The old man was taking over as usual, Frank thought impatiently. He couldn't be in a room or a tavern or a meeting with any amount of people in it for one minute without overwhelming everyone, and if anyone objected, he just overwhelmed their objections too. It had always embarrassed Frank the way old Bohomil took over.

"I'm goin' to tell 'em. . . ." Frank could still hear Bohomil, muttering to himself in the kitchen.

"He's right, Frankie." Anna sensed Frank's antagonism. "Papa's right."

"Sure," Frank muttered savagely, moving out the door to get the bags out of the car. "Sure. Papa will tell 'em, all right. Papa's right, you can bet on that."

Anna put Linda in the bedroom that had been Frank's when he was home. It was an old-fashioned room in old-country style. It had once been the main bedroom. The cradle Bohomil and Anna had brought along when they had crossed over to America was sitting in one corner, well-used and weary now. Souvenirs of Frank's school days were still on the wall.

He glanced into the mirror on the old dresser and was startled by the expression on Linda's face. It was a mixture of sullen resentment and an emotion that was almost fear. Frank slipped both arms around her and held her close, shaking her in his aggravation. "Stop it," he whispered fiercely. "Stop being so standoffish. All right. So my folks are old-country. We won't be living with them. But," he added with a sharp touch of viciousness, "we won't be living high-society style with your folks either."

"I never asked you to, Frank." Linda was angry now. She tried to break away from him.

"You don't have to go to the kolach festival tomorrow if you don't want to, and you don't have to dance the beseda with my old man, if that's what's put the chill on you." He tried to twist her face toward his, but she jerked away. "Do you think I want everyone saying I married an ice cube? We go back to Biloxi day after tomorrow. That's just one full day."

"One full day is right." Linda laughed scornfully. "I should go to town and run the gantlet of all these Czech people you grew up with. I should dance with your father while you dance with that—that ——"

Frank narrowed his eyes and dropped his arms from around her. "That's it!" he muttered. "Well, I've known you when you were scared and when you seemed to hate the whole world, but I never thought I'd see the day when Linda Raeburn of Biloxi had to be jealous of someone like Suzy Hrubeck."

They were both silent then. They were ruining something that had been beautiful in spite of its shaky, uncertain moments, he knew. They had never quarreled like this.

They had been a popular couple, with Frank's blond good looks in sharp contrast to her brunet, almost elfin beauty. He had never felt certain of her, as he had felt with the Czech girls he had known. Sometimes her quicksilver changes made him feel afraid he was losing her. Frank, accustomed to the robust boisterousness of his Czech background, never quite knew how to analyze her brooding spells. But he had accepted and liked Linda's mode of life in Biloxi. Now she was openly resentful of his.

Linda sat down on the bed and ran her finger over the patchwork quilt, following its pattern. Frank recalled once more her house in Biloxi, modern with a touch of the old South to give it an air of quality. But no hand-sewn quilt, with patches he recognized. The brown-and-white checked shirt that had been his first ready-made garment. A patch from his older brother Anton's vest lining. Everything about the Palcoucek house had threads running back to ancient things that embroidered memories of the old country, gentle as the flow of the Moldau at times and then exploding violently into action.

He did not know what he expected her to say when she raised her head. But he had not thought it would be, "Were you born in this room, Frank?"

"Yes," he said, startled by the change in the conversation. "Mamma has never been in a hospital." He heard his voice, defensive to the point of defiance. He could not explain to Linda about mamma's strange mixture of shyness and strength that had kept her from going to the hospital for the birth of any of her seven sons. "Some women don't want pampering," he added, and knew immediately he should not have said it.

Linda rose and whirled on him. "The only reason I didn't take a job was because we got engaged right after I finished college," she reminded him, her blue eyes flashing. The breach was growing wider with every word.

We shouldn't have come home, Frank thought again. *I don't know Linda at all now. The folks don't even act as though she's company. They don't realize what a long ways it is from the Mississippi to the Moldau. She's not a Czech girl.*

"I know, Linda." He lowered his voice. "I just meant mamma is—well, like I said, old-fashioned. You don't understand each other. You're miles apart."

"I'm sorry, Frank," Linda said. "I told you. You can't say I didn't tell you." She sat back down on the bed and her eyes were cool again, her expression unfathomable.

Anna came back into the room then. She was carrying the dress Bohomil had liked. "All the way to Praha I went for my dress," she said softly, laying it out on the bed. "Bohomil wanted I should have my wedding dress from Praha."

"It's—a pretty dress," Linda managed to say politely, not looking at Frank. She stared down at the dress, but she did not touch it as she had the quilt.

"McGreevy has some sort of crazy idea that they should go to the bottom with three plums showing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Anna touched it. She fondled the lace at the neck, pressed it out with her fingers. She spread out the full skirt lovingly. The tiny waist could no longer contain her ample form, and a slight smile edged her mouth as her fingers caressed it. "Seven sons I had." She nodded. "When you have seven babies you can't wear your wedding dress, either, maybe so."

"Mamma," Frank broke in sharply.

"So small you are now," mamma sighed, shaking her head. Then she said proudly, "You wear it tomorrow night when you dance beseda with papa. Papa like that."

Linda stared past Frank and mamma, her eyes fastened on the full-skirted white dress lying on the bed. There was a touch of horror in her eyes and she rose quickly from the bed. "I—I couldn't wear the dress," she said quietly. "Thank you anyhow, Mrs. Palcoucek."

She walked past the two others and out of the room, walking almost stiffly.

Frank halted, uncertain and confused. He looked at Anna. She was still caressing the dress, her fingers touching the creamy-white old fabric, following the embroidered threads that wended their dreamlike way along the banks of the Moldau and through the villages of old Czechoslovakia. She had been a girl of sixteen when she married the stalwart Bohomil and had followed his dream to America, shy and almost speechless before his passionate fervor with all things. Of the two, it had been Anna who had remained the most old-country. It had been the woman whose heart had wept for the Moldau and its rich land, its dancing and its music. How many times her heart must have made its pilgrimage back home!

"Mamma," Frank said gently, his voice hoarse. He touched her arm, "Don't, mamma!"

But Anna did not turn. She did not even blink her eyes. She stared at the dress which had come all the way from Praha so many years and so many sons ago. There was in her eyes a terrible loneliness for the days gone, for the laughter of her girlhood in the old land she loved.

A furious anger swept over Frank, pushing back the boyish uncertainty, cutting through the confusion that had always marked his actions. He turned and walked out of the room, leaving Anna with her memories and her dress from Praha. He took the stairs two at a time and went out the front door, then stood for a few moments on the porch that stretched across the front of the house.

Linda was sitting in the lawn swing under the big elm tree. She was almost a carved portion of the swing, still and cold. She was staring straight ahead, her expression immobile as a chiseled mask. She did not even turn her head as Frank strode down the steps and across the neat, clipped lawn. He halted in front of her, his breath coming short and fast, like the sounds of an angry animal turned loose. He could feel his face coloring from the force of his emotions.

"This is how it's going to be," he said slowly, not even touching her. "You're going to wear the dress tomorrow night. You're going to wear it and you're going to dance the beseda with papa. Not to please papa, because a lot of things please and displease papa. To make mamma happy."

"And how about me?" Linda said without turning to him. "I've got to make myself unhappy to make your mother happy, is that it?"

"Maybe so," Frank went on. "Maybe you don't understand how it is with mamma. So I'm telling you, Linda. And you listen." He heard his voice, heavy with Czech (*Continued on Page 68*)

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'58 CHEVROLET

The 1958 Chevrolet Impala in Anniversary Gold, a new color created in commemoration of General Motors 50th Anniversary Year.

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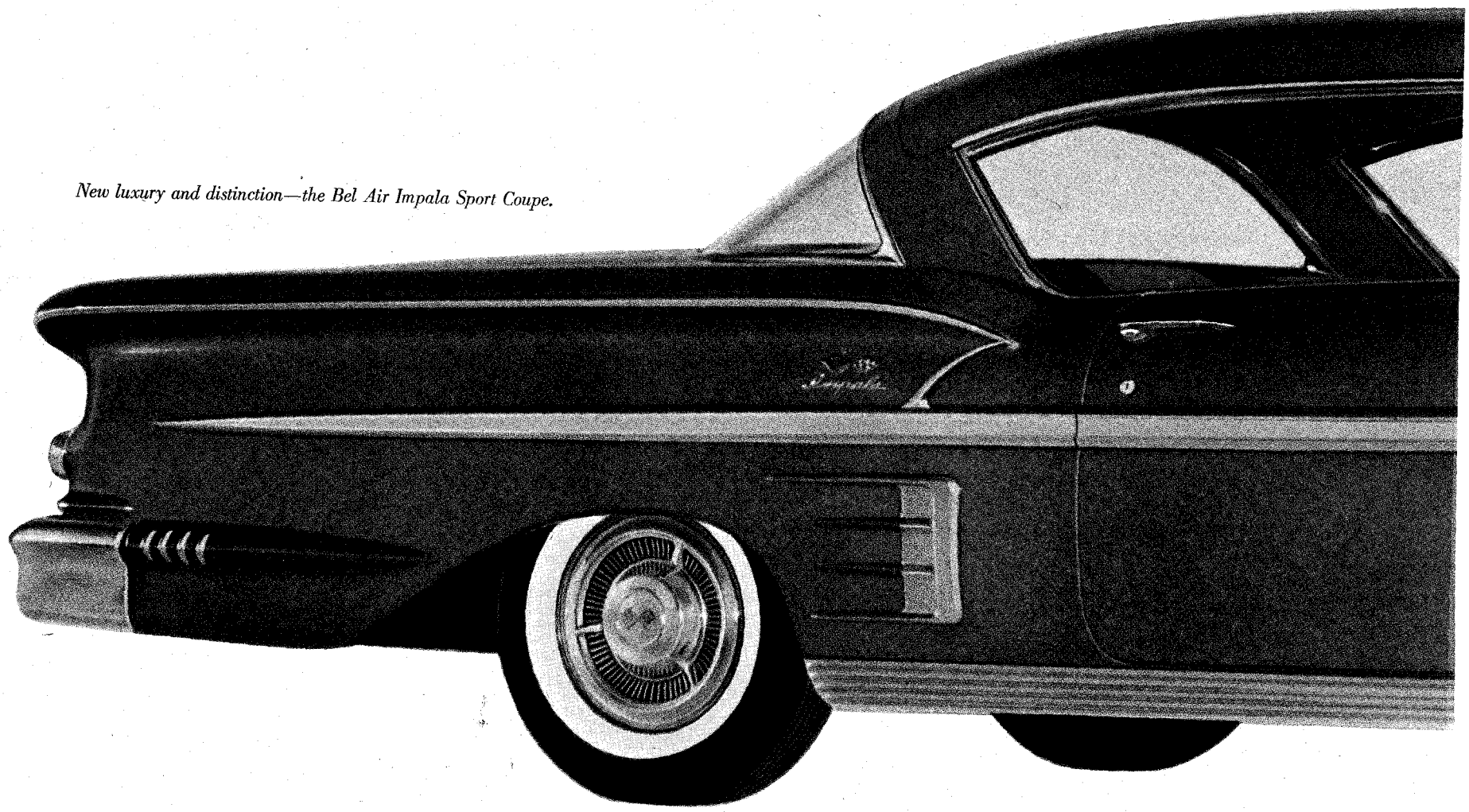

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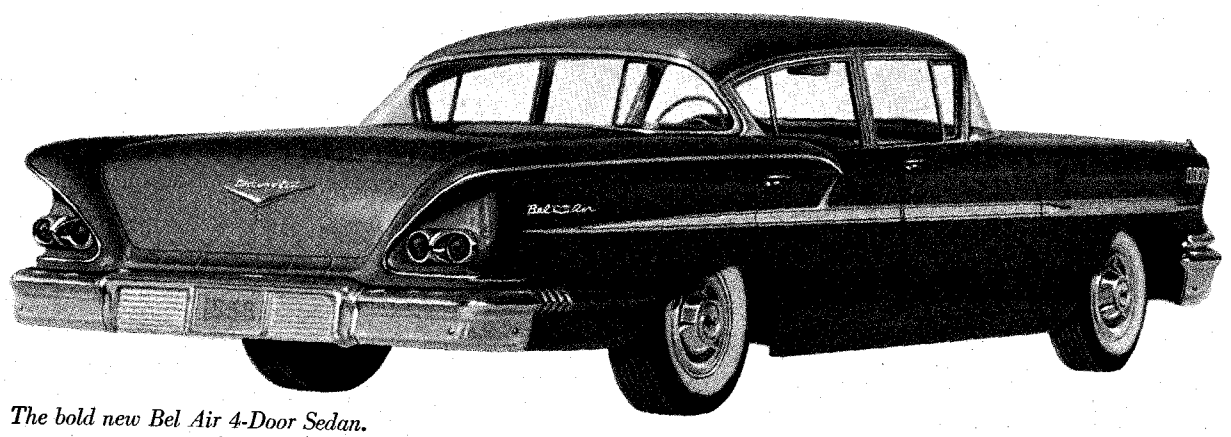
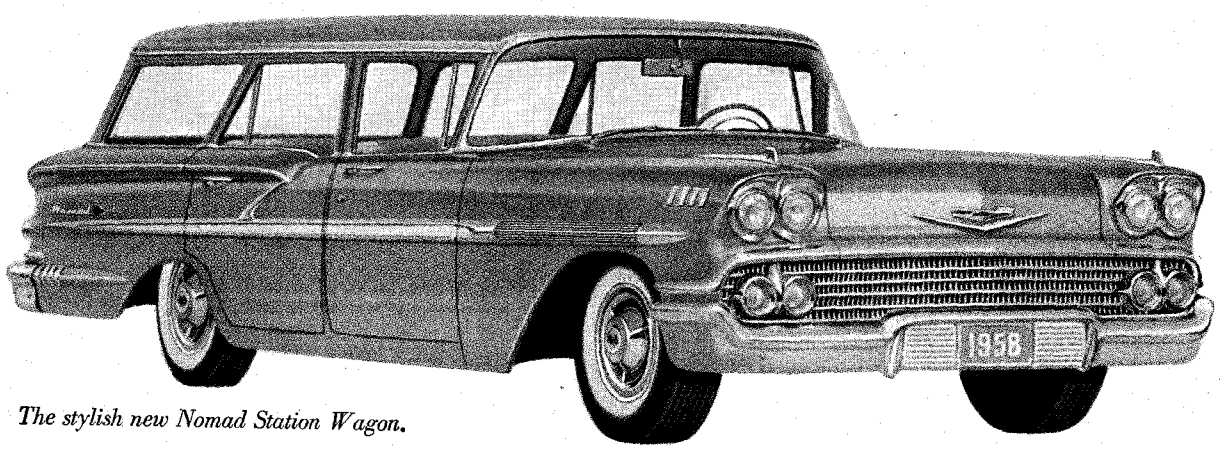


The bold new Bel Air 4-Door Sedan.



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CHEVROLET

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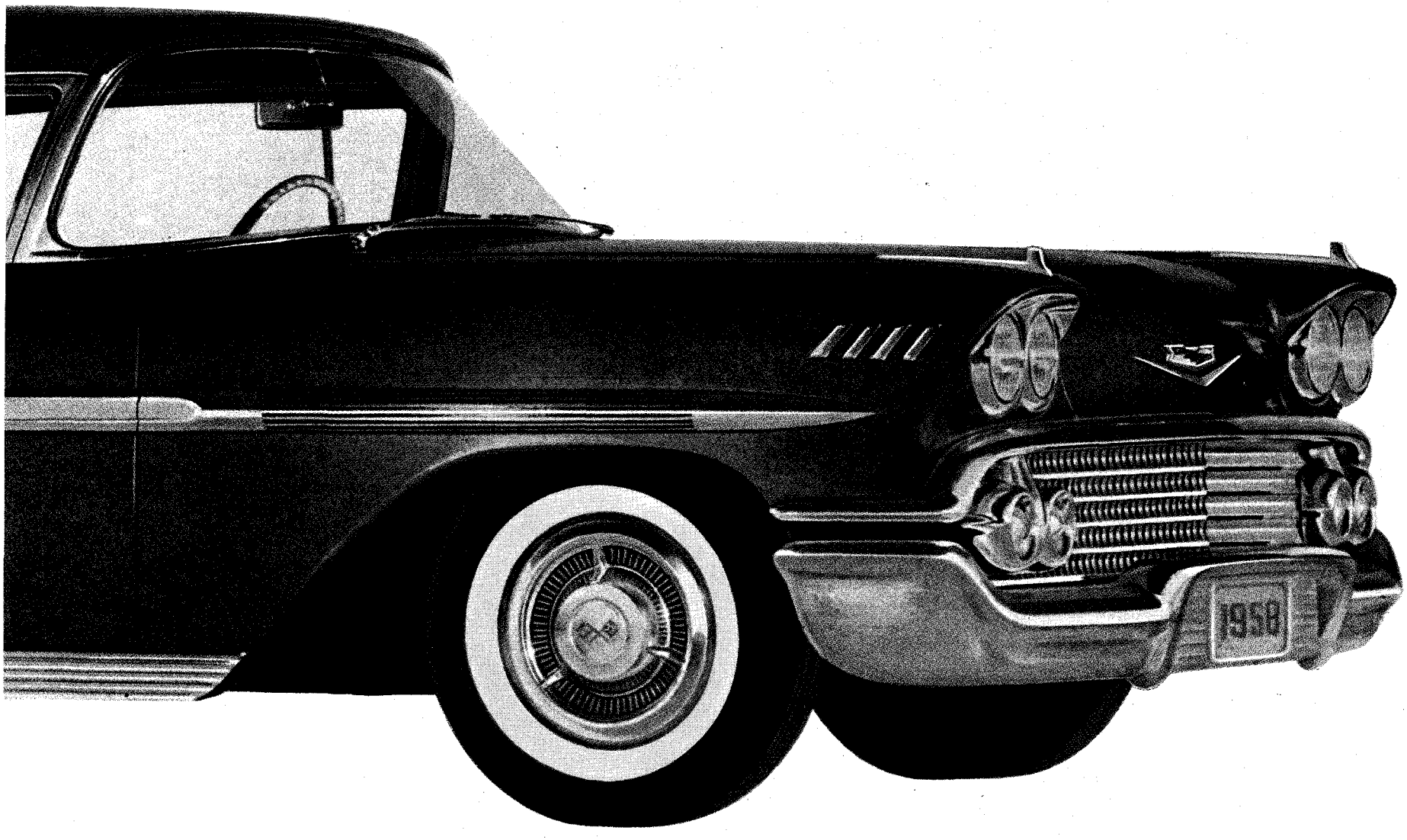

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Here are just *some* of the real surprises that await you in Chevrolet's three new series, its new line of station wagons, its eye-brightening array of *17* all-new models:

A revolutionary new V8! So new it even looks different on the outside—that's Chevy's Turbo-Thrust V8*! Combustion chambers are *in the block*—a radical design development that results in super-smooth performance and high efficiency. Horsepower ranges up to 280. There are three new versions of the famous Turbo-Fire V8, too, including Ramjet Fuel Injection*, and more power for the super-thrifty Blue-Flame Six.

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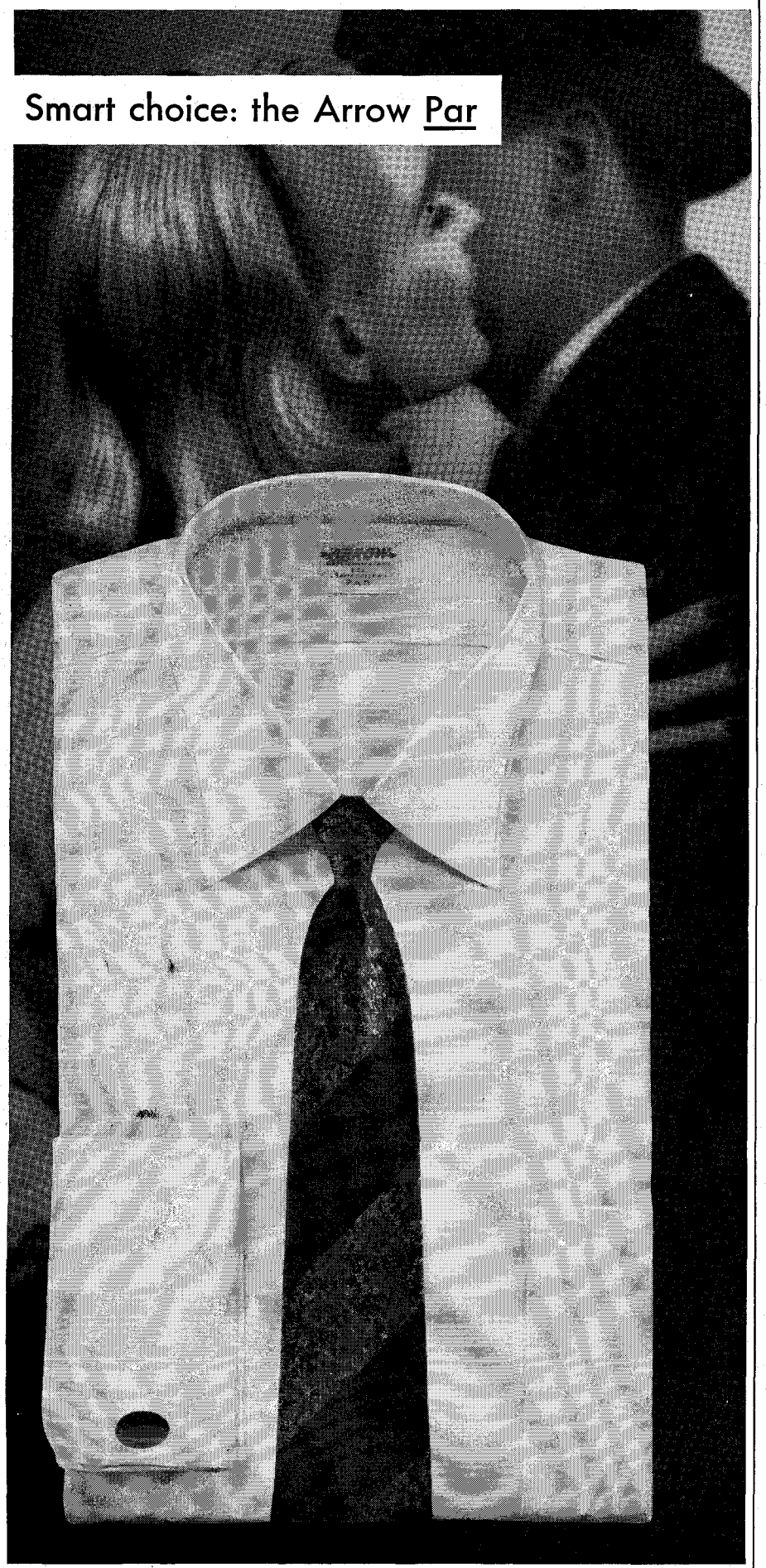

Arrow *Par*, $4.00; All-silk tie, $2.50.

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ARROW — first in fashion

(*Continued from Page 64*) accent the way it always was when he talked with mamma. He noticed the dogged tone of his own words and remembered how he had always tried to hide it when he entered the Air Force. Now he caught the Czech determination and he did not try to stop its force. "With mamma it's different. You don't know how it was with her, coming over to America when she'd never been anywhere in her life except to Praha. She won't ever go to Praha again. That was a big thing in her life, and all she's got to remember it by is her wedding dress. And you're going to wear it tomorrow night to make her happy or there's not going to be any wedding for us. Because nobody, not even Linda Raeburn of Biloxi, is going to hurt mamma!"

Linda looked at him now, and there was, he saw, anger and amazement and quite a good deal of scorn in her eyes.

"Now you can talk about your folks, can't you, Frank?" she said, her soft voice cutting in its contempt. "Now you can talk about mamma. All the while I knew you at Biloxi you never spoke about your parents except to say they were farmers. I waited and waited for you to say sometime 'Let's talk about our folks!' But you never did."

"I wasn't ashamed of them," he protested doggedly. Yet he wondered about the truth of it. "There just wasn't anything to say. And I knew your folks."

She got up. One hand was clasped behind her, and for a moment Frank thought she was going to run. The knuckles of her other hand were white from gripping the chain of the swing. "Then you know more than I do!"—her voice was hoarse, filled with an odd panic—"because the Raeburns aren't my parents. The police caught me when I was ten, looking for something to eat in the alleys of New Orleans. They found my mother in a bar, and the Raeburns, who are distant relatives, took me in because my mother didn't want me. They took care of me beautifully and gave me a good education because they are responsible people, but they didn't really want me." Her voice rose, shrill, almost hysterical. "Nobody ever really wanted me."

"I want you. Do you hear me, Linda?" He tried to shake her from her hysteria, but it was feverish in her and she had to burn it out, now that it was loosed. She jerked away from him and stood, shrinking back against the swing, one hand held out to ward him off.

"It was all over in the papers that nobody wanted me," she cried out, and the anguish in her voice cut through him. But he could not touch her. "Somebody always wanted you. You even know exactly what room you were born in. I watched your mother when you came in. She wanted you, and I hated you then, Frank. I hated you because she wanted you and nobody ever wanted me. I don't even know who my father was or where my mother is now. Don't you see why I can't wear her dress?" Her voice held horror now. "Not her wedding dress! Not the dress she got when she went to Praha!"

Her voice caught then on a high sound like a sob. But she did not cry. She pressed her hand against her mouth and turned to run as Frank stepped toward her again. But Anna had come sometime during the quarrel and was standing on the steps. She gazed at Linda with her quiet eyes, and the girl halted, glancing wildly about her.

"So?" Anna asked softly. "You cry because nobody want you?" She came down the steps in her slow manner and walked across the grass to the swing where Linda stood, terrified and uncertain.

"Nobody wants me. . . ." The words were hysterical and automatic now, harsh sounds breaking uncontrollably from a heart that had nursed hidden wounds too long.

Anna held out her arms slightly and Linda fled past Frank and into them. The tears came then, and they beat cruelly against Frank's own heart. He felt a fierce protectiveness toward her he had not known before, a tenderness he had been unable to reveal. Yet there was nothing he could say. It was Anna who said it.

"Seven sons I have," she said slowly, "and not one little girl to dress. When Frankie come to me so long after the others, I think maybe now I have little girl. But no, is another boy. Now he brings me little girl."

She rested her face against Linda's black hair, caressing it with her cheek. She crooned to her, soft little Czech pet words. She cradled her back and forth in her arms as a woman does her firstborn. "Tomorrow night I dress my little girl in my wedding dress, my dress I got when I went to Praha," she murmured, almost as though Frank were not there, and she and her child were alone. "And we go to kolach festival, and my little girl dance the beseda with papa, huh?"

• •

Superman

Rare is the man who can
march through a grocery
Telling the cheeses and the
anchovies, "No siree!"
Leaving the store
undeterred as a rocket,
With one pound of butter,
and cash in his pocket!

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

• •

"Yes, mamma," Linda whispered hesitantly, like a child who has rehearsed words hoping to use them sometime.

"And I show everybody Anna Pacoucek she got her a little girl finally. I show everybody my little girl, dancing with papa the beseda, huh?" She laughed softly.

"Yes, mamma." A small hint of laughter touched Linda's choked words.

"And afterwards"—the quiet eyes had erased their memories and Anna's gentle gaze moved across the girl's head to the barn down the slope where big Bohomil was milking the cows—"afterwards papa he tells everyone how here in America is better for the Czechs. We do that, huh?"

"Yes, mamma," Linda nodded quickly. She clung to Anna.

Frank looked out across the field where the wheat was waving icy-green in the wind, thrumming a soft song like the rippling sounds of the Moldau whispering of yesterday to its banks. From the kitchen came the sweet smell of prune and poppy-seed kolaches, and down at the barn the cows that were waiting their turn lowed impatiently.

Linda raised her face finally and looked at Frank. He smiled at her and laid his hand against her cheek. A feeling of contentment warmed him. There was a oneness between himself and the girl he loved now. It had never been there before. Strange, he thought, how simple things were when mamma took over.

"Better you go change your clothes now, Frankie, and help papa milk the cows, so?" Anna said, her cheek still resting on Linda's hair.

"So," Frank said, nodding, "I go help papa milk now." THE END

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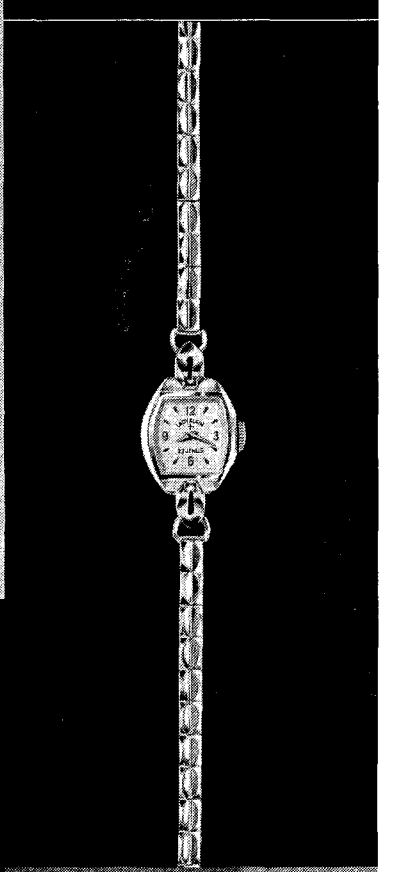

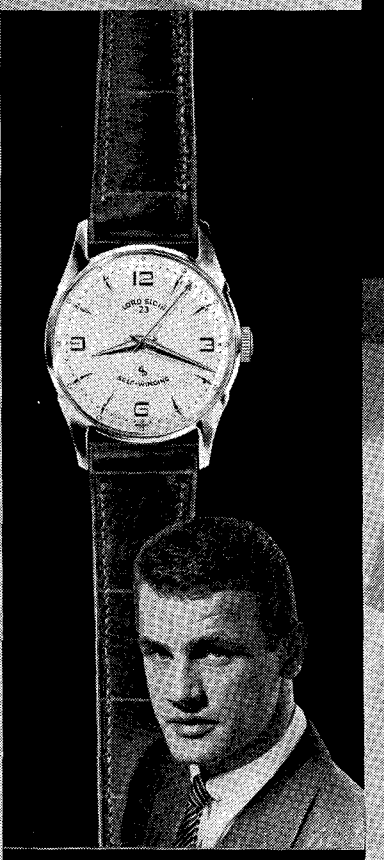

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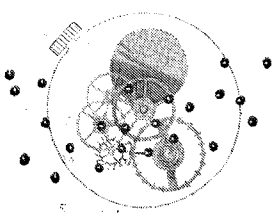

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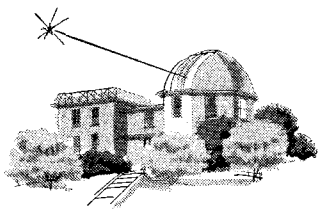

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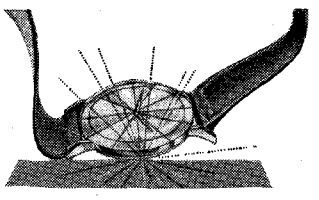

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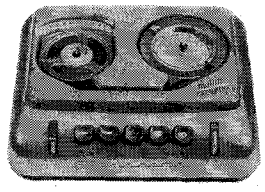

TRY A
DeJUR-GRUNDIG

Stenorette

Here is a partial list of Stenorette Sales/Service Offices. If no dealer is listed in your community send for name of nearest dealer to DeJUR-AMSCO Corporation, Dept. S3, 45-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island City 1, N.Y.

ALABAMA
Mazer's Off. & Store Equip. Co.
BIRMINGHAM FA 4-4544
Waller Brothers
MOBILE HE 2-5694

ARIZONA
Heinze, Bowen & Harrington
PHOENIX AL 8-7161

ARKANSAS
All State Supply
LITTLE ROCK FR 4-1687
W. D. Wells Office Equip. Co.
PINE BLUFF JE 4-8420

CALIFORNIA
Executive Sales Corporation
ARCADIA PO 6-8644
Henley's Photo Shop
BAKERSFIELD Ph. 4-9485
A. C. T. Off. Equip.
GLENDALE CI 3-1131
Sanders Off. Sup. & Equip.
INGLEWOOD OR 4-9770
Winstead Bros.
LONG BEACH HE 2-3911
All Makes Dictating Machine Co.
LOS ANGELES RI 9-7483
Elite Off. Equip. Co.
LOS ANGELES OL 3-3160
Webster-Ratliff
LOS ANGELES DU 5-2024
Wild & Co.
LOS ANGELES VA 2947
Winter & Co.
LOS ANGELES MI 3296
White & Dippel
MARYSVILLE SH 3-7325
Shoob's Equip. Div.
MODESTO LA 3-1828
Alpha-Bus. Equip. Div.
OAKLAND TW 3-1436
Reese Off. Supply
OXNARD HU 3-0151
Anderson Typewriter Co.
PASADENA SY 3-2166
Tiernan's Off. Supply, Inc.
POMONA LY 2-5010
Hi Fi Shop
RIVERSIDE OV 6-1383
McCurry's
SACRAMENTO GI 3-3756
Arrowhead Off. Equip.
SAN BERNARDINO TU 5-8631
Executive Sales of San Diego
SAN DIEGO AT 1-8159
Brooks Cameras & Sup.
SAN FRANCISCO EX 2-7348
F. A. Thomas Co.
SAN FRANCISCO DO 2-0836
American Off. Appliance Co.
SAN JOSE CY 3-3063
Foremans
SAN MATEO DI 3-1869
Tiernan's
SANTA ANA KI 2-2365
Anderson Photo Service
SANTA BARBARA WO 2-9153
King's Off. Equip.
SANTA ROSA LI 5-6110
Shoob's Equip. Div.
STOCKTON HO 4-0828
Pacific Off. Equip. Co.
VALLEJO VA 2-7581
Jay Ness Off. Supply
WHITTIER OX 4-7475

COLORADO
Broome Bros., Business Div.
PUEBLO LI 5-1201
Colorado Visual Aids Supply Co.
DENVER AL 5-5408

CONNECTICUT
Stryker's Off. Equip.
BETHEL (Danbury) PI 8-3507
National Typewriter Co., Inc.
HARTFORD JA 7-1115
Electronic Bus. Equip. Inc.
KENSINGTON BA 5-3718
Davis & Nye, Inc.
WATERBURY PL 4-0133

DELAWARE
The Photo Center, Inc.
DOVER OL 6-9436
WILMINGTON OL 6-9436

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
DeJur-Amsco Corporation
WASHINGTON NA 8-5691

FLORIDA
Kraynak Office Machines Inc.
FT. LAUDERDALE JA 2-0038
Parker's
GAINESVILLE FR 2-2555
Orben Pictures
JACKSONVILLE FL 9-1906
Accurate Business Machines
MIAMI PL 7-2536
Dade Typewriter Co.
MIAMI FR 3-5335-6
George Stuart Inc.
ORLANDO GA 5-5411
Arias Office Machines
ST. PETERSBURG Ph. 5-4341
Wyatt's Business Machines
TALLAHASSEE Ph. 1098
Halsey & Griffith
WEST PALM BEACH TE 2-3883

GEORGIA
Ivan Allen Co.
ATLANTA JA 1-0800
Georgia Dictating Equipment Co.
ATLANTA JA 5-7706
Audio Visual Center
AUGUSTA Ph. 2-0591

IDAHO
Fishers
BOISE Ph. 4-2541
Bangs Stationers, Inc.
POCATELLO Ph. 2284

ILLINOIS
Aurora Typewriter Co.
AURORA Ph. 7-8904
Stiles Office Equipment
CARBONDALE Ph. 517 L
A.B.C. Dictating Machines Inc.
CHICAGO MI 2-1050
Aubry & Taendler Off. Mach. Co.
CHICAGO FI 6-3690
Chicago Dictating Machine Co.
CHICAGO AN 3-1875
La Salle Copy Equip. & Supl. Co.
CHICAGO WA 2-6367
Mills Recording Co.
CHICAGO DE 2-4117
Standard Stationery Supply Co.
CHICAGO HA 7-8520
Russell Hammill
DECATUR Ph. 2-6840
Poe's Business Machines
EVANSTON UN 4-4550
Joliet Office Supply Co.
JOLIET Ph. 2-4626
Dunsworth's
MACOMB Ph. 278
Warner's Office Equipment Co.
MATTOON AD 4-7415
Austin Copy Machine & Supl. Co.
OAK PARK ES 8-8580
Lens & Camera
PEORIA Ph. 6-1321
C. H. Quest Typewriter Co.
QUINCY BA 2-1031
Lundgren's Business Equip. Co.
ROCKFORD Ph. 2-6631
Central Office Equipment
SPRINGFIELD Ph. 3-4222
National Office Supply
WAUKEGAN DE 6-4200

INDIANA
Ray Herring Camera Shop
ELKHART Ph. 2-7403
Smith & Butterfield
EVANSVILLE HA 2-3261
Parkerson Typewriter Co.
FORT WAYNE AN 9116
Dave's Camera Mart
HAMMOND WE 2-3970
McCreary Dictating Machines
INDIANAPOLIS CH 1-7171
Rex Business Machines Co.
INDIANAPOLIS ME 6-3306
Berry's Camera Shop
LAFAYETTE Ph. 2-4820
Seward B. Price
MUNCIE AT 2-3638
Rosa's Inc.
RICHMOND Ph. 2-3568
Dean's Office Machines
SOUTH BEND AT 9-6328

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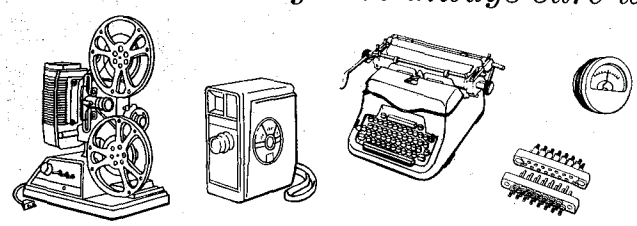

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Ray's Typewriter Co.
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KANSAS
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Bob Gaskin's
WICHITA FO 2-4746
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BATON ROUGE EL 5-7500
International Business Devices
LAFAYETTE CE 5-3319
McMahan Typewriter Co.
SHREVEPORT Ph. 2-4639

MAINE
J. H. Gass Office Specialty Co.
BANGOR Ph. 2-6789
Canfield Agency
PORTLAND SP 4-7053

MARYLAND
Baltimore Dictating Machine Co.
BALTIMORE BE 5-6948
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HAGERSTOWN RE 9-2708

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BOSTON CO 7-4746/NE 3-4786
Hammond Stationery & Equipment
BOSTON HI 2-7550
Nettle Office Equipment Co.
BOSTON KE 6-2116
Massachusetts Motion Pictures
LYNN LY 5-6664
The Typewriter Shop
NORTHAMPTON JU 4-1754
Vermes Typewriter Center
SPRINGFIELD RE 3-7186
Palsons, Inc.
WORCESTER PL 2-7517

MICHIGAN
Gregory & Leonard Off. Equip. Co.
DETROIT DI 1-8585
The Hasselbring Co.
LANSING IV 2-1
The Daniels Co.
MUSKEGON Ph. 26
Oakland Office Equip. Co.
ROYAL OAK LI 6-
Macdonald and Stingel
SAGINAW PL 3-

MINNESOTA
Master Dictating Machines
DULUTH RA 2-
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MANKATO Ph.
H. C. Strom & Co.
MINNEAPOLIS MI 6-
The Typewriter Shop
ST. CLOUD BL 1-
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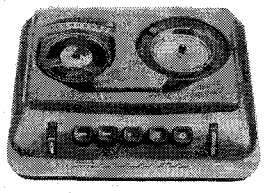

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NORTH DAKOTA
Whiting's — FARGO — Ph. 5-1461
Standard Office Supply — MANDAN — MA 8245

OHIO
Allied Office Machines of Akron — AKRON — JE 5-2129
Ashtabula Paper & Twine Co. — ASHTABULA — WY 2-8421
Vere Smith's Audio Visual Serv. — ATHENS — Ph. 3-1883
Canton Electronic Bus. Mach. Co. — CANTON — GL 2-3059
Business Equipment Co. — CINCINNATI — MA 1-2413
Allied Office Machines — CLEVELAND — UT 1-2190
LINCO — COLUMBUS — CL 3-7266
Dayton X-Ray Co. — DAYTON — HE 4845
Lorain County Stationers — LORAIN — CH 4-2277
Click Camera, Inc. — SPRINGFIELD — FA 3-9491
Gross Photo Mart — TOLEDO — CH 3-2511
Record Shop, Inc. — YOUNGSTOWN — ST 8-6571
Zanesville Typewriter Exchange — ZANESVILLE — Ph. 3-2689

OKLAHOMA
Burt's Business Machines Company — OKLAHOMA CITY — JA 5-5222 — TULSA — DI 3-3532

OREGON
Albany Typewriter Exchange — ALBANY — WA 8-7633
Oregon Typewriter Co. — PORTLAND — CA 7-3885

PENNSYLVANIA
Nichols — BRISTOL — ST 8-2925/6848
Snyder Office Equipment Co. — GREENSBURG — GR 4666
Harris Co. — HARRISBURG — CE 4-8008
Jenkintown Office Supply — JENKINTOWN — TU 7-4182
Office Machines & Equip. Co. — NEW CASTLE — OL 4-6668
D. M. Feldman, Inc. — NORRISTOWN — BR 5-2454-5
Kosmin's Camera Exchange, Inc. — PHILADELPHIA — MA 7-8231
Philadelphia Stationers — PHILADELPHIA — GA 6-9720
A. Pomerantz & Co. — PHILADELPHIA — RI 6-7171
J. H. Sparks, Inc. — PHILADELPHIA — ST 7-9305
Advance Business Equip. Co. — PITTSBURGH — MO 1-7700
Wolk's High Fidelity Center — PITTSBURGH — EX 1-0220
H. F. Smith & Son — POTTSTOWN — FA 3-5620
Sheldon Office Supply — POTTSVILLE — MA 2-6700
Valley Typewriter Service — SAYRE — TU 3-9271
Georges B. Jones Com'n. Eng. — WILKES-BARRE — VA 2-6590

RHODE ISLAND
United Camera Business Div. — PROVIDENCE — PL 1-3700

SOUTH CAROLINA
Legerton & Co. — CHARLESTON — RA 3-2721
The R. L. Bryan Co. — COLUMBIA — AL 3-2201

SOUTH DAKOTA
Artz Camera Supply, Inc. — ABERDEEN — Ph. 4539
Espe Printing Co. — RAPID CITY — FI 2-1907

TENNESSEE
Bluff City Photo Supply — MEMPHIS — BR 2-2451

TEXAS
Hertner's — AMARILLO — DR 2-1111
Maverick-Clarke — AUSTIN — GR 8-5687
High Fidelity House — BIG SPRING — AM 4-4623
Maverick-Clarke — CORPUS CHRISTI — TU 4-9407
Nelle's Office Machines — DALLAS — LA 1-3514
Axell Marshall Co. — FORT WORTH — ED 5-4892
Carroll Camera Co. — HOUSTON — CA 8-6474
Sharp Cam. Co.—Bus. Mach. Div. — HOUSTON — CA 3-4604
Thomas Bros. — LUBBOCK — PO 2-0131
Office Outfitters — MIDLAND — MU 2-8253
Binyon's Camera Shop — SAN ANGELO — Ph. 4418
Maverick-Clarke — SAN ANTONIO — CA 7-2411
Haring Office Equipment Co. — SHERMAN — TW 2-8171
East Texas Typewriter Exchange — TYLER — Ph. 4-9031
Quality Office Machine Co. — WACO — PL 3-1691

UTAH
Deseret Book Co. — SALT LAKE CITY — DA 8-8191

VIRGINIA
Brown Morrison Co., Inc. — LYNCHBURG — LY 2-2305
Richmond Office Supply — RICHMOND — Ph. 7-3054

WASHINGTON
Electricraft, Inc. — SEATTLE — MU 6962
20th Century Sales, Inc. — SPOKANE — MA 4-0801
H. D. Baker Co., Inc. — TACOMA — BR 2-3228

WEST VIRGINIA
Capitol Office Supply — CHARLESTON — DI 6-0569
Morgan's, Inc. — HUNTINGTON — JA 3-7477

WISCONSIN
Lynch Typewriter & Office Supply — JANESVILLE — PL 4-4694
Swartz Office Supply Co., Inc. — LA CROSSE — Ph. 2-2835
Meuer Photoart House, Inc. — MADISON — AL 6-1919
Stevenson's Office Equipment — MERRILL — Ph. 1093W
Reimers Photo Materials Co. — MILWAUKEE — BR 1-7331
Gene's Photo & Camera Shop, Inc. — SHEBOYGAN — GL 2-0933
John J. Duskey — WAUSAU — Ph. 4545

ALASKA
Arctic Office Machine Supply Co. — ANCHORAGE (Spenard) — Ph. 4-1513

HAWAII
W. W. Robinson Associates — HONOLULU — Ph. 66005-508045

CANADA

ALBERTA
D. W. Clark Business Mach. Ltd. — CALGARY — AM 2-9471 — EDMONTON — ED 2-6733

BRITISH COLUMBIA
Viewsound Supplies — VANCOUVER — DI 8533

MANITOBA
Taylor's Business Equipment — WINNIPEG — WH 3-1024

NEW BRUNSWICK
Moncton Business Machines — MONCTON — Ph. 2-1403

NEWFOUNDLAND
Office Machines Limited — ST. JOHNS — Ph. 6023

NOVA SCOTIA
Baldwin & Beckwith Limited — HALIFAX — HA 5-5432

ONTARIO
Singer & Laing Limited — CORNWALL — Ph. 1135
Automatic Dictating Machine Co. — HAMILTON — JA 7-7364
O'Connor Office Machines Reg'd. — KINGSTON — LI 8-3217
Tower Productions Limited — OTTAWA — CE 6-7219
United Off. Mach. (Sarnia) Ltd. — SARNIA — ED 7-6571
Dictating & Typewriter Supply Co. — TORONTO — EM 4-1594
Ontario Business Equipment — TORONTO — EM 6-3282
D. W. Jolly Co. — WINDSOR — CL 6-2603

MISSOURI
own, Weber & Co. — FFERSON CITY — Ph. 6-7137
C. A-V — ANSAS CITY — WE 1-8940
odern Business Equipment Co. — RINGFIELD — Ph. 6-0155
mbrandt, Inc. — . LOUIS — MA 1-8625

MONTANA
illis Sales Co. — ILLINGS — Ph. 2-4133

NEBRASKA
landra Camera Co. Inc. — MAHA — RE 3360

NEW HAMPSHIRE
lward H. Quimby Co., Inc. — OVER — Ph. 878
thur N. Jennison Photo — EENE — EL 2-2101
H. Llewellyn Co., Inc. — ANCHESTER — NA 3-8848

NEW JERSEY
arney's — TLANTIC CITY — AT 4-1239
Ashley-McCormick Co. — BRIDGETON — Ph. 9-2942
New Jersey Office Supl. Co. — NEWARK — BI 3-0050
Nichols — TRENTON — EX 6-1521

NEW MEXICO
New Mexico School Supl. Co. — ALBUQUERQUE — CH 7-0263

NEW YORK
Audio-Video Corp. — ALBANY — AL 6-1129
Business Equip. Sales, Inc. — BINGHAMTON — Ph. 2-1281
Dictating Equipment Co. — BUFFALO — GA 2209
United Off. Machines Corp. — BUFFALO — CL 7072-3
Konen Equipment Co. — GENEVA — Ph. 9-5611
Ray Supply, Inc. — GLENS FALLS — Ph. 2-5848
William O'Reilly, Inc. — KINGSTON — FE 1-1500
A.B.C. Sound Engineering Co. — NEW YORK — PL 7-0992
Alpha Typewriter Corp. — NEW YORK — MU 2-6666
William C. Cullen, Inc. — NEW YORK — RE 2-7883-4
Eastman Kodak Stores Inc. — NEW YORK — LO 4-6240
M. C. Flynn — NEW YORK — PL 8-2080
General Dict. Machines, Inc. — NEW YORK — RE 2-5454
Midtown Typewriter Co. — NEW YORK — AL 5-4752
Peerless Camera Store, Inc. — NEW YORK — MU 7-1000
Sonocraft Corporation — NEW YORK — JU 2-1750
Stentor's — NEW YORK — MU 6-5353-4
Willoughby's Bus. Methods Corp. — NEW YORK — LO 4-1600/1694
Bell Office Equip. Co. — PEEKSKILL — PE 7-3242
Vaeth Office Supply, Inc. — POUGHKEEPSIE — GR 1-1390
City Typewriter, Inc. — ROCHESTER — BA 5-9690
Culver Office Equipment Co., Inc. — SCHENECTADY — FR 7-6446
W. G. Brown Sound Equip. Corp. — SYRACUSE — GR 5-5161
Severance Photo, Inc. — WATERTOWN — Ph. 9555

NORTH CAROLINA
Talman Office Supply — ASHEVILLE — Ph. 3-2376
Mathias Business Equipment Co. — CHARLOTTE — FR 5-0878
Business Machines & Equip. Co. — DURHAM — Ph. 2-4594
Cook Office Machine Company — GREENSBORO — BR 5-6169
Hatcher's Office Supply — FAYETTEVILLE — HE 3-4148

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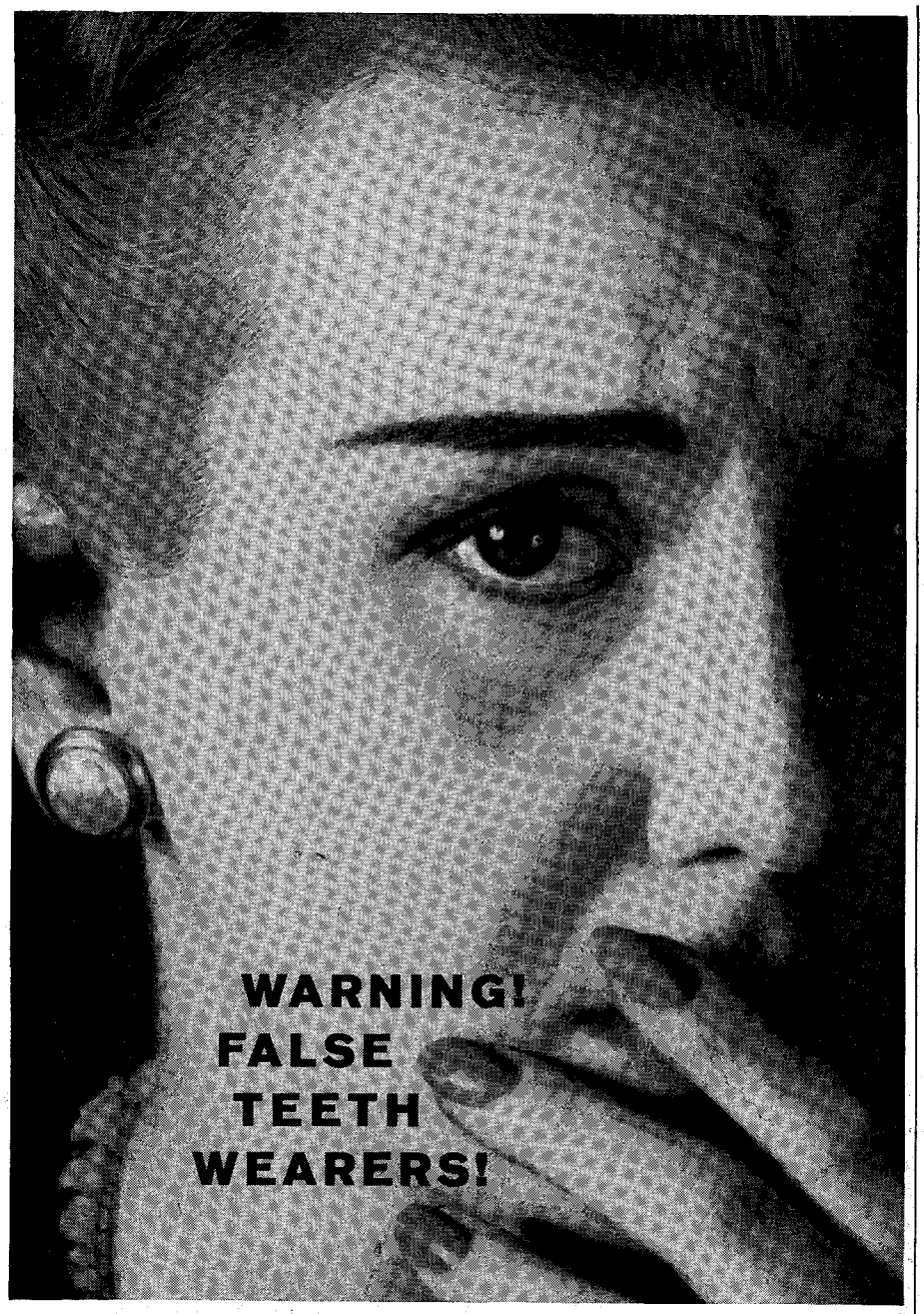

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That's why thousands of false teeth wearers are switching to instant-action Polident every day. It *soaks out* clinging food particles and odor-breeding bacteria at the same time it *soaks away* yellow, dingy film.

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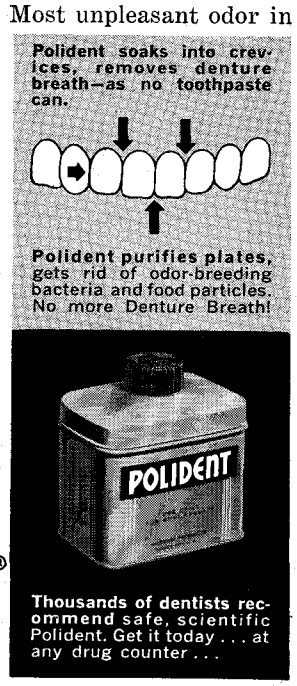
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POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Get it today . . . at any drug counter . . .

The Cop Was Scared (Continued from Page 36)

noticed what he did with his hands, the turn of his mouth, where he looked with his eyes.

At the same time he ran down Reardon's record. He didn't have to refer to the folder on his desk. Three citations. Once he went out on a ledge nine stories above the street and tackled a psycho; they dropped into the rope net together. A life saved, and Reardon back on his beat the same night. He had his picture in the paper after he tailed Jocko Condon right into a break uptown. Went right into the building after him and watched him as he started to drill the safe. Condon was so impressed he admitted to fourteen jobs.

Then there was the Berks business. Berks was a killer. He'd been out to do a job of work for Muglio—yes, that was the league he played in—when Reardon jumped him. It wasn't quick or easy. Berks was a pro. When it was over, Berks was very, very dead.,

When this present business had come up, Reardon was ripe for Homicide. A raise in pay, plain clothes, the biggest cases in the city. Now the commissioner didn't know.

"Well, Reardon," he asked in his soft, steel-hard voice, "where'll it be?"

There shouldn't have been a hesitation. There was. Then Reardon said, "Back on the Nineteenth, sir."

He looked hard at the patrolman. He saw the scars were still an indecent baby pink on his face, that his left shoulder hung a trifle lower than before. He knew that every rainy day Reardon would feel the pains in his hip, across his ribs, in his back; that he would feel the pain for the rest of his life. Still he wasn't bad enough for pension, and good men were hard to find.

"Scared?" the commissioner barked.

Reardon's eyes met the commissioner's, and then they slid away to a spot just above his forehead. The commissioner waited.

"No, sir," Reardon lied.

Reardon said nothing more. Again the commissioner waited, their eyes didn't meet. "O.K., back to the Nineteenth it is." His voice sounded tired, disappointed. Reardon was dismissed.

When the patrolman had gone, the commissioner slumped in his leather chair. He looked smaller, older. "Back to the Nineteenth," he muttered and shook his head. Who wouldn't be scared? he thought. And who wouldn't lie? Or was he so scared he didn't dare admit his fear even to himself? Would he ever be able to do his job, the tough job of a cop? But back to the Nineteenth.

The factors that had gone into his decision fought back and forth in the commissioner's head. He had to send Reardon back to the Nineteenth; he had to test him. So he had a wife and two kids, and Julie was hoping for a girl next month. So Reardon had been hurt—hurt bad. Someday he might sit in this same chair. He had to be tested now or get off the ladder. The commissioner owed that to the people. He snapped the buzzer which summoned his driver. "We're going to roll."

The driver nodded, answered quickly, "Yes, sir." He knew what that meant. A sudden inspection tour, a walk through a station house, a visit to a beat, a look at a man directing traffic. His unexpected inspection tours were famous.

"Lord, pity the poor cop on a day like this," the driver muttered as he raced down to get the commissioner's plain black sedan instead of the long official limousine.

The man he should have pitied was Timothy Joseph Reardon, tall, tough and headed back to the Nineteenth. Reardon, the ex-football star; Reardon, with three citations and a dead man to his gun; Reardon, a cop's son born to the force; Reardon, the marine sergeant; Reardon, the hard-as-nails city kid; Reardon, of the Golden Gloves; Reardon, the toughest cop on the toughest precinct in the city; Reardon, who was scared, sick-to-his-stomach-scared to go back and walk his beat.

He hopped the subway and rocketed uptown to the Nineteenth just the same. Across the aisle he saw the old man with the sad eyes looking at him and imagined he saw pity in them. He turned away. The blowzy housewife seemed to have scorn written on her mouth; he turned the other way, and a gum-chewing girl laughed, not at him, but he felt he deserved her sneer. Reardon stared at the floor. When he looked up, they were slinking onto the bench right across the car from him.

The leader had long black hair and wore sideburns and a sprout of a mustache. His jacket was as black as his hair. Reardon could see a bit of the belt—the side belt with the sharp, brutal buckle. The leader wore light green pants tucked into the boots—stomping boots, they called them. It was a good name.

Reardon felt the fear, first a fistlike pain in his stomach, and then a rush of heat out his arms and legs, up to his face. His hands curled tight into fists, and they were soaking wet.

On either side of the leader were the leather-jacketed, slick-haired, stomp-booted sheep, five in all. The insolent, mocking sheep who worked in gangs, never less than three on one, usually more. Sheep who carried switch blades, lengths of pipe, slapsticks, leaded billies and chains.

They stared at Reardon, and he stared back. He had on his uniform, the badge all police call a shield, his gun. He was the law, but he felt naked before those stares. What a difference that one night had made—and him on his way back to the Nineteenth.

He remembered when he was first on the force, his girl, now his wife, had asked, "Aren't you ever afraid?" He said, no, he'd never been afraid—not a paralyzing, physical fear like this anyway. Why should he, he'd said. He had the shield. He was the law.

His first day as a probie he'd learned what that meant. He wore that sloppy Mackinaw, a police cap that came down over his eyes; he was as green as grass, and everyone knew it. Even so, he stood out in the middle of a busy intersection, and the waves of cars and trucks, which could have rolled over him—one human being to tons of snorting steel—had stopped.

Reardon remembered what his Uncle Jim had told him, "Don't be worryin' about being alone out on that beat." He'd had thirty-three years on beats. "When you're wearing the shield you ain't alone. Most people are on your side, or at least they're neutral, and for them that aren't you got all the cops. Walk into trouble knowing that, knowing that you're the law, that you're right; they'll knuckle to."

The six guys across the aisle just kept staring at Reardon. Their faces wore the impassive, carefully expressionless expressions they had practiced for hours before tenement mirrors. The car stopped at a bright station, charged off into the black tunnel, broke out in the light of a

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station again; the six kept staring at the cop just the same.

Were they from the Nineteenth? Did they know what had happened? Did they know him? Reardon hated himself. They just stared, and he, the tough cop, was scared.

Each time the train stopped, his leg muscles tensed; he had to fight to hold his seat, fight to keep from running. He thought, *I'll get off and have a cup of coffee. I'll get a paper and take the next train. I ought to call Julie and see if she's all right.* At one station a man got between Reardon and the thugs. The leader arrogantly reached out and shoved him aside. The man turned to the policeman to protest, to ask for help, but what he saw made him move, get out of the way. There was no help there.

As the train roared ahead, the thugs kept looking at Reardon. Their faces were blank, but they had a message. It read, "Look, sucker. There ain't no rules. Life is cheap. Life don't mean nothing to me. I'm tough. I'm not chicken. If my life means nothing to me, yours sure don't. Get the message?"

Reardon got it. Life wasn't cheap to him, not any more. He'd fought for life in that hospital bed, and when he'd won, he wanted to hang on to his precious victory.

Seated in that subway car, his mind flashed back, and he lived that night on his beat when it happened. He was walking Commercial Street when a car swerved up to the curb behind him. He turned, but he never saw them. They tossed a jacket over his face and were on him, half a dozen of them at least. He didn't have a chance to get his gun, and even one man with a gun can't stop a rush like that. He fought, but they had his arms and his legs. They had cutting, slashing belt buckles, pipes and chains. They held him up against a brick wall and worked him over, grunting as they did the job, and when they got through with that they let him fall on his face. Then they kicked him over on his back and used the boots with the right name—the stomping boots. Before he passed out, he heard the high, cruel laugh.

Father Flaherty said the last rites over him right there on the sidewalk. That's what they told him. He didn't wake up to see Julie's face swimming over him for four full days. Two months in the hospital, with casts and operations, and then the dreamlike weeks at home.

Reardon found life, and savored it. There was nothing to do but live. He looked at the thugs across the aisle with a combination of hate and pity. What did they know about living, with their cheap dolls, slicked-back hair, wasted nights of looking for cheap thrills?

Reardon remembered the days at home, the last cup of coffee over the morning paper after the kids had gone out to play. He thought of taking a walk in the park with the kids, going to a ball game, sitting on the porch, dozing, and then laughing as one of the neighbors dropped by.

"What a lazy bum you got here, Julie!" they'd yell.

"Sure, I'd like a brew," they'd say; and then, "What did you think about Furillo? He's quiet, but he's the best."

There were the evenings on the couch before the TV, and Julie's hand right there when he wanted to reach and hold it tight. She was always there. When Jimmy scraped his knee, and when her husband, Reardon—tough cop Reardon—had the screaming, sweating nightmares which always ended with the high, cruel laugh. The last thing he'd heard that night.

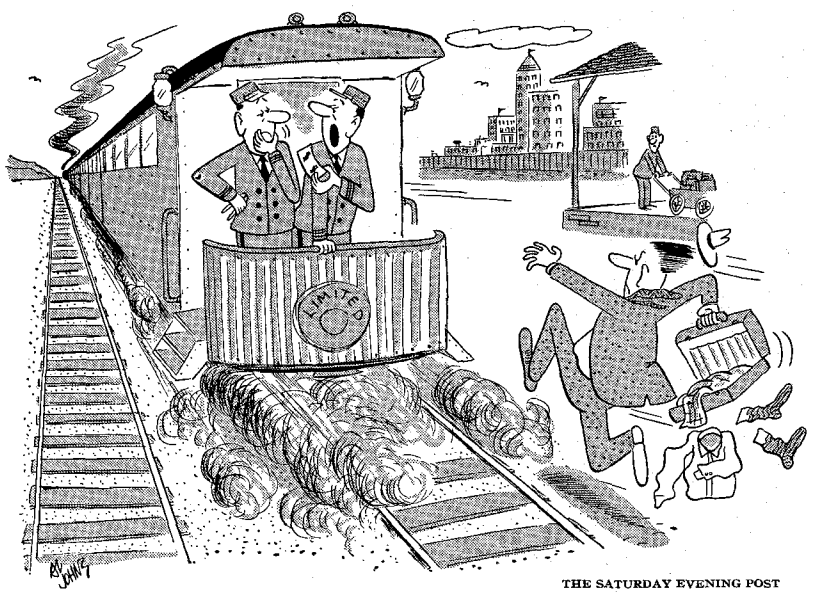
Suddenly the thugs got up and strutted over to Reardon. He felt the cold fear run up the back of his legs, the tremble reach his hand, the sudden spasm in his stomach. He thought, *Like animals, they can smell my fear.*

His legs tightened under him. He was ready to jump. To fight? To run? He didn't know. They hadn't done anything, there'd been no crime. These thugs dared danger, explored the limits of trouble, the limits of man. "Is the cop chicken?" they'd ask. "Let's find out." They walked right up to him and hung on the straps, each hanging by his right hand and each staring blandly into the cop's face. Reardon thought suddenly, were these the ones that had done it? Blast that jacket over his face. He'd haul them in if he knew they were the ones. Or would he? Fear choked his throat.

They lurched toward him as the car rocketed around a bend, and then swung away. Back and forth, staring, staring, closer—so close he could feel their beery, garlic breath. Then away, and then back, suddenly, crazily.

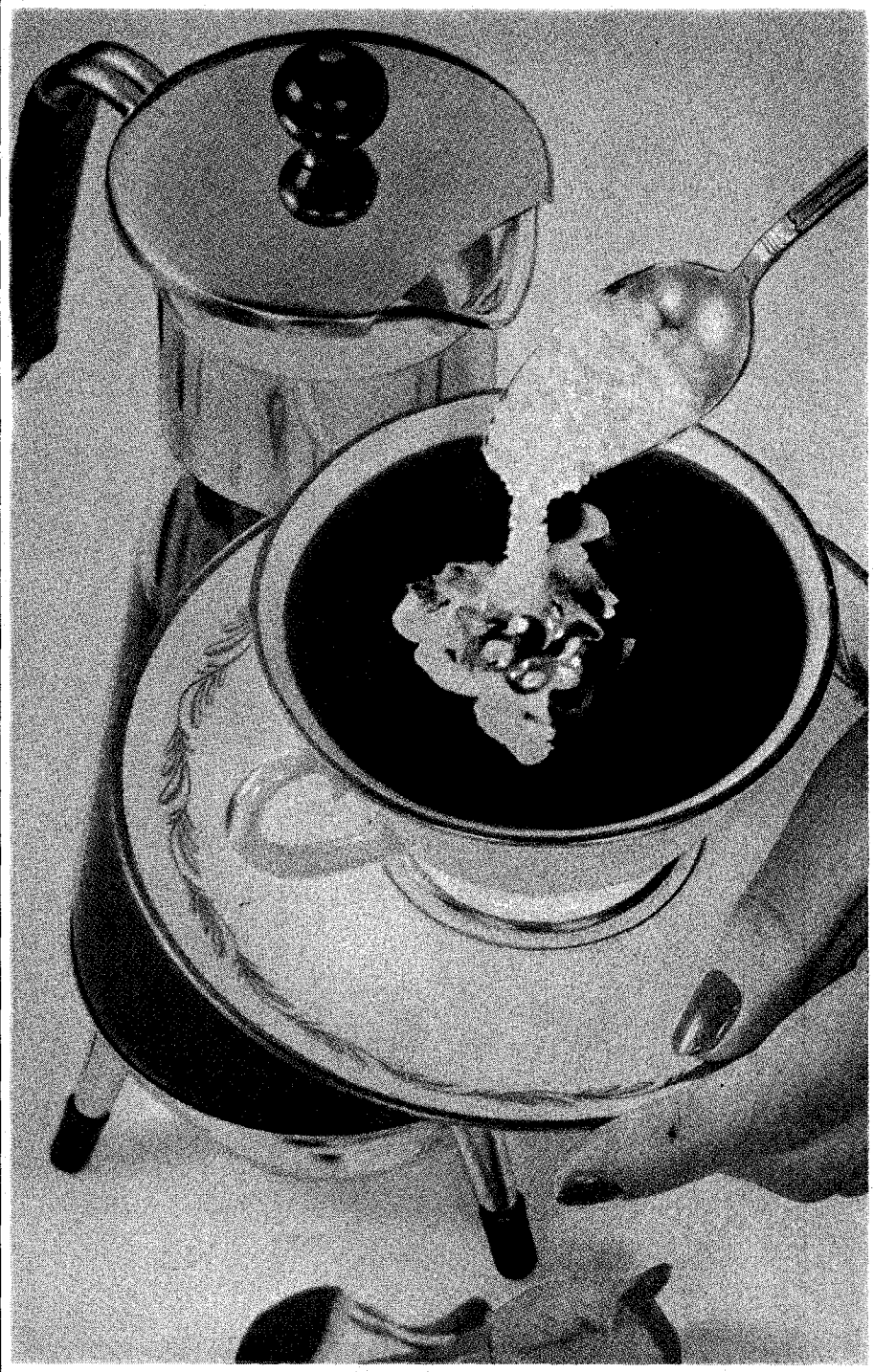
At last the train burst into a station, and the six turned away abruptly and swaggered to the door. Reardon relaxed. He felt his body go limp. Then, at the door, the thugs stopped, looked back and laughed.

They bounded out of the car, nudging, slapping one another and laughing. Was that the same high, cruel laugh? Reardon (*Continued on Page 77*)



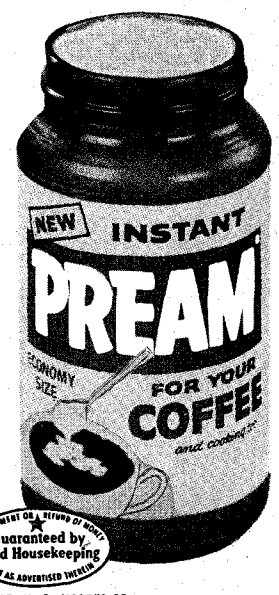
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A sawbuck says he doesn't make it."



However you "cream" your coffee —

You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!



How could you *help* loving new instant Pream . . . it's a *delicious* coffee "creamer"! Naturally . . . it's made entirely from sweet fresh cream and other natural milk products, by the exclusive Pream® process. *And* it *keeps* fresh tasting in daily use—never spoils.

Comes in the Regular Jar or the new Large Economy Size. Do try Pream *soon*—'cause if you like it "with," you'll *love* it with Pream!

Recipe*—PREAMY FUDGE FROSTING . . . *UMM!

Mix 3 tbsp. Pream, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 lb. confectioners' sugar. Add 3 tbsp. margarine, 2 sq. melted baking chocolate, 1 tsp. vanilla, 3½ tbsp. hot water. Blend till smooth. If needed, add ½ tbsp. hot water.

FREE RECIPE FOLDER! Write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

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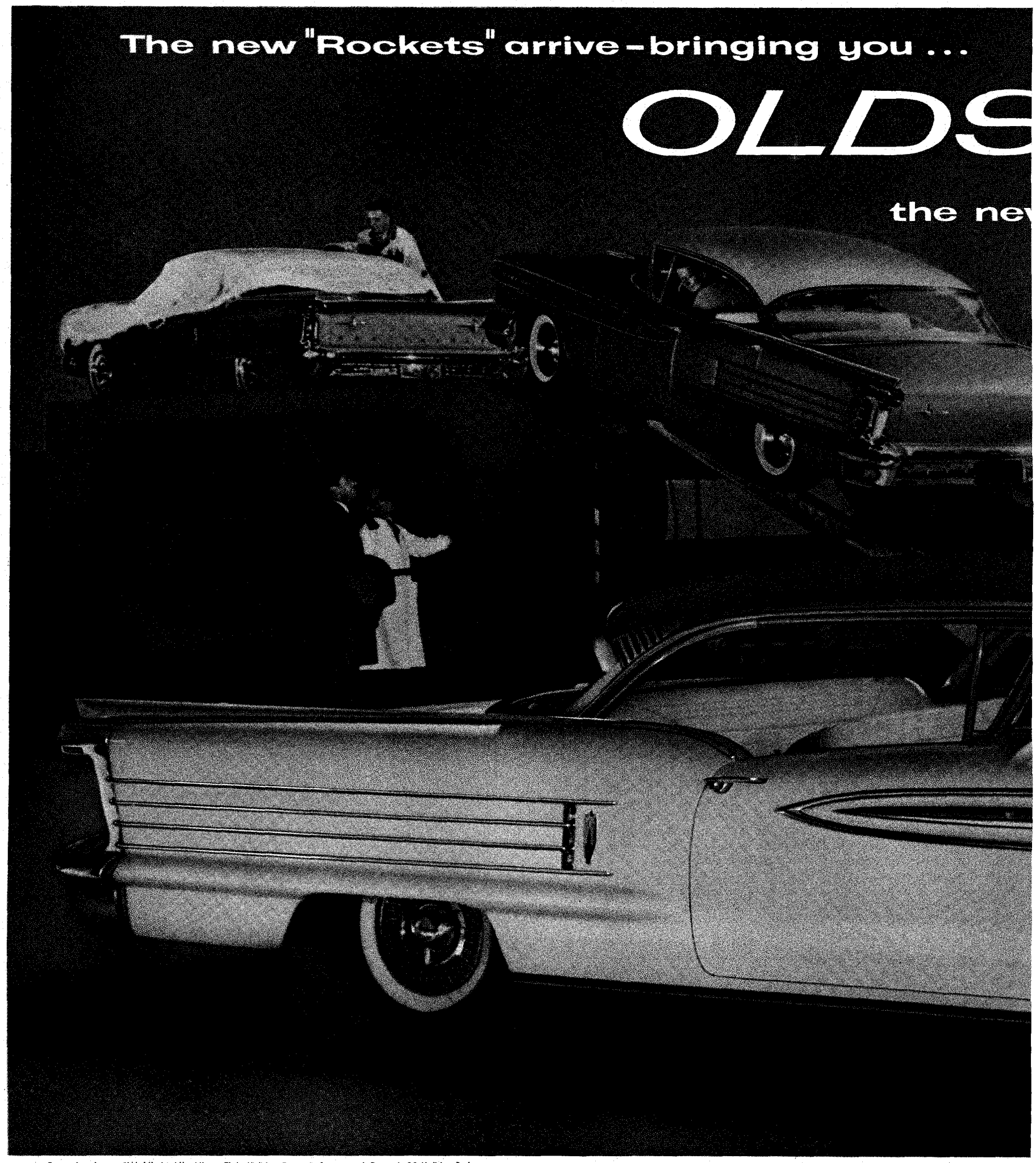

Presenting the new "Mobile Look"—Ninety-Eight Holiday Coupe in foreground, Dynamic 88 Holiday Sedan on ramp.

OLDSMOBILE for '58

1908 GM 1958

FORWARD FROM FIFTY...INTO THE ROCKET AGE

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A car in a class by itself! Excitingly styled . . . with distinctive good taste. Offering the supreme smoothness of New-Matic Ride (Oldsmobile's true air suspension) . . . and powered by the greatest Rocket Engine ever, to set a new pace for performance and fuel economy! (SEE FOLLOWING PAGE)

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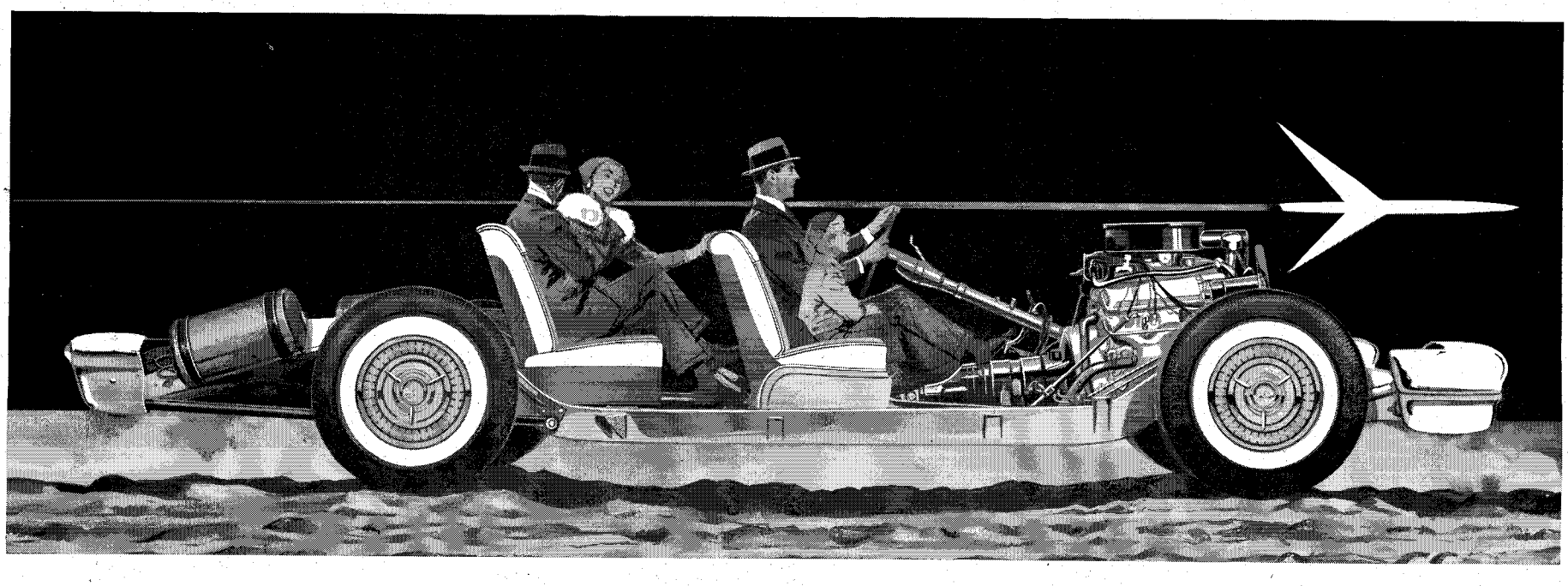
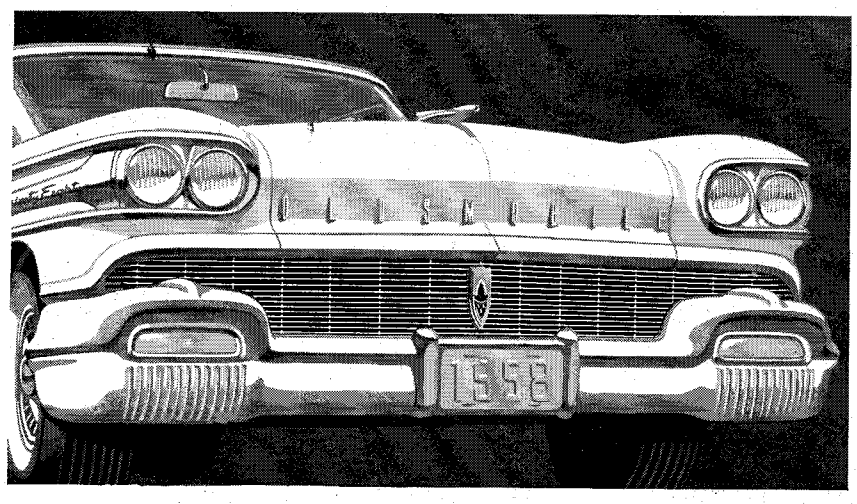
THIS IS OLDSmobility

ALL THAT'S NEW IN RIDE ... IN POWER ... IN STYLE ... IN EXCITING NEW FEATURES FOR THE ROCKET AGE!

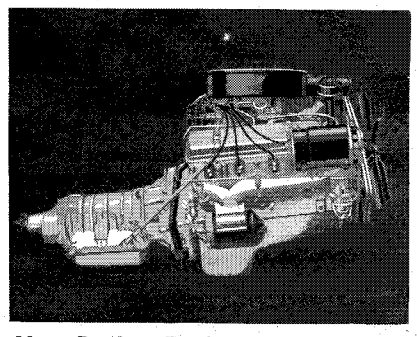




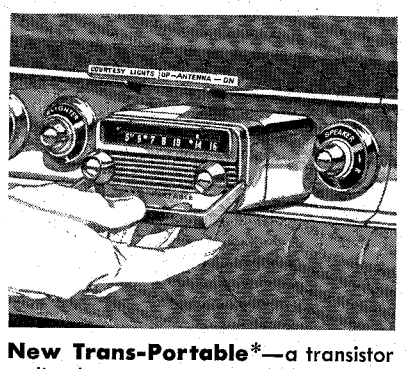
New-Matic Ride* (Oldsmobile's *true* air suspension) gives you the smoothest, quietest, most comfortable ride possible. Rugged air chambers replace metal springs—cushion each wheel, absorb and soften bounces and bumps, instantly and automatically adjust to road conditions. New-Matic Ride also automatically compensates for any variation in load, keeps the car on an even plane and maintains it there—at its exact "design height"—*excitingly low and level!*

New Four-Beam Headlamps add a sparkling new note in design—contribute to your night driving safety by providing *more light*, improved light patterns, less reflected glare from fog, rain, snow. The Lo-Lites are the two outer beams; the Hi-Lites, all four beams.

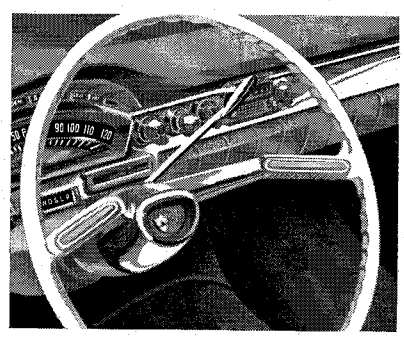
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



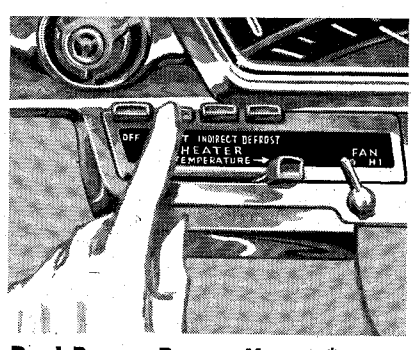
New Rocket Engine is more powerful, gives greater performance than ever before. In addition, carburetion advances provide you with an opportunity for improved fuel savings, *as much as* 20%!



New Trans-Portable*—a transistor radio that serves as your regular car radio, operating on car's built-in circuit, can also be unlocked and carried from car as a compact, lightweight portable.



New Safety-Vee Steering Wheel, with modern two-spoke, safety recessed design, allows unobstructed view of vital instrument panel gauges. New twin horn buttons are located within easy reach.



Dual-Range Power Heater* gives the exact amount of heat or ventilation exactly where you want it . . . when you want it. You merely touch a button . . . power does all the work for you!

*Optional at extra cost.

DYNAMIC 88
SUPER 88
NINETY-EIGHT
16 models to choose from!

OLDSMOBILE for '58

SEE YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER!

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(*Continued from Page 73*) started up, but the door slammed and the train shot into the tunnel.

Reardon rode on for two more stops to the Nineteenth, and then got out. In the nights ahead he'd have nightmares about that ride, but right now he had to report for the evening trick. Once he started to turn back, but he went on. He barely made it for roll call.

After the formation there was the usual kidding and backslapping.

"Hey, you look wonderful!"

"How's Julie?"

"One thing sure; they couldn't make that ugly mug of yours look any worse."

The captain even came out and made a point of shaking his hand. But behind all the kidding there was the watching and the looking.

Reardon understood. It had to be that way. When you were out on the Nineteenth you had to know who was with you and how long he'd be there. The cops on the precinct were outnumbered, thousands to one. Each day they patrolled the swarms of people all living on the edge of survival: The poor and the poorer; the lonely, hurt and sick; the angry and the ones full of hate; the ones who had jobs and the ones who didn't. There was friction, fighting, trouble in a hundred forms. You had to know what was going on. You had to know if a man was scared, if he'd take off and leave you alone. Reardon understood, and he got away from the precinct house to his post as soon as he could. He didn't want to meet Moriarty's eyes, or Finelli's, or Steve's. He knew what they might see.

Reardon thought that his first collar might do it. He remembered his coach saying, "Hit him first. Get that first contact in, clean and hard; then you'll be over the fear. We all have it, but once that first contact is made, it's gone."

He walked his post. Nobody said much. It wasn't that kind of place, nothing chatty about Commercial Street. Jerry nodded through the window from behind his bar. Bookie Joe watched him, measuring, wondering. Mrs. Rigatelli beamed and said, "Good to see you, good to see you." He'd helped get her son into West Point by encouraging the boy to write his congressman, and then giving that almost impossible thing for a boy on Commercial Street, a character reference. Mostly they nodded and watched and waited.

He walked his beat. Up Commercial to Braid and down the other side. Four blocks of frame or brick tenements, flea-bag hotels for drifters, hock shops, shabby delicatessens, and the bars—row after row of bars where whisky was cheap and just strong enough so a man—or a woman—could forget the stink and the dirt and the weariness and the waste and the hopelessness.

And on the sidewalks spilling out of the tenements were the families. The young women in sleazy dresses and chipped nail polish, hope faded in the remains of last night's make-up not yet scrubbed off. Older women, hope gone to heft, sloppy, with strident, complaining voices. And the kids, believe it or not, handsome, happy babies that changed into street gangs of kids. Punks who ran together in gangs, who gambled, fought, learned to smoke like gangster-movie heroes. Kids who saw life—saw it unclean and hopeless. Kids who tried everything, and then beat up cops, just for a thrill.

Reardon walked faster, too fast for a cop on a beat, and the sharp-eyed kids saw the difference. Around ten he made his first nab, a known pusher; saw him making a contact with a young girl. It was a good arrest, but it didn't help. He was still scared.

There weren't enough street lights. There never were. His beat was a pattern of shadows. Shadows from the street lights, shadows leading down alleys and crouching in doorways, shadows in cars, shadows behind bales and boxes of refuse, shadows inside store windows, along the edges of a fence, around a corner. Gray shadows and black ones, shadows that moved. Reardon saw them. He saw people waiting to jump him, he heard noises. He didn't walk his beat with the old stride of cocky Irish assurance. He paced it in fear; he walked his post in apprehension.

When he walked into a bar and took a look around, when he sat having a cup of coffee in the greasy spoon at the end of his post, when he checked the alleys, his step revealed him.

That first night was bad, and the next was the same. At home he growled at the kids and pounded his pillow and didn't sleep. He'd sit staring at the ball game and then turn it off in the middle of a double play, as if he didn't know what was going on. He talked to Father Finn, but it didn't do any good. He was scared, and he had to fight it out alone, as man has always had to do.

The next week Reardon went on the late trick, and it was worse. The shadows were more threatening, the noises more of a suspense as he paced his four blocks, back and forth, trying doors, hauling in drunks, checking alleys, doorways, windows—looking, watching, waiting. He lost four pounds that week; his cheekbones seemed even sharper. The sergeant took a few more turns than usual down his post in his car the last two nights, and Reardon knew the pressure was on.

A wise parent lets a child who throws a tantrum catch it.

MARGARET YABLONSKI

Finally, he had forty-eight off, and for the first time since they were married he took off his gun, locked it up with his badge, gave the key to Julie, and tied one on. It didn't do any good. The next week he had days, and the word had got around.

Law and order on the Nineteenth was always a chancy thing. Crime is like a flood. It doesn't seem to move fast, just sort of stretches out across the land, easing up to soft spots, looking for a place to break through, and then, suddenly, before you know it, flooding the whole area. The word got around. There was nothing formal about it. The Nineteenth was a jungle, and a jungle has a way of testing a man and a way of communicating the results.

Pacing his beat, Reardon remembered a book about Africa he'd read in the hospital. In it an experienced colonial officer was asked how many battalions he'd need to keep order in the jungle. His answer was a wise one: "If I can't keep order with two native policemen on bicycles, I can't keep it with a whole army."

One night when he got home, Julie had a strawberry-and-rhubarb pie hot out of the oven and a huge pot of coffee on the back burner. He kissed her hard, and for two hours they talked. Then, after three A.M., he tried to explain how he felt.

"Look, Julie, I think I'm going to have to quit the force," he started. "Things are different now. I always knew we were outnumbered, but I always felt that when you wore that shield most people were on your side."

Julie watched, and her heart was torn. It leaped to think she might have her husband home, her husband who had almost been killed and who walked his post in fear. At the same time her heart cried out to him, for she was a policeman's daughter and a policeman's wife. Julie knew what it meant to have a husband who cared about his job, who did what he was meant to do. She didn't say anything.

"When I'm out there now," he went on, "I'm alone. Those kids made me see it. It isn't that they hurt; Lord knows they sure did that." He could still grin. "It was just that they dared the law, they dared society, they just had no respect for the shield, no respect for anybody or anything. And law depends on respect. One man can't make a difference."

He talked on, his voice was old and sad. He decided to give it a month. He didn't know he wouldn't have that long. The same night the commissioner visited the Nineteenth.

When he was shut in the captain's office, the head of the Nineteenth said, "Take Reardon away from here. I hate to say it, but they got him, commissioner. I don't dare stick with him any longer."

Together they went over the record. There'd been a car stolen on his post; the next week, two; the one after that, four. Eight breaks in a month, two above average on the tricks Reardon worked. A couple of shootings, a knifing, muggings were up.

"You see the record, commissioner," the captain said sadly. "A little more and there'll be real trouble." His voice, gravel-tired, was sharp, "Give me a man who isn't scared."

"But you can't blame this on Reardon, captain," the commissioner argued.

"Well, it's his post."

"Yes, and one time he's up the other end of the beat, he's called somewhere else or he's checking a building."

The commissioner knew his argument was answered by fact. You couldn't be everywhere, but a good cop made people feel he was. Reardon had before he was jumped, and the commissioner wanted to save men like that.

For the fourth time in five years he'd lowered the passing civil-service grade for recruits. You couldn't get men in a time of prosperity to join the department, not at the present salary. Especially men like Reardon, men who had muscles and went to night school to develop their brains as well. They needed him, not on a beat, but heading up a precinct someday. The commissioner sat there with his lonely decision. You couldn't do the job at the head of a precinct unless you were a good cop. You had to pass your test on the firing line. The captain was quiet, knowing what the commissioner was thinking. He agreed; he also liked Reardon, but the precinct was his responsibility. He had to hold Commercial Street, and Reardon couldn't do that.

"What trick is he on, captain?"

"The late one."

"O.K., give him one around the clock, a week at each of the other two tricks." He said, almost defiantly, "I still think he's a cop."

The captain shrugged. Two weeks with a weak link. He'd keep the sergeant checking. Well, that was it.

Nobody told Reardon, but he got the word just the same. You sense these things after a few years in the department. He tried harder. But it didn't work. There was a fight one night. He hesitated, then waded in. When he had it broken up, he looked around, and there was Lieutenant Blake watching him. The lieutenant didn't say anything, but Reardon (*Continued on Page 80*)

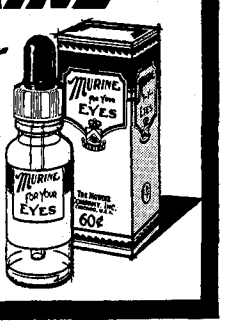
"How I use Murine to rest my eyes"

ANDRÉ BARUCH

Radio star, television emcee and business man

"Work pressure often makes my eyes feel drawn and weary," says André Baruch. "That's why I keep a bottle of Murine handy in my desk and use it often to soothe and relax my eyes." When work pressure, wind, dust or smoke make your eyes feel uncomfortable, just wink in a couple of drops of gentle Murine. See how it soothes away that tired feeling . . . seems to rest your eyes. New, *unbreakable* dropper.

MURINE *for your eyes**



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says cab fleet owner Ge

"In my business, winter is a mighty busy season with a lot of profit potential," says Gerald Mihulka.

"And that's why I depend on Goodyear's famous Suburbanites . . . they've kept my cab fleet rolling through four rough Michigan winters! And now that Goodyear has come out with the *new, improved* 3-T Custom Suburbanite, my cabs are even more sure-footed than before.

"The new Goodyear 3-T Custom Suburbanite is quieter on clear roads . . . wears better on bare pavement. And its improved tread, with wide, deep-digging traction cleats and thousands of tiny traction teeth, really 'grabs' on snow and ice."

So take it from the man who depends on them for his living—3-T Custom Suburbanites are the finest winter tires. They're available at your Goodyear dealer's now in black or white sidewall; tubeless or tube-type; triple-tempered 3-T Nylon or 3-T Rayon Cord. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

IT'S ALWAYS "FARE WEATHER" in Traverse City, Michigan . . . even when a heav snowfall gives it the look of a ghost town. Goodyear's triple-tempered 3-T Custo Suburbanites cut through that thick white blanket . . . actually put snow to wo

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The winter tire that a

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November 9, 1957

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Mihulka, Traverse City, Michigan

to take Mihulka's cabs where they have to go—safely, surely and on time. And for slippery going, the completely "tractionized" tread claws into ice or hard-packed snow to give his cabs up to 55% more traction.

TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

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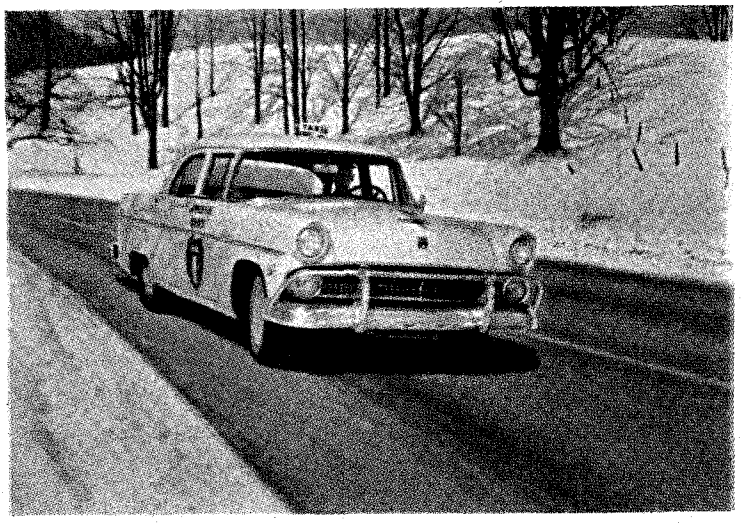
Suburbanite, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

NEW "TRACTIONIZED" TREAD, with thousands of tiny traction teeth in deep-digging, wide, traction cleats really claws into snow, "grabs" more surely on ice. You get up to 55% more traction for safer winter driving.



QUIETER RIDE PLUS LONGER WEAR. New, wide, riding tread ribs give a quieter ride on bare pavement. Improved tread compounds, plus a 3-T Cord body, give up to an extra season of wear for most motorists.

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(*Continued from Page 77*) knew that he had seen the slight hesitation.

Three nights before his time was up, Reardon stopped in Jerry's bar on the way home. He didn't usually drink in a place on his beat—in fact, he rarely drank anywhere—but Jerry had been good to him; it was hot, and he didn't think a beer would make any difference. Besides, he had changed into sport jacket and slacks. He'd taken to leaving his uniform at the precinct house every night, as if he didn't deserve to wear it home.

He didn't say much to Jerry, and the bartender knew enough not to say much to him. Maybe he heard about what had happened just that afternoon. Reardon sipped the cool beer and thought about it. Rourke had bumped him on the sidewalk. Of course, he made it look like an accident, and there wasn't any law against accidents. And he'd apologized. Boy, had he apologized! Reardon's hand tightened around the glass as he thought about it. Rourke had bowed low and said, "Oh, pardon me, Police Officer Reardon." His little finger was crooked as he held his hand against his chest. "I understand you're going to headquarters, Police Officer Reardon, and leaving us roughnecks. We'll miss a nice"—he drew out the word insultingly—"a nice man like you."

What could he do? There was no law against apologies, against even a mug like Rourke being polite. But just the same, nobody would have dared to do that to Timothy Joseph Reardon before that night. Reardon took it. He walked on, and before he got to the end of the block he knew he wasn't going to headquarters when he left the Nineteenth; he was through as a cop. If Rourke could do that to him, he had no right to the title of police officer.

"To heck with it," Reardon muttered. He ordered another brew, and looked at the length of the bar. Dark wood bar polished by years of bartenders' white cloths. There were a few booths, dark wood as well, the walls were a faded buff hung with a few shots of local pugs, a sports calendar, the garish signs given out by liquor companies, a television set, a long mirror where Reardon could see the dozen or so regulars and himself, not a proud cop in blue, but just another jerk in a factory-outlet sport jacket.

He was about to order his third when they slammed open the door and danced in. The six from the subway. The leader swaggering up to the bar and the five sheep piling after him.

"Hey, Daddy-O," snarled the leader, "some brew! An' a shot! All around!" His voice was a trifle high, cruel.

This hadn't been the first. Reardon saw that, and so did Jerry. But he didn't want a fight. Perhaps they'd go. Jerry thought that, but Reardon didn't. There was something about that voice. They'd never spoken on the subway, and now he knew why.

"Hey, Daddy-O," the leader spoke, with the laugh which had no trace of humor in it, "got any sandwiches, pickles or something?"

"All the sandwiches are two bits," said Jerry.

"Well, I'll tell you what you're going to do," drawled the leader, opening his leather jacket. "We'll have another shot. No, make it a double shot, and some brew for a chaser. Then you're agoing to make us some of them there sandwiches, on the house. We're gone tonight, Daddy-O, real gone."

Jerry started to protest. Then he stopped. Reardon looked where Jerry's eyes had been. In the leader's belt, showing where he'd unzipped his jacket, was a pearl-handled gun.

Smiling, the leader's eyes followed his. He laughed. Reardon knew it. It was the same one he'd heard that night. The same one he heard going out the door of the subway. The one he heard in his nightmares.

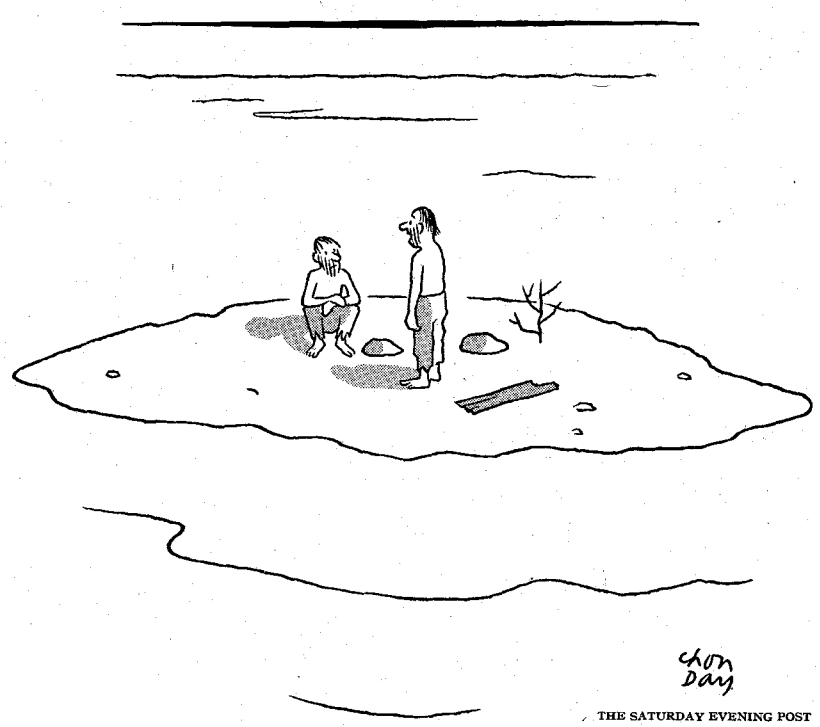
Jerry still looked at him, asking for help. Reardon met his eyes and he looked away. His stomach said he was back down on the sidewalk and the stomping boots were kicking him, kicking him, kicking him. He started for the door.

One of the sheep beat him to it. The door was shut, the bolt driven home. The expressionless face stared at him, and Reardon drew back his fist; he'd kill the punk, he'd get out. Then the voice stopped him.

"Hey, Daddy-O," it sneered, "I believe we've met."

Reardon turned and faced the leader. The eyes were sick eyes. He'd had more than liquor that evening. He had his gun out, and he started to laugh. He held out his hand, and Jerry gave him the bottle. He turned it up, holding his gun on Reardon, and passed it around to his gang. No one else in the place moved.

Reardon felt sure they could all hear his heart. His hands shook, and he tightened them into fists.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I know what we'll do. Let's look for shells!"

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"Take it easy, cop," chuckled the leader. "No sweat. We gave you a lesson; it didn't take. Let's try it again."

When he spoke, Reardon imagined he actually felt the blows that night on the street. The jacket was over his face. The chain, the fists, the belt buckles rained on him; on his left shoulder, his hip, his kidneys, his head. He wanted to run, but there was nowhere to run. There was no escape. The door was locked behind him. There were six of them, and the others in the bar, blast them all, were just sitting there, scared of the crazy kid with the gun.

"Remember the last time we met, Officer Timothy Joseph Reardon?" giggled the leader.

Reardon remembered, all right.

"Why, I believe the policeman's hand is shaking," simpered the leader.

"Guess we got a chicken for sure," piped up one of the sheep.

That did it. In a second Reardon remembered more than the beating. The panic was gone, for the taunt brought him around like a slap across the face. Suddenly he remembered all he had learned on the streets, on the five-yard line, during those patrols in Korea, walking a beat. It was all there in a minute, the years of testing and tempering.

Reardon straightened up. His shoulders went back. His face turned hard. He forgot Julie and the kids, he forgot the beating, he forgot his pain, he remembered how to be a man, a man who could fight back when he didn't have a chance.

The two stood staring at each other, and now that the panic had cleared away, Reardon saw it plain. There weren't six of them and him alone. There weren't a dozen bar drifters on his side and six cheap thugs on the other. There were just two men. No, a hop-headed kid with a gun and a cop out of uniform who wouldn't have time to reach his. No, not even that. Just a man and a kid.

"I'm a police officer." His voice was quiet, but not a bit soft. "Now get this: There won't be any fun tonight."

"Come and get it, chicken. Come and get your lesson."

"I'm coming. I'm going to take that gun away from you."

This was the moment. Reardon took a step. It wasn't the hesitant step of a scared cop. It was the firm step of a tough guy who knew he was going to get it, but who was walking into the fight, not running away. It was this step which should trigger the gun. He took it just the same.

"One more step and I'll kill you."

Reardon took another step.

"Stop, I'll shoot."

He took one more step, then another.

"Stop. Stop. Stop. I gotta gun."

The voice rose higher, and Reardon heard the pitch change. There was a swagger in his next step. This kid didn't have any respect for the law. He didn't have any fear of shields or blue coats or billies or guns. But he couldn't stand up to a man.

They were five feet apart, four. Reardon kept moving. The kid's eyes grew wide, his mouth panted open, the gun trembled. They were three feet apart, an arm's length; suddenly Reardon's hand shot out. He had the gun. The leader started to whimper, a high whine. Reardon pulled back his arm to slap him across the mouth, then stopped.

He lined them all up against the wall as Jerry put in the call to the precinct. Reardon noticed that they were thin, scared, crazy kids. He felt what they had done to him, and he was sick at how close he had come to running from these punks.

The next morning Reardon again sat on the edge of that famous wood chair and looked across the massive mahogany desk at the commissioner. He gave his report. He didn't skip a point; he'd had a beer; no, two beers; and he'd started to run.

When he was through, the commissioner snapped out the question, "Scared?"

This time Reardon didn't lie. He said, "Yes, sir."

"Didn't stop you, though. Good. We're all scared." He smiled. "Thought you'd be interested in knowing that it was those punk kids who killed Donovan. Yep, they confessed, each one singing louder than the rest." The commissioner stood up. "I'm not one to preach, but I hope you got the lesson. There's only a few of us, and there's a lot of them. But most people don't count. They just sit and watch, the same way they did in that bar. The difference between the good and bad isn't a uniform or a gun or a shield; it's one man, all alone, who knows what he has to do and does it. It's one man who makes the difference. Understand?"

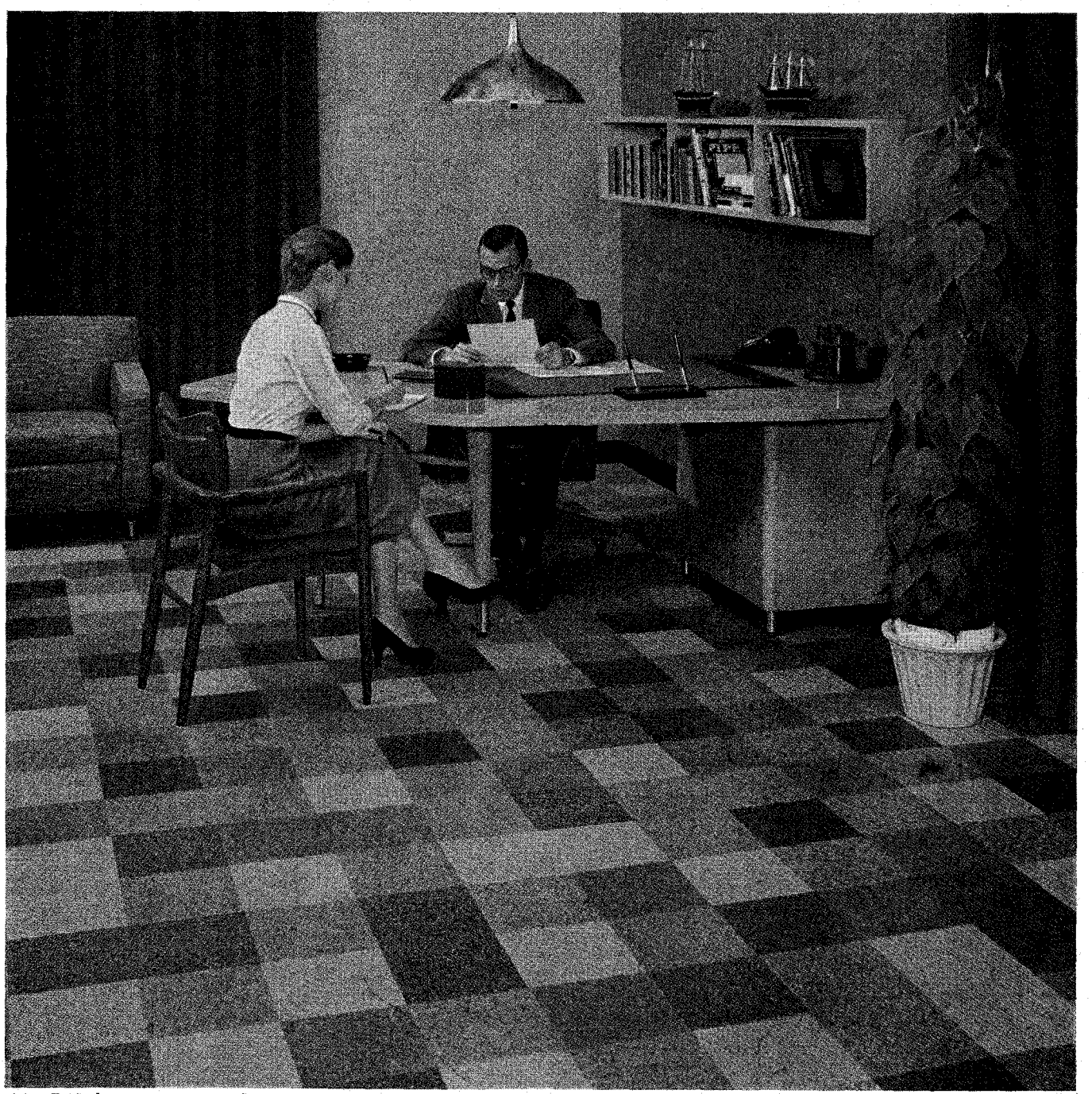
Reardon looked him right in the eye. "Yes, sir, I do now."

"O.K." The commissioner barked to his aide, "Send Mrs. Reardon in here and those two wild Indians. Call the press room and get some cameras up here. Reardon's got another citation, and Homicide's got another detective."

The commissioner turned back to Reardon, "Better spend the raise on a couple more of those fancy sports jackets; you won't be wearing blues any more."

"Yes, sir." Reardon smiled. He knew it didn't make any difference. He was a cop, no matter what he was wearing.

THE END



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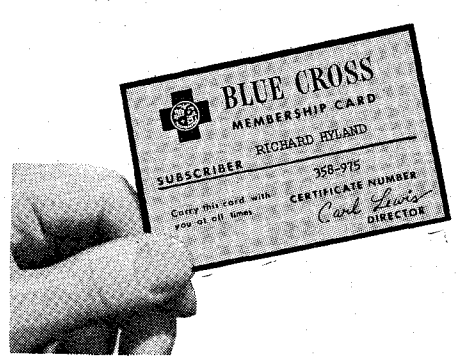

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Murder on My Street (Continued from Page 46)

Bruce could think of nothing he had done to cause this sneering resentment in Harry Banks. It was curious, and more interesting to Bruce than his personal anger. This issue between himself and Harry Banks could be settled elsewhere, not here in the newspaper office. He was not going to bicker with Harry. The situation was intolerable and he would resign in a dignified way, in a letter to Arthur Cole.

He said softly, "O.K., Harry," and turned away.

As he walked back to the city desk the rewrite men busied themselves at their typewriters and Jack Gray stood with his face averted. Bruce pulled his typewriter around on its swivel and inserted a page. The hell of it was that Harry Banks could be right. If it really was a publicity stunt, it spiked Bruce's guns; it clouded the issue.

He frowned and his fingers punched the keys hard as he typed out his letter of resignation. After he had sent it off to Arthur Cole by a copy boy, he felt a moment's doubt, the need to talk to someone and he recalled the sympathy in Laura Parker's eyes. He walked across the city room to her office and paused at the door, waiting until she had finished typing a line.

When she glanced up, he said with a wry grin, "I want you to be the first to know, Laura."

"Does that mean you resigned?" she asked quickly. At his nod, she went on, "It's all over the office what happened out there. I suppose you felt you had to quit, but I wish you could find a way to stick it out."

He shook his head. "That's out of the question."

"Harry Banks won't last long. How could he?"

"Everything is going his way just now."

"But from what I hear, Harry put himself out on a limb," she said. "Can't you saw it off? He went out of his way to kill your story, but if you could make that story stand up, wouldn't he be on a spot? That story of the missing girl is the issue, isn't it?"

"Harry is probably right," he said. "It probably is a publicity stunt. Anyhow, that isn't the issue. The issue is that Harry wanted to get me out. I don't know exactly why, but that's what he wanted. It has nothing to do with the merits of a story that's worth only a few paragraphs at best."

She met his eyes and asked softly, "Are you sure you're handling it right, Bruce? Aren't you just giving him what he wants? I know your toes have been stepped on, your feelings have been hurt, but doesn't it make you mad?"

"Not uncontrollably," he said. "It's a bad situation and I'm getting out of it."

"It makes me mad," she said, and was up from her chair, in her stocking feet again and quite unaware of it, entirely unself-conscious. "I don't want to see him get away with it. With you gone, he'll put some mediocrity on the city desk, somebody who would never be a threat to him. Oh, I know Harry Banks. I know how his mind works. In Paris ——"

"Yes?" he prompted, as she hesitated.

"Oh, it's nothing." She shrugged. "I've had contact with Harry in the past, that's all. He's a very obvious man."

"The girls in the Paris bureau had a name for him," Bruce said. "They called him the boulevardier."

"He was at home on the boulevards, all right," she said. "Also in the back alleys, from all I hear."

"You were about to tell me something that happened in Paris."

"Oh, it was nothing. I just meant the way he ingratiated himself with Arthur Cole. I was covering the fall openings, remember, and I heard the gossip. Harry got acquainted with one of the models

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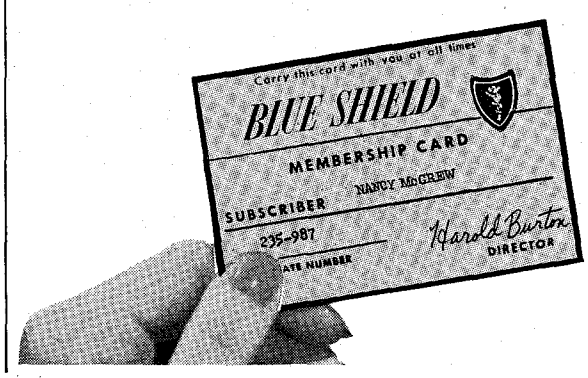

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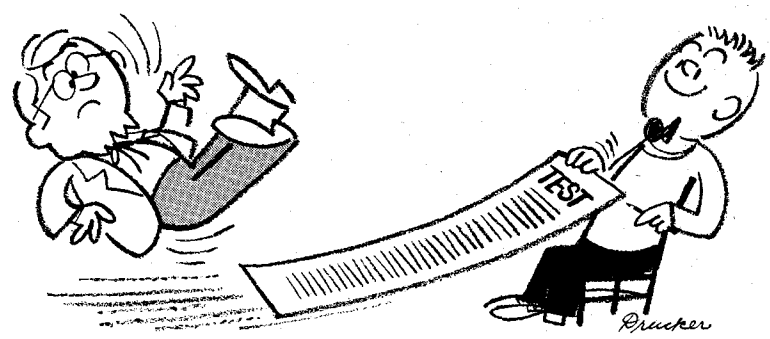

The Perfect Squelch

The chemistry professor was noted for his weak lectures and tough tests. Obviously bored by his job, he frequently punctuated his dull and rambling talks by pointing out that his knowledge was being wasted on dimwits. And, after each rigorous examination, he would read out the lowest marks in proof of this. The lower the marks, the happier he seemed.

During one especially difficult examination, the professor was amusing himself and annoying his students by asking how they liked it. As they moaned collectively, he singled out one boy to ask, "Well, Tompkins, do you think the examination covers the subject thoroughly?"

Tompkins' answer was cherished on campus for years. "Yes, sir," he said, "it covers it much more thoroughly than the lectures did."

Warren P. Scarrah

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and introduced her to Arthur, and I gather they had a high old time. It was a junket for Arthur. Ellen Cole had stayed home, and it was Americans in Paris—that sort of thing."

"I wouldn't associate that sort of thing, as you call it, with Arthur Cole," Bruce said. "He's always seemed pretty circumspect to me."

"Discreet is the word for Arthur," Laura said. "Oh, I don't mean he's worse than any other middle-aged man. It's just that he's married to the Old Man's niece and he has to toe the line."

"And also it was Paris," Bruce said.

Her eyes met his obliquely. "You should know."

He shook his head. "I was just a hard-working newspaperman. I'm afraid I led a pretty humdrum life in Paris."

"That's your trouble," she said lightly. "Don't you think you lead a pretty humdrum life here too?"

"I'm not the champagne-and-slippers type," he said.

"But don't you like people?" she asked. "Don't you like to get around? I must say I regret each wasted hour. They don't have to be wasted. They don't have to be dull. It's quite unnecessary that any hour of the day should be dull."

Her eyes were bright and her lips were curved delightfully. Bruce thought that there would be few dull hours in her company; at least there would be animation, excitement, a sense of something happening.

He thought of Pam; there was this same gaiety in Pam and often his response was inadequate. He was too serious-minded; he did not unbend enough. And it was typical of his serious approach as a father that he was constantly applying random observations such as this to Pam, considering her welfare, questioning whether he had failed her.

"Thank you, Laura," he said. "You cheered me up."

"Just how did I cheer you up? I wanted to build a fire under you. I wanted you to come out of your corner swinging."

Soldier

By Millicent Ward Whitt

In the collie-colored fields of autumn,
Where the sharp wheat stubble stands,
I wish it was there I was walking now,
With my shotgun in my hands.

Then the hot sun would be shining down
Out of the wide blue sky,
With the plumy tail of my dog ahead
The only flag to fly.

And I would listen for whirring wings,
But not, as here, for other things.

"I may do that," he said. "But it will only be a light left jab, not a haymaker."

"Why not a haymaker?"

"Because I think the whole thing was deliberate. I think it was planned from the first to get rid of me. Harry wanted me out of the way, but the Old Man had been pleased with my work, so Arthur Cole hesitated to take direct action. Instead, Harry provoked my resignation. I think it's as simple as that."

He turned back to the city desk. This talk with Laura had persuaded him that perhaps he should make an issue of the story of Sylvia King. Perhaps he had caught Harry off base, and the least he could do would be to make the effort to undermine Harry's position to whatever degree he could; he owed that much to the staff, but for himself he did not care.

It was half past four now and the machinery of news production was beginning to mesh as time moved rapidly toward the first deadline. In a couple of hours the department editors would meet in the managing editor's office to discuss the day's news and dummy up Page One, but Bruce would not be there tonight. He had resigned, and he wanted no further dealings with Harry Banks.

Ben Rosario, the night city editor, had come in and was opening his mail before going on duty. He was a dour, unsmiling man with a profile that could have been taken from a Roman coin. If he were asked to choose his successor, Bruce thought, he would have a hard time deciding between Ben and Jack Gray. But Ben had more iron in him; Ben might be better able to cope with Harry Banks. Therefore, obviously, congratulations were in order for Jack Gray.

"I want you to take my place at the news conference tonight, Ben," Bruce said. "Jack Gray will brief you on a story about a missing girl. Don't bring it up at the conference—it would never make Page One—but I wish you'd send it along a little before the deadline. I want that story in the paper."

He took a cab to Greenwich Village, to the brownstone house where Sylvia King had rented her furnished apartment. First he would question Adele Sharp, he thought, and establish whether or not it had been a publicity stunt. He went up the brownstone steps, found her name penciled on a card, and rang the bell. He rang it again and again, but there was no response. He was going slowly back down the steps when he heard an excited cry and saw Pam waving to him.

She skated up to him very fast, spreading her arms to be caught. He whirled her around on her skates and she laughed and clung to him.

Her eyes sparkled as she cried, "Pop, what are you doing, home?"

"I'm playing hooky," he said.

"Then let's have some fun, pop. School is out. No homework tonight. Can't we do something?"

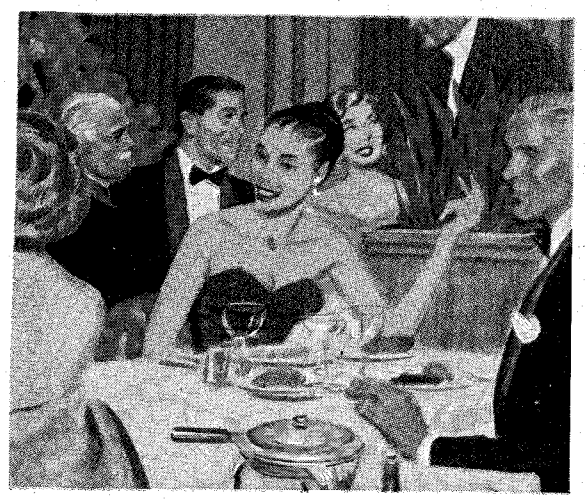
"Sure we'll do something," he said. "We'll have a big time."

"You know what would be fun? Let's go to a French restaurant where I can have a *baba* for dessert; then we can go see the French movie that's playing on Eighth Street. Want to?"

"That sounds great," he said. "We'll talk about it later. You go on and skate."

He walked on toward Sheridan Square. The child had lived for eight months in New York and she relished a hot dog and a soda as much as any American girl, but Bruce thought he understood why she had this yearning for something French. School was out and tonight they would celebrate, the two of them, but she wanted French food and she wanted to hear the French language spoken on the screen. She wanted to remember Paris. In Paris there had been the three of them to celebrate. It was a year ago now, and they hardly ever spoke of it, but he knew that she deeply missed her mother.

Charlie Pearl's place, the Revelry Club, was on a narrow street that opened off Sheridan Square. Bruce had often passed it, but he had never been inside. There



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was a hungry-looking doorman who muttered preposterous statements to passers-by, and as Bruce approached he was saying in a penetrating whisper, "Jayne Mansfield is inside." Sometimes it was Marilyn Monroe or Jane Russell or some other glamorous lady who would not be caught dead in such a dive.

It was remarkable that a place like the Revelry Club continued to survive, year after year, Bruce thought as he turned in the door. It was never very crowded, yet it supported a floor show and kitchen as well as the long bar, bathed in pinkish light. It was early and there were only three other customers at the bar. He ordered a highball, and when the barman put a glass of pale Scotch and water in front of him, he said, "I'd like to see Mr. Pearl, if he's in."

The barman inspected Bruce's face for a moment, then moved away on the duckboards to signal a waiter. He whispered a message, but two or three minutes passed before Charlie Pearl appeared. He wore a red plaid sports shirt, open at the throat, and a greenish sports jacket over it. He was a short man, rather fat, with carefully manicured hands and an odor of the barbershop about him.

He moved up to the bar beside Bruce and asked, "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, if you're Mr. Pearl."

"Who sent you?"

"Nobody sent me," Bruce said.

"So?" The single word was expressive, the dark eyebrows lifted a little.

"Maybe you can help me, Mr. Pearl," Bruce said. "I'm looking for Cherry King."

"She don't work here no more."

"She quit?"

"I had to get another girl. Cherry don't show since last Friday night. You can't depend on those little tramps." His smile was thin and hard. "Excuse the expression. She a friend of yours?"

"I'm trying to locate her," Bruce said.

"Any particular reason?"

"She came into a little money."

"You a lawyer?"

Bruce shook his head. "Just a friend."

"Yeah, she said she was going to come into some dough," Charlie Pearl said. "But you know how those kids talk. I didn't believe it. She was going to get a big part on TV too. She claimed she had a rich boy friend with horses, yachts, airplanes—all that—but he never showed up around here and I never seen her on the Ed Sullivan show."

"You couldn't give me an idea where to look for her?"

"I don't even know where the kid lives," Charlie Pearl said. "They come and they go. She was just a kid on the make, like all of 'em, and I guess she got it made."

"Maybe she left something here," Bruce said. "Personal possessions, letters—something that might give a clue."

"Nope, just her costume," Charlie Pearl said. "What did you say your name was?"

"It's Carter."

"Look, Mr. Carter, you take a message for me. You tell Joe Digby he ain't fooling me. Tell him I said lay off."

"Joe Digby?" Bruce said. "Just who is Joe Digby?"

"Let's don't clown around," Charlie Pearl said, and abruptly walked away.

Bruce knew who Joe Digby was, and he remembered that Adele Sharp had said one of the detectives who called on her had been named Higby, or Digby, and that he had thoroughly searched the apartment, even to the point of breaking open a loaf of rye bread. Joe Digby was a police lieutenant assigned to the Narcotic Squad and he must have been looking for something special in the apartment.

It was beginning to make sense, Bruce thought as he walked home. The police had told Joe Fox that the disappearance of Sylvia King was routine, that she was simply taking a little time off for herself, yet the narcotics men had been working hard, searching Sylvia King's apartment, investigating Sylvia King, apparently investigating the Revelry Club. Charlie Pearl had thought that Bruce was a detective, one of Digby's men.

From a telephone booth in a cigar store on Sheridan Square he called the Express and asked for the city desk. When Ben Rosario's sour voice answered, he said, "Ben, there's an angle on that missing-girl story that Joe Fox had better look into."

"Bad news, Bruce," Ben said. "There won't be any missing-girl story. The cops called up and asked us to lay off for a day or so. They don't want anything in the paper just yet, but if anything breaks, we get first call."

"Did you talk to the cops on that, Ben?"

"No, they talked to Harry Banks and he gave his O.K."

"I wonder when they called him?" Bruce said. "I have an idea it was early in the afternoon. I have an idea Harry knew what the score was all along."

"Did Mr. Cole get hold of you?" Ben asked. "He called here several times and his secretary said you didn't answer at home."

"Want to transfer this call, then?"

Ben clicked the receiver and told the operator to transfer the call to Mr. Cole's extension. When the editor answered and Bruce identified himself, Cole said immediately in a forceful voice, "Look here,

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old man; I've been trying to get hold of you. Don't you know that you've thrown a big monkey wrench into the machinery? We just can't have it. I tore your resignation up."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cole," Bruce said. "My decision will have to stand."

There was a moment's pause, then Arthur Cole said in a mild, conciliatory voice, "I had a long talk with Harry and he's willing to apologize. It was his first day on the job, Carter. He was nervous and it's only fair to make allowances. Now see here; let's talk this over. I've already conferred with Mr. Vincent about it, and he suggests that you come out to my place on the North Shore for dinner tonight. He'll be there and we can roll up our sleeves and decide this whole thing. How about it? My chauffeur can pick you up down at your place at half past six."

"All right," Bruce said. "I'll be there."

He walked home deep in thought. If Harry Banks was ready to apologize it meant that he had pulled in his horns a little, but nevertheless the horns were there. He would talk it over, of course, and he would stay on until a successor was appointed, but he was not optimistic about his future on the Express.

He slowly climbed the two flights to his apartment, and as he put the key in the lock he heard voices. He pushed the door open quickly and saw shining black hair in the light of a lamp, saw Laura Parker sitting across a coffee table from Pam. They were playing a simple card game that required much snatching and slapping of the cards, and both were laughing wildly.

Laura looked up, saw him at the door, and said casually, "Hi, Bruce. I couldn't get you on the telephone, but the lady said you'd be in soon, so I stopped off on my way home."

For some reason he felt irritated, and he shut the door hard.

"Isn't it time for your supper, Pam?" he asked.

"But aren't we going out to eat, pop?"

"Not tonight," he said. "I'm sorry, but something has come up and we'll have to put it off. Better run out and tell Mrs. Nelson you'll be eating here."

Laura began gathering up the cards, saying, "I'm sorry if I interrupted the household routine, Bruce. I guess you don't care for female busybodies, do you?"

"I don't make sex distinctions," he said. As she looked up quickly, he forced a smile and said, "I seem to be a little grumpy tonight. Excuse it, will you? I'm glad you came down, Laura. Can I fix you a drink?"

"What I mean is that I'm a genuine, fourteen-carat busybody," Laura said. "I had a talk with the Old Man."

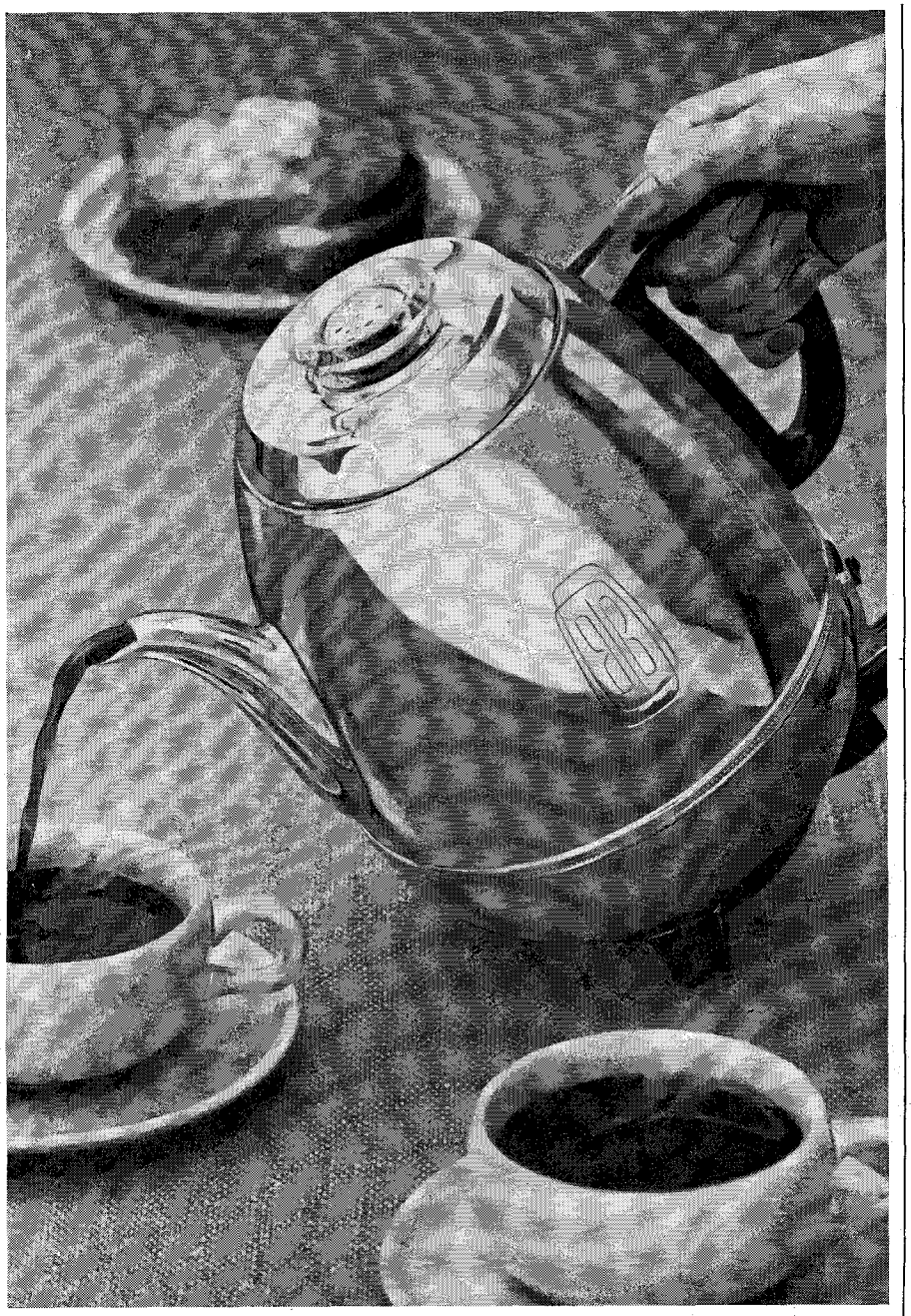
He stared at her. "About me?"

"About you," she said. "Are you furious? You see, Ellen Cole had bought a new hat and she wanted the fashion editor's advice on it, so I went up and found the Old Man there. Life is politics, I keep telling you, and I like to keep my blade whetted, so I put in a word about how devastated everyone was by your resignation. He hadn't heard anything about it."

"That explains it," Bruce said. "I talked to Arthur Cole a few minutes ago. He wants me to reconsider."

"Then you will reconsider?"

"I don't know. I'm going out to the Coles' place (*Continued on Page 88*)



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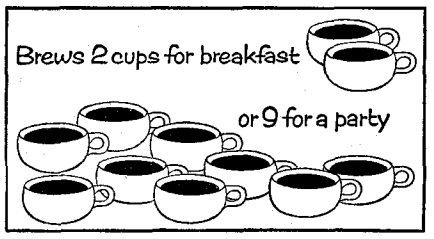

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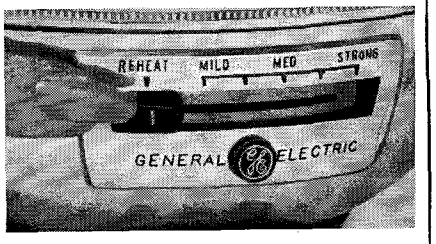

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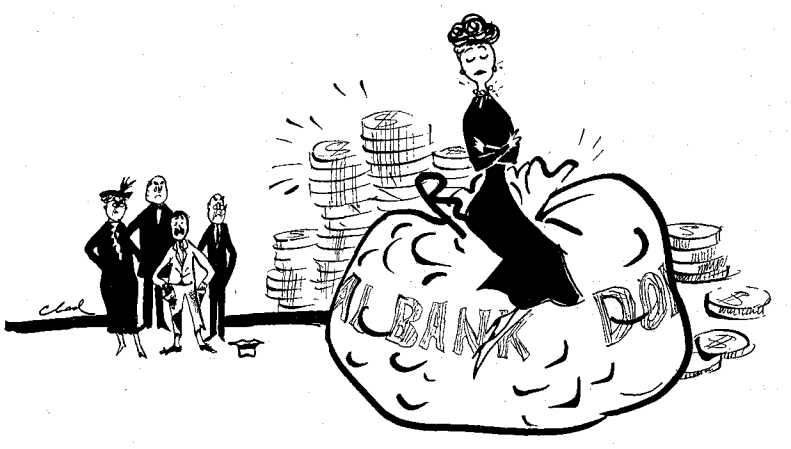

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Rita drew a munificent $300-a-week alimony from her separated husband. When her old father needed help, however, she refused to give him a cent. He went on relief. The relief officials sued to make Rita pay for his upkeep.

"Why should taxpayers, who are supporting entire families on less than $300, be forced to contribute to the support of this woman's father while she lavishes $300 in alimony entirely upon herself?" the relief officials argued.

"My alimony barely keeps me in the style to which I am accustomed," Rita replied. "There isn't anything left over for my poor, dear father. And besides, it isn't up to my former husband to support him."

If you were the judge, would you make Rita pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Rita did not have to pay. The court ruled that alimony is solely for the support of the wife. It agreed that it was not the husband's duty to provide for his former father-in-law.

Based upon a 1940 New York decision.

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The importance of taking Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a cold or Asiatic Flu cannot be over-emphasized. Both diseases, if neglected, can cause you serious trouble... Asiatic Flu especially —for it not only spreads with insidious speed, but can lead to pneumonia.

Bayer Aspirin will make you feel better fast—because it relieves aches and pains with astonishing speed, and quickly reduces fever as well.

We believe your own doctor or public health official will tell you that Bayer Aspirin brings the relief you need for the painful discomforts caused by colds or Asiatic Flu.

Remember—penetrating research confirms that Bayer brings the *fastest* relief ... the *fastest,* most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.

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(*Continued from Page 86*) for dinner tonight. The Old Man will be there."

"I know," she said. "It was the Old Man's idea. In fact, maybe I put it into his head."

He smiled appreciatively. "You're quite an operator, Laura. Thanks."

"Do you mean 'thanks' or do you mean 'mind your own business'?"

"I mean thanks, sincerely and gratefully," he said. "Also, thanks for making Pam laugh like that. It sounded wonderful."

"She's a little doll," Laura said. "But of course you know that. She tells me she's going away to camp."

"Yes, first of July."

"Bruce, let me do something for her."

"What, for instance?"

"Get her a permanent, for instance. Do some shopping for her, for instance."

He hesitated, shook his head. "Thanks, but I don't think so."

"That's my business, advising about clothes. I can get discounts. I can make her the glamour girl of old Camp Carefree."

He smiled stiffly. "No, I don't think so. But thanks a lot, Laura."

"Why in heaven's name don't you think so?"

"She's only ten. I think she's a little young for permanents and glamour. Don't you?"

"Oh, my heaven," Laura said. "You're never too young."

He should not be irritated, Bruce told himself; he should be grateful. Pam needed a woman's help, but he was not convinced that Laura was the sort of woman he wanted to help her. Her values were artificial, he thought—mundane.

"At least," she said quietly, "buy her the dressing table she has her heart set on."

"I'm planning on that," he said.

She picked up her handbag and made her way silently to the door, avoiding his eyes. He felt that he had been unappreciative and even rude, and he said earnestly, "I'm eternally grateful for what you did. It was generous and good of you."

"It's all in the day's work," she said. "Whenever you need some politicking done, call on little Laura."

She went quickly from sight on the stairs, and as Bruce turned back into the living room he kicked savagely at an ugly embroidered footstool. It was because of Pam that he had resented Laura, he knew—because she had been talking of a French restaurant, a French movie, because she had been remembering her mother. Laura's presence had seemed an intrusion.

Pam came to his bedroom door while he was changing his shirt, and her elfin eyes watched him brightly. "Pop, who was that lady?" she asked.

"She's an old friend. Did you like her?"

"Oh, sure," Pam said; and added casually, "Is she your girl?"

He smiled. "I don't have a girl," he said, but he thought that the time would come and Pam should be prepared. He added gently, "But someday, I will. Someday maybe I'll get married again, Pam."

"Will it be somebody I like?"

"It would have to be, wouldn't it?"

"Somebody fun like her?" Pam asked.

"You must learn to look for more in people than just fun, Pam."

"Oh, I know that," she said seriously. "At school, for instance, I learn the most from Mr. Trask in math, but Mr. Wilson in social studies is lots more fun. But I know the difference and I guess if I had to drop a teacher I'd keep Mr. Trask, but I sure would miss Mr. Wilson."

"Take your logical little mind out to Mrs. Nelson and ask her if she'll stay late tonight, until I get back," he said. "I'm sorry I won't be here to tuck you in."

"I wish you wouldn't say that, pop. I'm too old to be tucked in."

"Honey, I thought you liked to have me tuck you in."

"Of course, I do," she said. "Just don't call it that. It's kid stuff."

"I forget how grown up you are."

"Pop," she said, "do you have to stay out late tonight?"

"I'm afraid I do, kid. It's business."

"This looks like as good a spot as any."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When you come in, will you kiss me good night?"

"You'll be asleep, honey."

"No, I'll wake up."

"All right, I'll look in and see."

He watched her go, and sighed. He wished there were something he could do, wished there were a way to find more time to spend with her. But he was preoccupied now with his own affairs; this was a time of crisis for him. Pam's problems would have to wait a little longer.

The chauffeur arrived promptly at six-thirty in an air-conditioned car. He had a big-boned, sunburned face and a friendly smile, and he said, as the car started away, "Got to pick up another party, Mr. Carter, over on Tenth Street."

He drove across town and stopped at an apartment building on West Tenth, near Fifth Avenue; immediately Laura Parker stepped out from under the canopy into a pool of sunlight that angled down like a spotlight from the west. She wore a black linen sheath dress with a jeweled black cashmere sweater, and the envelope faille bag she carried was also black. She had, as girls dressed for a party generally do, an air of expectation and promise.

"Surprise," she said. "Ellen called and asked me if I'd come too. She said you and Arthur would be talking shop with Mr. Vincent, and she wants me to yak with her."

"This is nice," Bruce said, and meant it.

As the car moved up the East River Drive, he sensed a diffidence in her manner. He had been rude earlier, and by way of making amends, he said, "I've been thinking about your offer to do some shopping for Pam. I'd appreciate it a lot, and so would Pam, if you really mean it."

"Of course I mean it. I'd be happy to do it. There's not much time before she goes away to camp, is there? Why don't you bring her up to the Express when you go to work tomorrow and we can start out from there? I have a slow day tomorrow."

"It's good of you, Laura," he said.

"And please relax," she said. "I'm not going to dress her up like a china doll. I'm supposed to have good taste, you know. That's how I hold my job."

"I know," he said. "But still, I wonder how you happened to go into fashion."

"Isn't it the best field available for a woman? I thought so, and I studied, took some courses. Besides, I had an inside track. My father was twenty-five years with the Vincent chain, you know—in Detroit, Indianapolis, lots of places. I broke in covering garden clubs and things like that when he was editing the Vincent paper down in Mehuskah, Oklahoma."

"The same paper Gordon Gilman used to edit?"

"Yes, dad followed Gordon in as editor."

"Don't tell me you knew Harry Banks down there?"

"I did. Why?"

"It's a small world," he said.

"It's a small newspaper chain, rather."

"Is your father still with the Vincent organization?"

She shook her head. "He left when Arthur Cole and Harry went down there to reorganize the paper a couple of years ago."

"Then he was squeezed out?"

"Well, he wanted to get out of newspaper work," she said. "He hadn't been well. That's one reason things had been going wrong with the paper, I suppose."

"And you don't hold it against Arthur Cole?"

"Why should I? Dad doesn't. He had got (*Continued on Page 90*)

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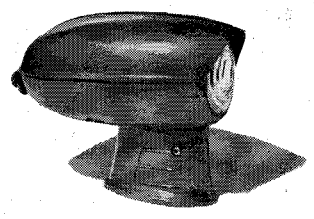

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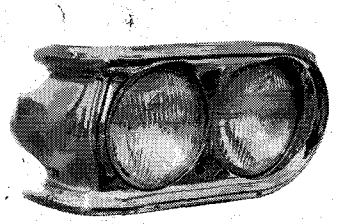

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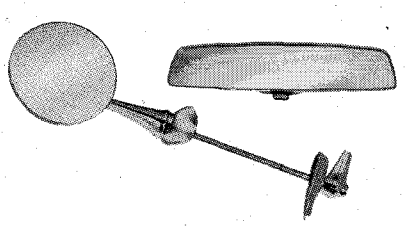

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(*Continued from Page 88*) interested in oil developments and he had some pretty profitable leases. He was glad to get out. Twenty-five years in the Vincent organization is a long time."

"So you've been all around the chain," he said musingly. "You were speaking of politics, of learning your way around. I see you must have found your compass early."

"I did," she said. "Believe me, I did. It took me straight to the Old Man's ear and I poured out my heart's desires."

"How do you get along with Harry Banks?" he asked.

"Well enough."

"Well," he said, "more power to you."

"What does that mean?"

"If you've got a flair for politics, make use of it," he said. "Why not?"

She gave him a level glance, her eyes widening a little. "Do you go out of your way to be insulting?" she said at last. "Or is it that you're just naturally rude?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "Was I rude?"

"If you're implying that Harry Banks used his hatchet on my father and that I'm callous about it, you're quite mistaken," she said. "My father resigned and he remains on the best of terms with the Old Man. His health has been very bad. I thought I made that clear."

She turned away, and the stiff angle of her shoulder told him that he had hurt her. The truth was, he thought, that he had meant to hurt her. He had deliberately jabbed, and he did not know why. There were little things about her that somehow irritated him—her faultless wardrobe, her flicking glances, the assured poise of her head and her crisp, clear voice. Maybe, he thought, these were indications that she knew she was steering a true compass course, and it was the compass he resented—the knowing what she wanted, the going after it.

"Laura, forgive me," he said. "You've been kind and generous and sympathetic, and I haven't been properly grateful. But you and I are very different people, you know. You're instinctively high echelon and I'm the plodding type myself."

"You consider it bad to be high echelon?"

"No, I'd say I envy you."

"Bruce, in many ways you're an utter damned fool," she said. "In many ways you absolutely anguish me. Why don't you wake up? You've got more on the ball than anybody else on the Express. Why don't you set that long jaw of yours and come out fighting? The Old Man appreciates you. You have the referee on your side, for heaven's sake!"

Her intensity surprised him, and also enlightened him. He thought that it revealed the glowing fire of her emotional drive; it was the binnacle light of her compass. She had forced herself into the role of crisp, driving executive and had focused all her energy on it. This girl needed to unwind a little, he thought.

The car had turned in between stone gates and Bruce saw a rolling lawn, a large white house with Ionic columns, the glint of water down below. The car stopped on a paved area opposite the columns and immediately Ellen and Arthur Cole came out to greet them. Ellen Cole's handshake was firm and her manner friendly, and Bruce liked her on sight. She was first and last a plain woman, and no fashion editor's advice could improve the situation very much. Her face was too long—too narrow in the forehead and too broad in the jaw—and her figure was lean to the point of boniness. But her eyes were a deep violet color and animated her face.

"We'll have our cocktails on the terrace before Uncle Ezra comes down," she said, and laughed lightly. "It's terrible at my age to tremble before Uncle Ezra, but I never smoke or take a drink when he's around. Of course, nothing like that bothers Arthur."

"It doesn't bother Ezra, either," Arthur Cole said. "He wouldn't be happy if people didn't drink. He wouldn't have any point to prove if people didn't drink."

Arthur had obviously taken several drinks already. His face was flushed and his eyes were bright under the brooding eyebrows. He led the way through the impressive house with a marked air of proprietorship. He was a commanding man—also a vain man, Bruce decided. As they passed a large drawing room Bruce saw a studio portrait of Cole in a yachting cap on the piano; in a room with floor-to-ceiling bookcases which Cole indicated casually as the library there was a framed photograph on the wall showing Cole and Ezra Vincent laying a cornerstone. The thought came to Bruce that Arthur Cole had made an effort to leave his impress on this house and that it probably belonged to his wife.

As they came out on a flagged terrace Bruce saw a yacht basin down below, formed by a stone breakwater, and a white-railed dock at which a cabin cruiser was moored, partly hidden by the spreading foliage of white-oak trees. She was about forty-five feet long, her brightwork gleaming in the sun, and Bruce saw outriggers and the tall aerial of a ship-to-shore radiotelephone.

"Do any fishing?" Arthur Cole asked.

"Yes, when I get the chance."

"Some weekend we'll take a run up to Montauk Point, lie up overnight, and go out after tuna next day," Arthur said. "I'm anxious to try my luck. I haven't had the boat out in ages."

"But you went out just last Saturday, Arthur," Ellen Cole said.

"Not after tuna," he said. "It's still early for tuna, but there's a fellow up at Montauk who'll let me know when they start to run."

"Oh, heavens, let's not talk fish," his wife said.

"Why not talk fish?" Arthur demanded, and his solid, bluish jaw was set belligerently. "Carter here is a fisherman. You two are going to talk hats and clothes, so why shouldn't we talk fish?"

Ellen shrugged and her eyes drifted away. "Go talk fish, then," she said.

By the time they had finished their cocktails Ezra Vincent came onto the terrace with his quick, bouncing step, calling out, "Laura, baby, so happy you're here." He bent and kissed her forehead; then held out his hand to Bruce and said, "Young man, you've been giving us headaches. Suppose we have some dinner and then we'll see what's to be done about you. . . . It's ready, Ellen. Hadley was on his way to announce it and I told him I'd bring you in."

Ezra Vincent always made his presence felt, but at the dinner table he attacked his vegetable plate almost in silence, and Arthur Cole had little to say. The wine served with the roast seemed to affect Arthur and he blinked a good deal.

Ellen took the lead in the conversation, saying in her soft, friendly voice, "Laura is almost one of the family, Mr. Carter. I've known her since she was just a baby. . . . I understand you have a little girl?"

"Yes, her name is Pamela."

"How old is she?"

"Ten."

"That's a wonderful age, isn't it?"

"She's cute as a button," Laura said. "Bruce is a lucky fellow."

"Yes, very lucky," Ellen said, glancing about her at the paneled dining room, seeming to look past the walls into all the empty rooms of this great house that sheltered no children. "I wish you'd bring her out sometime, Mr. Carter," she said. "Arthur has that big boat down there, and I think he might give up fishing some weekend and take us all for a run on the sound."

"Sure thing," Arthur Cole said.

"Would she like that? Pamela—was that her name?"

"She'd love it," Bruce said. "But she's going away to summer camp the first of July."

"I'll bet you've got her picture in your wallet," Ellen said. "Haven't you? May I see it?"

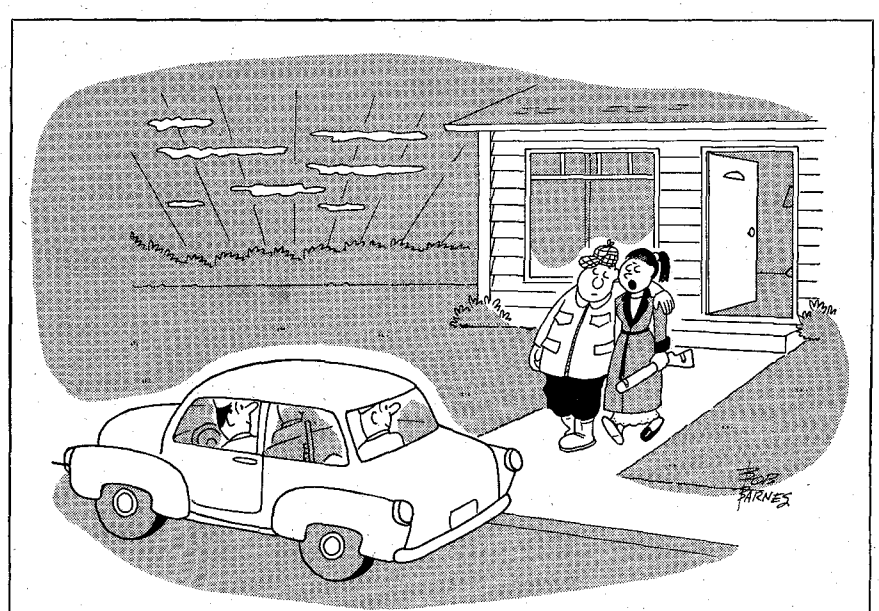
Bruce did. He brought out a snapshot that showed Pam smiling, with her elfin eyes sparkling, her lips curved joyously.

"Simply lovely," Ellen Cole said. . . . "Look, Arthur, isn't she lovely?"

Arthur Cole picked up the photograph, looked at it solemnly, then knocked over his wineglass with his elbow as he passed it to Ezra Vincent. The butler moved in to mop up the spilled wine with a napkin and refilled the glass, and Arthur looked across at Bruce and said, "Cute kid."

The Old Man was showing his disapproval with a frown. He looked at the spreading wine stain, then turned his eyes to the snapshot, smiled and said, "She's lovely indeed, Mr. Carter."

"She's learning to be an American girl," Bruce said. "She's lived abroad so much that (*Continued on Page 94*)



"Stop somewhere and put some more coffee into him—his toast is in his pocket."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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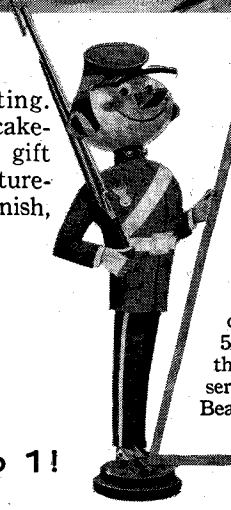
WE GUARANTEE

5 to 1 you'll be happier with HAMILTON BEACH

The 5-Year-Guaranteed Hamilton Beach Automatic Fry Pan

You'll be happier by far, because this new pan not only fries; it roasts, bakes, broils, and stews as well! Deeper walls make it the only fry pan that can handle *family-size* portions. Two extra cupfuls, to be exact! And what a pleasure to use! Accurate heat control assures tasty results without watching or waiting. Handy wire Bake Rack for potatoes and cake-baking. Family size, **$22.95;** the medium gift size, **$19.95** (no rack). Covers with moisture-control vent, in aluminum or copper finish, available at slight extra cost.



5-year guarantee -not 1!

We give you a *5-Year Guarantee*—other fry pans give you only a 1-Year Guarantee!

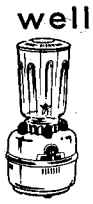
Hamilton Beach products are so well designed and made that we can *afford* a 5-Year Guarantee. In fact, 5 years is just the beginning of day-to-day trouble-free service you can expect from your Hamilton Beach appliances.

HAMILTON BEACH

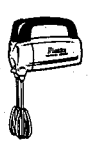
HAMILTON BEACH COMPANY, A Division of SCOVILL Manufacturing Co.
RACINE, WISCONSIN

So well made, they're guaranteed 5 to 1!

New Food Mixer
White, $44.95
Chrome, $54.95

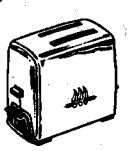


Liqui-Blender
White, $42.95
Chrome, $47.95



New Mixette
Colors, $19.95
Chrome, $22.95

New Electric Food Grinder
$39.95



New Automatic Toaster
$19.95

Home Drink Mixer
White, $22.95
Chrome, $27.95

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Now you can switch a million ways . . .

*Flight Pitch Dynaflow** *— last word in travel before wheels leave the ground*

Maybe you've felt *smooth* transmissions before.

Maybe you've had *obedient response* before.

And maybe you even know what extra performance comes from full pedal pressure in one of today's modern cars.

But take it from us — you have never in all your born days known anything like this Buick's Flight Pitch Dynaflow!

This one switches the pitch a million ways — *automatically, smoothly, thrillingly.*

Thanks to the new infinite-pitch stator that sluices the whirling oil inside this new three-turbine Dynaflow — you get obedient response from the second you urge a 1958 Buick into motion.

You get the most efficient ratio of engine power to rear-wheel turning on the American scene today — the most perfect power need for any instant.

Above all, you get an exuberant feeling of aliveness of response — a great new sense of command unlike anything you've known in land-borne travel before.

Along with the brilliant performance of this '58 Buick that embodies more aircraft principles than any other car yet built, comes a new excitement in styling — a joyous new comfort in travel — a new nimbleness to handling — *and the solid satisfaction of a new standard of Buick quality hammered deep into every fiber of every inch of structure.*

Want to hear more? See more? Do more?

Visit your Buick dealer — and guest-drive the glamorous new B-58 Buick today. BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

THE AIR BORN

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the pitch

New Face of Fashion

From the new Dynastar Grille to the exciting rear tail towers, this is the freshest Buick styling in years, like nothing ever seen before—the look of flight on wheels.

*New Miracle Ride Plus Buick Air-Poise Suspension**

To the outstanding Buick ride-engineering of X-braced chassis and solid Buick Roto-flow Torque-Tube Drive comes the new marvel of a ride on 4 columns of air. Levelest, smoothest, most luxurious ride you've ever known.

New B-12000 Engine

As advanced for land travel as engineering can go—with Buick's new Quadrajet carburetion, up to 10 to 1 compression and the most brilliantly responsive power you ever commanded.

New Air-Cooled Aluminum Brakes

"Air conditioned" by 45 radial fins, these extra-powerful aluminum brakes give smoother, more positive stopping and longer lining-life.
(Standard on most models.)

**Flight Pitch Dynaflow standard on LIMITED and ROADMASTER 75, optional at extra cost on other Series. Air-Poise Suspension optional at extra cost on all Series.*

See TALES OF WELLS FARGO, Monday Nights, NBC-TV and
THE PATRICE MUNSEL SHOW, Friday Nights, ABC-TV

B-58 BUICK

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

GENERAL MOTORS
GOLDEN MILESTONE

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(*Continued from Page 90*) she hasn't any real roots here, but I think they're beginning to take hold."

"By George, I've got a brilliant idea!" Arthur Cole exclaimed in a sudden, strong voice. "Carter, this is it! This is the solution we've been looking for!"

Bruce met his flaming eyes across the table, then Arthur gulped more wine, set his glass down, and said with harsh finality, "The London bureau."

Bruce waited.

"Well?" said Arthur Cole.

"What about the London bureau?"

"For you, naturally," Arthur Cole said. "You're the man to take over that bureau. You know Europe. You know the U.S.A. . . . Doesn't it hit you, Ezra? He's the perfect man for the job. He has the knowledge, the equipment, and big things will be happening over there."

"Why the London bureau?" Ezra Vincent asked with noticeable impatience. "Do we have a problem in London? No. Our problem is here in New York, not in London. Our problem is the advertising and circulation figures of the New York Express. Our problem is to get the paper humming again."

"Foreign news coverage is important, Ezra."

"Important, yes, but not vital in this case."

Ellen Cole spoke up with a crisp and surprising firmness, "Laura and I aren't going to sit here and listen to any more shop. You can join us on the terrace when you've finished. . . . Come along, Laura."

Laura left with reluctance, making a little face to Bruce from the doorway. Arthur Cole began clumsily removing the wrapper from a cigar, saying, "It seems to me that the best solution all around would be to send Carter to London, Ezra. It will tranquilize the situation here, and Carter will be taking over a key post."

"Tranquillity is a dubious quality on a newspaper," the Old Man said. "We want to stir the kettle, not let it simmer. Healthy competition among the editors never did a paper any harm. It tends to keep the men on their toes. As long as they bear in mind that they're members of a team, let them fight it out any way they please."

"You may be right," Arthur said, with doubt pointedly in his tone. "You have a well-known talent for understanding people, Ezra. I envy you for it. You're a more subtle man than I am, but also you can afford to be wrong. I can't."

The Old Man's smile seemed cold. "A strange business this has all been, it seems to me," he said. "A trivial story about a missing girl about which much too much was made. Mr. Banks was meddlesome and Mr. Carter got his back up. One was nervous and the other overly sensitive, in my opinion. . . . Certainly a little personality clash is not irremediable, is it, Mr. Carter?"

"I suppose not," Bruce said. "So long as it isn't repeated."

"You give me the impression that you're an independent man, Mr. Carter."

"If I can't be an independent city editor there's no point to my keeping the job, is there?"

"Quite right," Ezra Vincent said. "Bearing in mind, of course, that independence is a relative thing."

Arthur Cole's cigar had gone out and he made a business of lighting it again. His face was flushed, but his tone sounded normal, as he said, "Then it appears Carter will stay on as city editor, if he's willing."

"Of course, he'll stay on," the Old Man said. "He just said he would. Our immediate problem is the New York Express, and we need him. Later we can talk about the London bureau, if he still wants to go to London."

Bruce was not sanguine about the situation. Arthur Cole's authority had been thwarted by the Old Man and it was obvious that he was angry. He was scowling as he crushed his cigar out in an ash tray. He surged to his feet, losing his balance and resting his weight heavily against the edge of the table for a moment, dropping his napkin to the floor.

"Arthur, have you ever considered what alcohol does to the blood pressure?" the Old Man asked in a bright, cheerful voice. "Especially on a hot June night like this? You ought to turn in earlier, get up with the dawn. Try nature's stimulation for a change."

They moved to the door and Bruce saw Hadley, the butler, approaching quickly along the hall, but without the appearance of haste. He said to Arthur Cole, "There's a telephone call for Mr. Carter, sir. The lady said it's urgent."

"Well, show him to the phone," Arthur said gruffly.

Bruce followed the butler to the library. A telephone on the desk was off the hook and Bruce picked up the receiver and said, "Hello."

He heard the quavering voice of Mrs. Nelson saying, "Mr. Carter, something terrible has happened. The police are here after Pam. There's been a murder right here on our street and there's a detective here for Pam. They want to take her to the precinct and I said ——"

Another voice took over, firm and businesslike. "Mr. Carter, this is Detective O'Reilly. A girl named Adele Sharp was found murdered across the street in Number Thirty-three and your little girl was up there this afternoon. We think she saw the murderer and we're hoping she can make an identification; that's why I want to take her to the precinct."

"Let me understand this," Bruce said. "Pam was upstairs in Number Thirty-three today?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Girl With a Diamond

By E. B. de Vito

Worry, waiting, wondering
Were things that he was spared:
She never kept him pondering;
She said how much she cared.

She let him see her weeping, wet,
Not always groomed and glowing.
She waited for his calls, and let
Him know where she was going.

Was hers the right way all along,
Not rules that experts cite,
Or can the young do all things wrong
And still come out all right?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"She went up there on an errand," Detective O'Reilly said. "Now look, I don't want to beat around the bush with you. I'm afraid this murder is tied in with the drugs racket, and those guys play rough. If your kid did see the murderer and he knows it, it ain't good. We're hoping she can identify the guy and we can break this case quick, but this is a real nasty situation. I want you to get that straight."

Alarm had brought sweat to Bruce's forehead. His heart pounded and he rested his weight against the edge of the desk, but he said in a calm voice, "Let me speak to Pam, please."

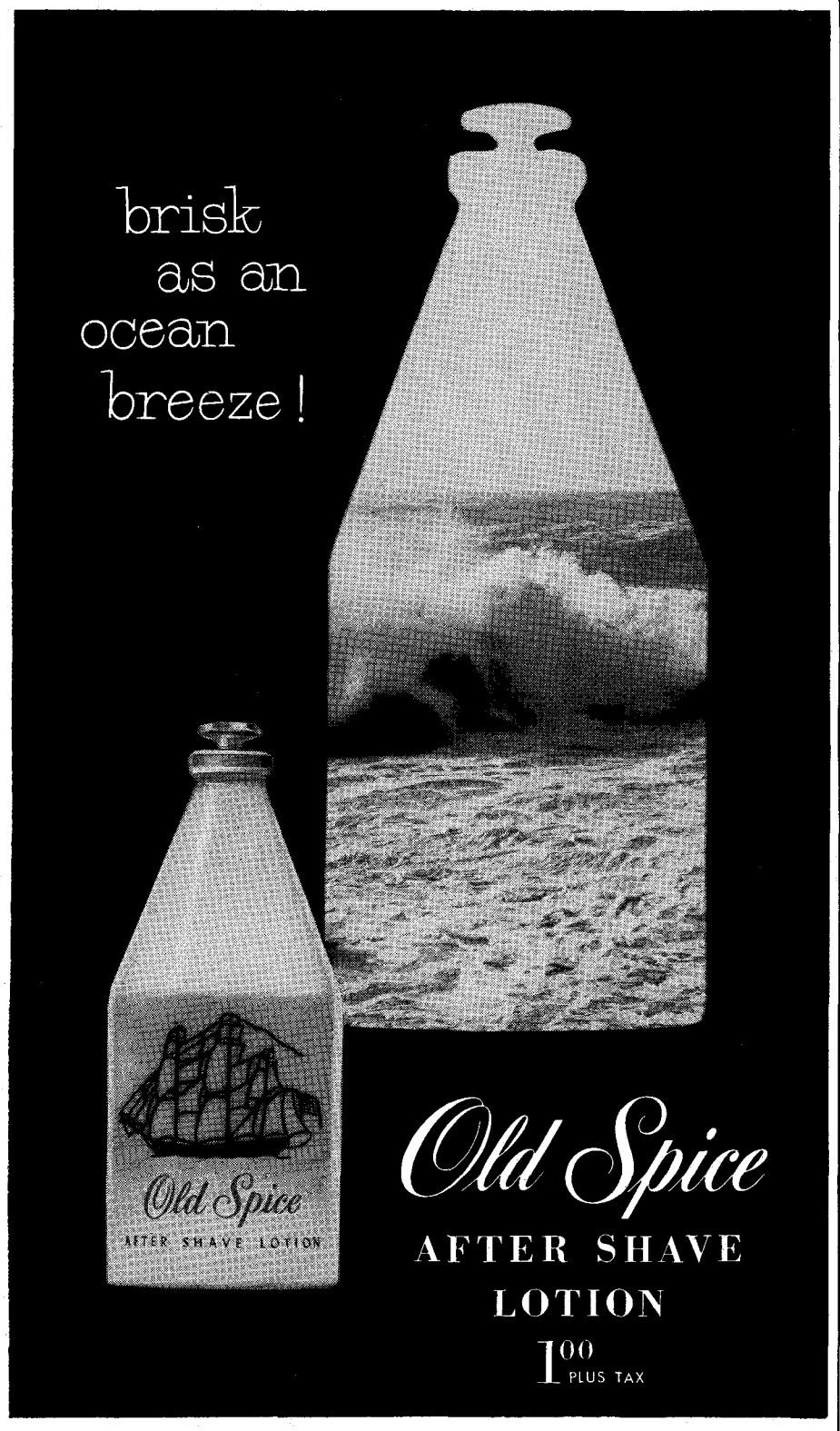
After a moment, her tiny voice said, "Hello, pop."

"Honey, I'll be there pretty soon," he said. "I'll start right away."

Her voice was low and trembling with anxiety. "Pop, are they going to lock me up in jail?"

"Pammy, of course not." He forced a cheerful laugh. "They want you to help them, don't you see? It makes you a pretty important little person. Now you go on around to the precinct with Mrs. Nelson and Mr. O'Reilly. I'll get there as soon as I can."

TO BE CONTINUED



It's a pleasure to get to know Old Spice After Shave Lotion. Each time you shave you can look forward to something special: the Old Spice scent—brisk, crisp, fresh as all outdoors . . . the tang of that vigorous astringent—banishes shave-soap film, heals tiny razor nicks. Splash on Old Spice—and start the day refreshed!

Make your next shave OLD SPICE *SMOOTH SHAVE in the pressurized container. Rich, creamy lather—stands alone in quality.* 1.00

Add Spice to Your Life . . . Old Spice For Men

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November 9, 1957

Why your home is truly modern with TWINDOW

Exceptional insulating property of this twin-glass windowpane keeps rooms warmer in winter, cooler in summer . . . reduces heating and cooling costs . . . does away with storm windows.

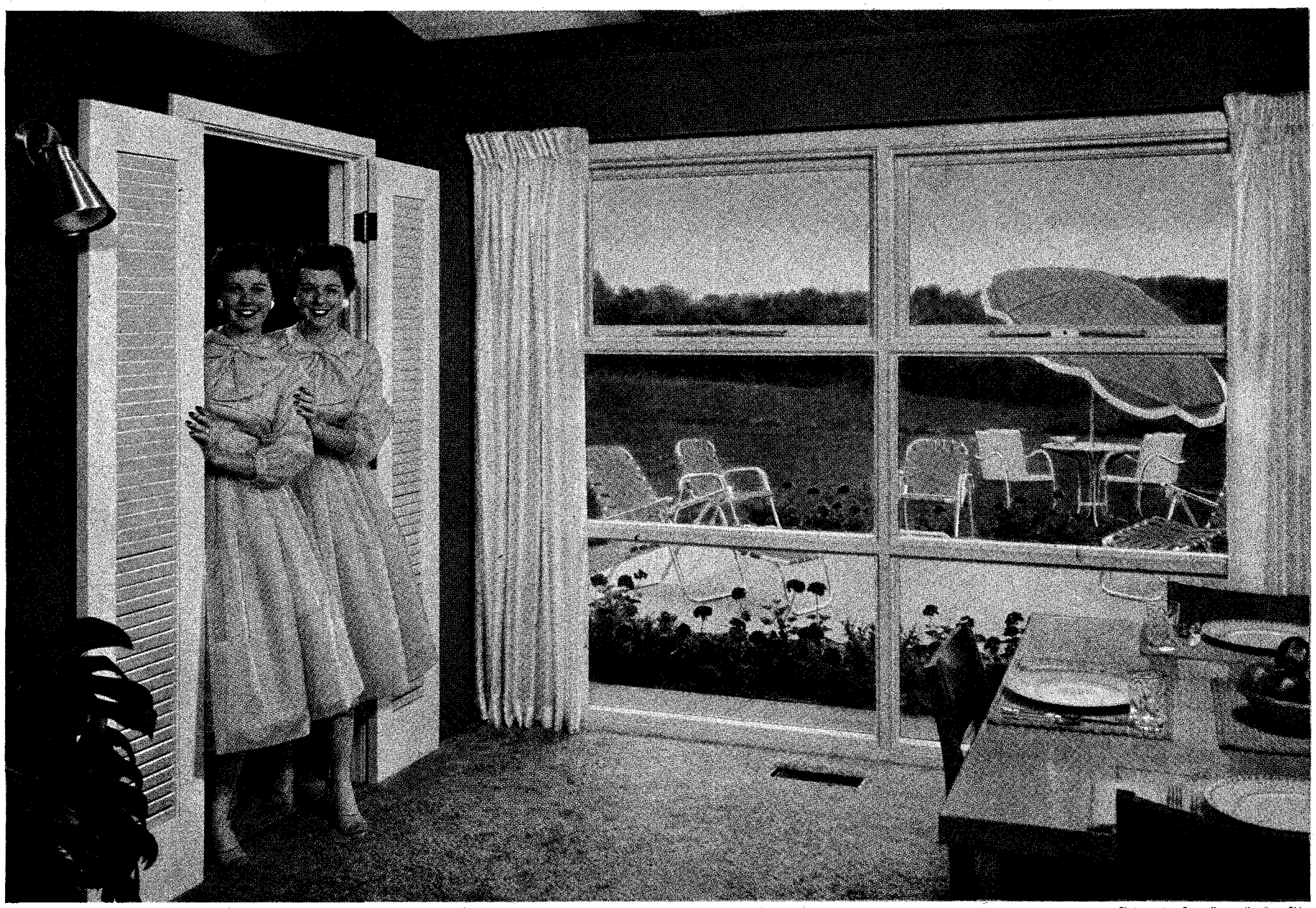
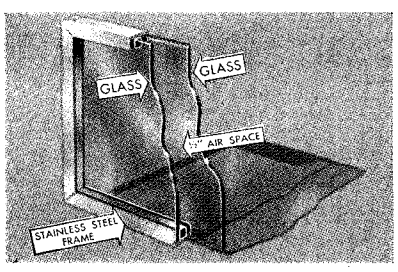
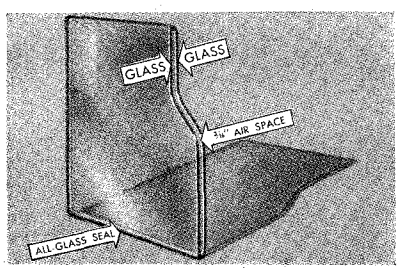


Photo courtesy Pease Homes, Hamilton, Ohio

TWO TYPES OF TWINDOW®



METAL EDGE. These units are designed for larger window areas and where maximum insulation is needed. They are constructed of two panes of ¼" clear-vision Plate Glass, with a ½" sealed air space between them. The stainless steel frame protects the glass against chipping and creates exceptionally strong units.



GLASS EDGE. These windowpanes are ideal for modern window wall construction. They are made up of two panes of ⅛" PENNVERNON®—the quality window glass—with a 3/16" air space between them. These windowpanes have high insulating value. They are available in popular sizes for a variety of window styles.

TWINDOW

the world's finest insulating glass!

PAINTS • GLASS • CHEMICALS • BRUSHES • PLASTICS • FIBER GLASS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

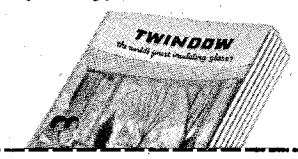
IN CANADA: CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED

When your home has the advantages which are provided by TWINDOW, you can be sure that you have a home that is *truly modern*. That's because TWINDOW offers you more comfortable living the whole year through.

With TWINDOW, cold air downdrafts are reduced . . . window steaming and icing are substantially less . . . storm windows are no longer necessary . . . and you actually save money on your heating and air-conditioning bills.

For these reasons, no home is *truly modern* unless it has TWINDOW. That's a good thing to remember, whether you are buying, building or remodeling. Your architect or builder will be glad to give you complete information on TWINDOW. Right now, though, why not fill in and return the coupon for your free copy of our full-color, illustrated book on TWINDOW?

FREE BOOK. This full-color, illustrated book should be in the hands of every homemaker interested in creating a *truly modern* home with TWINDOW. Why not send for your copy now?



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P.S. Personal Service makes the difference

Kids, kittens and puppydogs often require the personal service of a friendly adult.

Theirs is a mixed-up wonder-world, full of puzzlements and surprises . . . but then, adults face many hazards and have their problems, too. One, of course, is the secure protection of one's family, home, and financial security.

Here is where the Personal Service of your local Ætna Casualty agent can be really helpful. With his professional knowledge and experience you can be sure of the *right* protection *before* a loss . . . the *right* treatment *afterward.* Why not ask him about the "policy with the P.S." — *Personal Service* — soon?

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I Flew 14,000 Miles for Dinner

(Continued from Page 51)

late Thursday I left Paris. I arrived in Saigon on Saturday afternoon, checked in at the one and only Hotel Continental, had me a shower and a shave and changed into my tropical dinner jacket.

"So glad you could come," said de Lattre, getting his own back by no eyelid batting either. We dined, we talked, we drank, and I kept an eye on the clock. For at 11:45 that same night a plane was leaving for France and I had a place on it.

Now please don't think I did this just as a stunt. De Lattre knew more about Indochina than any other man alive and, for a foreign correspondent, the interview was worth all my trouble.

Just before midnight, after an excellent meal, topped off with a first-class brandy, I apologized, "I'm afraid, sir, I really must be getting home."

My bag was in an anteroom, a staff car was waiting. I changed in the back of the aircraft—and I was back home in Paris on Monday, a round trip of over 14,000 miles for dinner. That was one of the two craziest flights I have made in the 1,000,000 miles I now have flown. But at least I can say this: in all the trips I have ever made, I have never paid a penny myself. As a roving correspondent for the London Daily Mail, I go where I'm sent—the senders foot the bill.

Me pay hard-earned cash to sit back in a chair and be bored to death? Not turbojet likely! But the trouble with flying on newspaper assignments is that it becomes more casual than hailing a cab. If there's a war to report, then military aircraft fly you anywhere, and for free. If there's a big crisis—anything from a toppled government to an earthquake—then the plane fare is a minor detail to the home office. Last year I flew around the world three times—once doing the 20,050 miles in less than ninety-two hours. I have been catapulted off American carriers and dropped by helicopter sling on the heaving deck of an American destroyer. Once I flew four hours with a Chinese who insisted on sharing his pipe of opium with me. Another time I shared an aircraft with a baby elephant.

My serious flying really started in 1941 when I was training as a navigator with the R.A.F. When the war ended, the world became my beat. A million miles may sound like a lot, but not when you start totting up old records over the past few years—seven Aden return trips, 57,442 miles; eleven New York returns, 75,780; three trips around the world, 60,150; Port of Spain and return, 10,044; Singapore three times in a couple of years, 48,738; plus Africa, from Casablanca to Capetown, Tokyo, Korea, and tickets in Europe by the bucketful.

But the quickest mileage-getter was certainly in February of last year. It cost me one solid day of my life that I don't suppose I'll ever get back. The foreign field was pretty static, and my feet were getting itchy, so I flew with my wife to London to see if there was not some way of keeping occupied. There was. As somebody blithely suggested, "Remember when Jules Verne sent Phileas Fogg round the world in eighty days? Why not see if you can do it in eighty hours, using commercial airlines?"

I left London on Tuesday, February 14, 1956, at 1:22 P.M. My wife came to London Airport and, as she gave me a Valentine kiss, she looked at me with pity and said, "Poor darling, you're going to be so terribly tired when you get back."

But, you know, I wasn't. I didn't make the trip in eighty hours, but—largely due to bad weather at Seattle—in ninety-one hours, twenty-three minutes, which gives you roughly four days and four nights. I didn't fly four days and four nights, though. I flew four days and five nights. And I couldn't have been fresher when I stepped off the plane at London Airport at 8:45 on the Saturday morning, February 18, 1956.

How come? Well, it was this way. My first leg was from London to Karachi, via Rome and Beirut, reaching Karachi at 12:55 Wednesday local time for lunch. A long night's sleep before that. On to Calcutta, which I left at 8:20 P.M. that same evening, reaching Hong Kong at 8:40 A.M. local time on Thursday. My second night,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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get the policy with the
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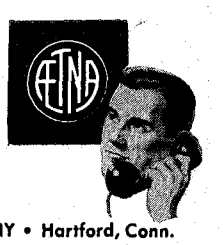

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"I'm tempted... to get a postage meter!"

Five days a week Mr. Whivver is branch office manager of a knit goods firm. Weekends he golfs. However, this Saturday, just as he was leaving for his club, there was a phone call from a New York buying office. If he could get one sample, men's ski glove, wool, white, to 41 store buyers of the Northwest Amalgamated Group, he might get himself a big order!

So Mr. Whivver is having a very sticky time, stamping 41 packages for parcel post! . . . No wonder he's tempted to get a postage meter!

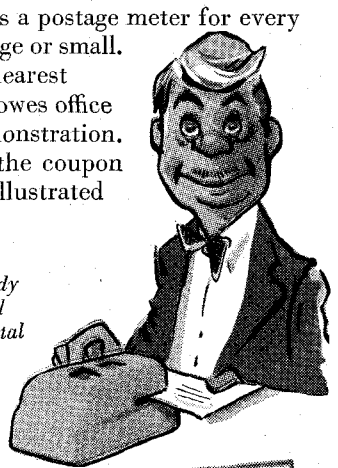
Today *any* office can have a postage meter, enjoy the efficiency and convenience of metered mail . . . get rid of lick-and-stick mailing, save time and postage. The little low-cost DM, desk model postage meter, was designed for the small office; one user in three averages less than a dollar a day for postage.

With the DM, you print postage as you need it, for *any* kind of mail. Just insert the envelope, dial the amount of postage wanted, press the lever, and your letter is stamped. You can also print your own small ad with every meter stamp, if you like. Postage for parcel post is provided on gummed tape; and there's a moistener for sealing envelopes. Makes mailing fast and easy.

Meter stamped letters and parcels, already postmarked and canceled, require less time in the postoffice, can often make earlier planes and trains.

You buy postage by having the postoffice set the meter. Postage in the meter is always protected from loss, damage, misuse—and automatically accounted for.

There's a postage meter for every office, large or small. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration. Or send the coupon for free illustrated booklet.



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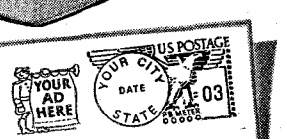

Send free ☐ *booklet* ☐ *Postal Rate Chart to:*

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broken only by an hour or so at Bangkok. I reached Tokyo at twenty to six on Thursday evening, changed planes and took off for Shemya in the Aleutians, where I arrived at 6:30 on Thursday morning. Timewise, I flew backward on this leg because I crossed the international dateline—my third night aloft.

I stayed at Shemya about an hour—by far the most interesting halt on the trip, an island four miles by two, icebound, consisting of a runway and a few huts. Population thirty-two—all Northwest Airlines maintenance men and all paid special "lonely money." I flew throughout Thursday to Seattle, where bad weather held me at the airport for six hours. I left there at two A.M. on Friday, landing in Minnesota around nine for breakfast. My fourth night. Then by day to New York, which I left on Friday afternoon, landing in Britain for breakfast on Saturday. My fifth night.

Naturally, the screwy changes of time caused all this. I'm no mathematician, but I would have thought that if I gained nights on the first half, I would automatically gain days on the second, or vice versa, but there you are. I only know that I wore two watches—one with Greenwich (London) time, the other which I changed to local times. And when I landed back in London, both watches read the same. I had, very definitely, lost one day of my life.

But that wasn't the most fun I've had flying. The most fun? That started late one August evening at London Airport as I boarded a plane for Bahrein in the Persian Gulf. As we took our seats, I realized with utter dismay that every passenger except myself was a child. Soon the aisle and seats were jammed with sticky, screaming schoolboys and placid little girls with ringlets. And in the middle sat—I. Now, even one child can wreck the peace and quiet of any aircraft cabin, but there were thirty-six festooned around me. Already one boy was apparently trying to force open a window, while a little girl seemed to be biting another in the leg.

I shrank into my seat and declined the inevitable barley sugar offered by the stewardess. But then a tousled head with a very serious little face behind large glasses appeared about eight inches away from me, and an urgent whisper asked, "I say, sir, if you don't like barley sugar, could you please take a couple for me?"

This was Draycott, aged thirteen, rather small and frail, but with an incredible appetite. As soon as we were air-borne he dashed up and down the cabin, concentrating on sleepy girls, returning to tell me triumphantly, "I say, sir, I've bagged eighteen pieces of barley sugar and four packets of biscuits." Then he added, politely, "Would you like your two pieces back, sir?"

Draycott was the son of a tea planter in Ceylon. All the boys and girls aboard were the children of Britishers working—in rubber, tea or tin—in the Far East. Each August, B.O.A.C. carries hundreds of school children home for the summer vacation at specially reduced rates. I—in a rush, as usual—had grabbed the one vacant seat on the Schoolboy Special.

In the middle of the night we landed at Rome, where Draycott attached himself to me—with several other children—and somehow managed to drink three bottles of sickly-looking fruit juice. Breakfasts were served aloft during the six-hour flight to Beirut, and the meal was memorable because Draycott ate four. He plowed through cornflakes, bacon and eggs, rolls and marmalade, while I toyed with a cup of black coffee.

Seeing my breakfast untouched, Draycott leaned over and with his customary politeness asked, "I say, sir! May I?"

He did. He ate the lot and then bought two more breakfasts from sleepy children with pieces of barley sugar hoarded from the night.

At Beirut we had lunch, and Draycott was visibly disappointed that I ate all mine. Finally, at Bahrein, I left the plane. "Good-by, sir!" cried Draycott as I stepped off into the blinding heat, and then he added one last, wistful remark straight from the heart, "I shall miss you tomorrow morning at breakfast, sir!" I never thought I could have such fun flying, and I never felt so young.

If only it were all like that—but a lot of my flying isn't even on scheduled airlines. Because I am always pressed for time, I must always take the first aircraft I can. That's just what happened in Crete in August, 1955.

An American notability named Elsa Maxwell had arranged—with the aid of Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchos—a two-week cruise round the Greek islands for 100 selected millionaires. A special boat was chartered. Elsa is an old friend of mine, and before sailing date she managed to whittle down her millionaire friends to a paltry ninety-eight, making room for Mr. and Mrs. Barber.

Reporting the doings of a batch of millionaires is not my line, but I grabbed the opportunity for a two-week assignment in the company of the wife I see all too rarely. Foolish dreams! At Crete a cable

---

A tomboy is a girl who hasn't yet discovered that her strength lies in her weakness.

ELDON PEDERSEN

---

arrived from the office, "Heavy rioting against Greeks Istanbul canst proceed urgentest."

Couldst. I was short of money through living beyond my station, but Stavros looked after that by languidly lending me $1000. I nipped up to the airfield at Herakleion, only to find there wasn't a plane out all day. But then I espied a nice, new Tri-Pacer and an evident owner proudly polishing it.

Private pilots can't take paying passengers. But there are ways. I laid the $1000 on the wing, spread out like the wares of a brush salesman. Money looks good like that.

"Now look," I said to the owner. "This is no time for arguing. Just take what you think you should have, and get me to Istanbul as fast as you can." He was a decent guy. He took only $500 and we were air-borne in twenty minutes, giving me a forty-eight-hour beat on one of 1955's biggest stories.

"I did enjoy this," the pilot said as we shook hands at Istanbul's airport, still open for traffic. "Terribly exciting—you see I only checked out solo last week."

One advantage of air travel is a new kind of commercial enterprise greatly to be admired. This is the airport duty-free shop which sells you anything—cut-price sake in Tokyo, whisky for next to nothing at Shannon in Ireland, perfume as cheap as rainwater at Orly outside Paris, cigars for less than cigarettes in Madrid.

There is no limit to what you can buy; the only snag is the customs man at the other end. Happily, I have discovered a way to combat this hawk-eyed individual. I began the dodge because of my addiction to black and brutal French cigarettes. I like three packs a day, and that means carrying them round with me in bulk. One day I landed in Tokyo for a four-day stopover, but (*Continued on Page 100*)

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Prices slightly higher in Canada. (c) 1957.

(*Continued from Page 98*) because I had no outbound ticket and couldn't prove I was moving on soon, the Japanese charged me duty on fifty packs of cigarettes. Something had to be done.

The trick is simple. If I'm carrying cigarettes to a place where I know the customs men are inhospitable, I always book my ticket to a country beyond the one where I'm alighting. If I'm flying, say, to Bermuda, I book firm to Bermuda, then an open ticket to Nassau. It all goes on the same ticket. At the customs, I proffer this ticket, which shows destination Nassau, and murmur, "I just had to stop in Bermuda for a couple of days. I love your country so much."

It never fails. The pleased customs men chalk up your bags before you can say "Havana." Of course I've no intention of going to Nassau, so I nip into the airline's office, cancel the ticket from Bermuda to Nassau, and get a credit check.

But now that we have delved into the delights of flying, I must confess that, to those who fly frequently, long-distance hurtling through the air often is as boring a form of transport as can be imagined. To a businessman flying between two big cities on a well-appointed line, six or seven hours in the air can be a pleasant relaxation from office chores. More often than not, I miss these pleasant jaunts, and what could be a direct eight-hour flight between two points turns out to take forty hours or more.

Now, I think I have beaten boredom in the air. There's only one thing to remember—if you fly a lot, you cannot turn all those long lost hours into deliriously pleasant ones. So turn them into a profit instead. I make two real profits out of air travel—sleeping and reading.

I can sleep on any aircraft at any time, for a few minutes or for hours on end. I use my flying hours deliberately to store up sleep like a sleep bank, against the time when I may want to draw on my reserves. In February I was with the United States 6th Fleet and was being helicopted from the flagship Salem to the carrier Coral Sea. It was dirty weather and we hovered for twenty minutes before landing, but I never felt the helicopter hit the deck. First thing I knew, a sailor had wrenched open the door in a blustering gale, taken one look at the middle-aged gentleman with his lifebelt wrapped round his overcoat, and was gasping to the next man, "Hey! This guy's scared! He's fainted!"

Though it was only nine A.M., I was grabbing a nap to pass the time.

But even more than I use plane travel to store up sleep I use it to catch up on education—an education I never had, as I started work at fifteen. When I first went to live in Paris, in May, 1945, I doubt if I could speak ten words of French. Six months later, I spoke no more. Then one day I bought a set of teach-yourself books and for six months I made a point of never reading a word of English when flying.

That chore over, I started catching up on Those Books You Should Read, But Never Do. I always carry with me six books that demand time, books over which you must pause and reflect, books which the distractions of modern life don't permit one to absorb—some books should be absorbed, not merely read.

It goes without saying that sometimes I can't follow these rules. There was that time in Central Africa when I shared a plane with a baby elephant. I was following the trail which that famous newspaperman, Stanley, took in his search for Doctor Livingstone, starting in lovely Zanzibar and ending in Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. On one leg I took a plane and there were only two passengers—myself and a baby elephant being taken to the nearest railhead. The reactions of a baby elephant when airsick are best left undescribed.

So are the reactions of a globe-trotting newspaperman when he is airsick. But it wasn't my fault, really. While in Bangkok, I was ordered to Singapore in a hurry. An old DC-3 was the only aircraft available that day. Again, there was only one other passenger—a venerable Chinese with a few wisps of gray beard. When the no-smoking sign was switched off, he lit up a pipe of opium.

In utter peace, he lay back on his reclining seat, until suddenly he seemed stricken with the thought he was being inhospitable. With typical Chinese courtesy he offered me a puff. Having lived in the East, I knew that courtesy demanded I accept. The trip took four long hours and I was sick as a dog the whole way.

At least it taught me a lesson. I have definitely sworn off opium for the next million miles. THE END

"Now, let it rain."

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The Fortune Hunters (Continued from Page 43)

gray suits with a froth of lace at the throat, marshaling parents, culprits, police and judges impartially, transfixing them all with clear gray eyes which unequivocally proclaimed that nobody is really bad, only badly trained.

Many times old Mrs. Volkov, despite her own dim view of the tough boys the town knew as Miss Hook's Hoods, dug into her black-beaded handbag for bail. And often she wrote sizable checks for the special education of some boy whom everybody but Miss Hook had shrugged off as headed for the state reform school.

For years Miss Hook had been vainly trying to browbeat the council into voting funds for a special technical school for those of her boys who found the regular academic courses unreal and impossible. She had in mind a very definite kind of school; not one of those misnamed trade schools where boys are regimented to mark time before prison or a lifetime low-paid unskilled job. She wanted an academy, small, intimate and expert, whose graduates would possess genuine skills and pride. But the town was mostly residential; there were no heavy industries to fatten the tax take. Such a formidable appropriation was easy to put off from session to session.

Miss Hook was well enough versed in real politics to know that if she could only get such a school started on her own, the council would never dare let it expire. She also knew, without undue vanity, that such a school would stand or fall on the personality of its head. Now and again, Mrs. Volkov—the whole town knew her as Mrs. V.—had mentioned doing something about the school, but her late husband, knowing her generous heart's prodigality, had tied up the bulk of the candy fortune in watertight trusts.

The teacher usually arrived at Mrs. V.'s chauffeured by one of her boys in a stripped-down, souped-up car painted in four or more dizzy colors. She never looked silly in any of these bizarre vehicles. Mrs. V. was reminded of the old proverb: "Wherever the Empress of Russia sits is the head of the table."

Mrs. V. lived in a vast effusion of turrets, porticoes, cupolas and lancets—Miss Hook called it Byzantine Berserk—which the late Nikolai Volkov had erected to memorialize the coast-to-coast success of his Lady Elena Chocolates. In one of the huge, darkly paneled rooms the old lady served tea in the old Russian fashion, boiling hot in tall glasses clamped in exquisitely enameled holders. Miss Hook had never quite mastered the trick of sloshing the scalding tea over a lump of sugar in the mouth. As for lacing it with an occasional dollop of vodka, she would have gone to the stake first.

The tea was made in an enormous samovar which seemed to be puffing steam night and day. It stood, including its tall cylindrical chimney, over three feet high. It was obviously handmade of some cheap-looking white metal, with oddly lovely handles of figured birch wood. Squat, bulgy and plain, it reminded Miss Hook of its owner.

"Papa made it for me," Mrs. V. had once told her, patting its fat sides lovingly. "Someday, Emma, I must tell you big, big joke about my funny old samovar. Is very funny."

Her round red face crumpled up in secretive mirth until the button of a nose almost vanished. Miss Hook had learned that when the little old lady reverted to her Russian accent, she was going to be very stubborn or very secretive or appallingly ribald. With a quick, sly look at the samovar, Mrs. V. changed the subject.

"Papa," she declared proudly, "was more than a blacksmith. He could make bells for the troikas—the three-horse sleighs, you know—and even fix clocks."

Miss Hook smiled. She thought of the old lady's grandnephew, her only heir, whose stylish wife had concocted a general at the late Czar's court to replace that sweaty village blacksmith.

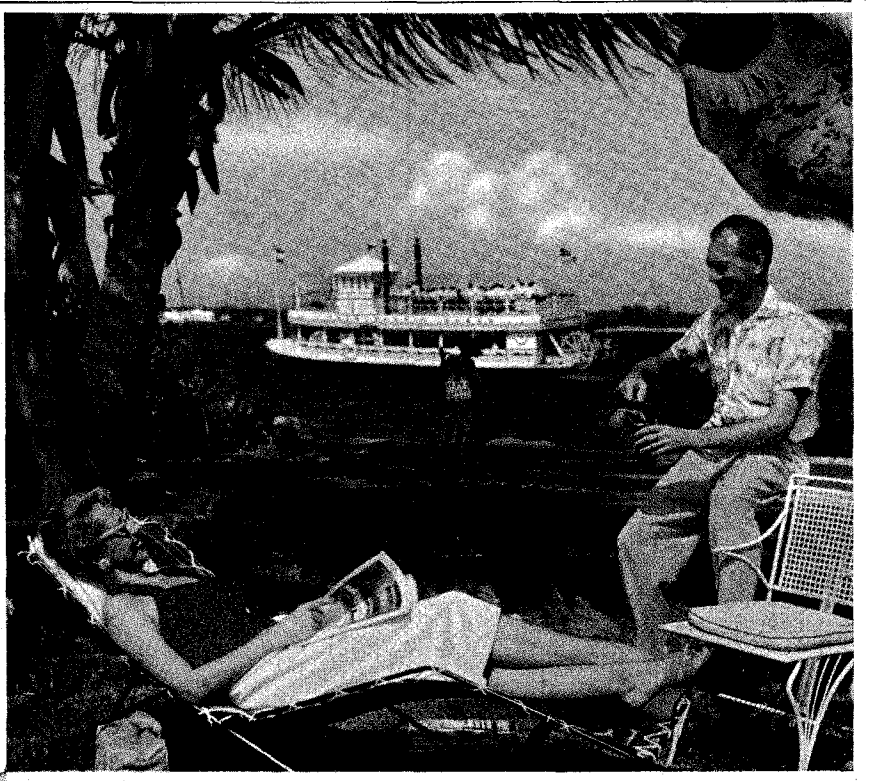
Elena Petrovna Dovnik—not yet Volkov—had been born in a tiny village in the remotest Ural Mountains. Only two years after it happened did they learn that the Czar was gone and that some very unlikable people were running things. Her family wiped out in the famine of the '20's, she had trudged all the way across Russia and Poland, the massive samovar strapped to her sturdy back, to go to America, where everybody was rich.

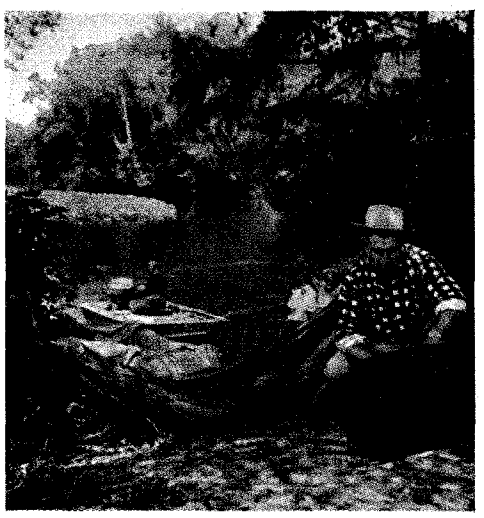
"It was my only memento of home. Snapshots? Who in our village had ever seen a camera?"

She had scrubbed floors for two years in Poland to earn her steerage fare to New York. In America she had met and married Nikolai Volkov, a hulking, shy baker from Kiev, who courted her with candies he invented after hours at the bakery. They became rich in the candy business and neither of them was ever surprised. This was America, so it was automatic; very simple.

Nikolai Volkov, when his hair was white, but his muscles still like steel, had taken a pneumonia that not even his great chest could fight off. His last words, as he slowly turned his blurring eyes around the rich clutter of his bedchamber,

GULF STREAM COAST—Sight-seeing boat plies its way past a sea wall on a blue lagoon. Though often associated with ultimate in luxury, southeast area offers many reasonably-priced accommodations.





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CENTRAL FLORIDA—Outboard cruising on one of the many thousands of lakes found in this area. Boat launching sites are found throughout Florida.

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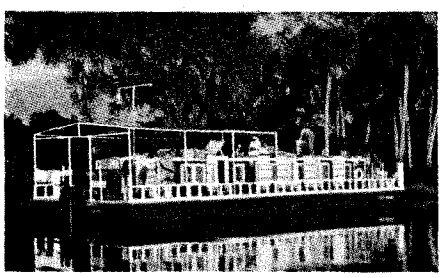
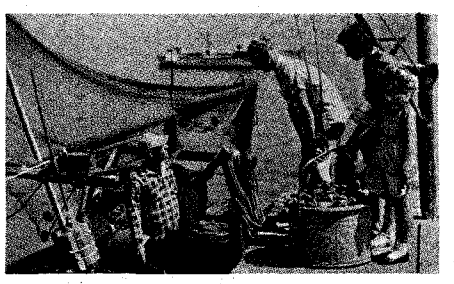


WEST COAST—Shanty boat on fishing and fun cruise to Lake Okeechobee. Canal connects lake and east coast Indian River Region.

NORTH FLORIDA — Landing catch in the Suwannee River. High bluffs and plantations make cruises and rides along the banks scenic.



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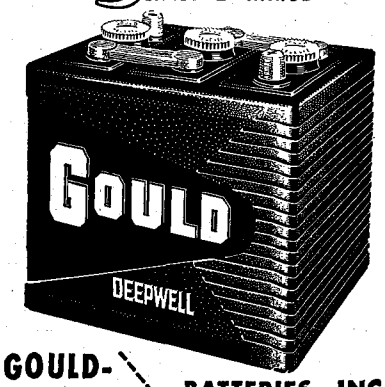

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were, "We got nice big house, Lenyushka, no?"

"*Da, da,* Nikko, you built me fine house."

She had closed his eyes with her own calloused fingers and stayed on in the echoing mansion, trying to make it seem smaller by constantly scrubbing and polishing. She bounced around to every possible social occasion, sat on committees, went to the movies, especially Westerns, but nevertheless they were lonely days and nights for a childless widow.

The stairs became steeper, but she would never admit it. When she fainted one afternoon, Doctor Parker entered her house professionally for the first time. He fussed and scolded and started to write instructions suitable for a sick little old lady. She waved her hand.

"*Stoi! Stoi!* Don't tell me don'ts. I am too old to learn good habits."

In the fur bed shawl she looked like a cranky little bear. Grumbling, Doctor Parker had given up. To conceal her condition, Mrs. V. went so far as to receive her friend, Miss Hook, fully dressed and "just removing" a polishing mitt. Sick though she felt, it would be a shameful thing to be seen unfit to work.

The teacher had driven up in a car which looked like a large bug that had just lost a major battle, and sounded like the grand diapason of a cathedral organ. Mrs. V. gazed in amazement at the driver's ornate waves and curls.

"Crazy haircut," she snorted, when he was out of earshot.

"The very word Buzz himself would use, Elena. You're learning the language."

"Looks like girl's hair," the old lady sniffed.

"Not at all," Miss Hook declared firmly. "All those baroque waves are as fundamentally male as the lace ruffs of a Regency buck or the hundred-dollar boots of a cowboy."

Mrs. V. was guiltily silent. She should have known better than to disparage one of Miss Hook's boys.

"Emma," she said, after a long pause, "this old house. It would make a fine school for your boys, no?"

Miss Hook looked at her sharply. She knew how the house was tied up. And it was not like the old lady to be thinking of death—not at all like her.

"Elena," she demanded, "is there something the matter?"

"No. Of course not. What should be the matter?"

The round eyes went even rounder, the innocent face even more innocent. But teachers, one and all, know what to make of that much innocence in a face. She waited to be told; people usually did tell her things. But not Elena Volkov; a lifetime habit of reticence was holding to the end.

"All these great big rooms," the old lady said gently. "So much empty space. But," she went on more briskly, "is very solid place. Oak floors, steel beams, even, under all that fancy panels. You could have benches and tools."

Miss Hook felt her chest tighten. It would indeed be ideal. A place to let mediocre boys find their own importance, to put to lifetime purpose all that energy and honest craftsmanship and patience that now went into making a fifty-dollar junkyard automobile into a formidable racing machine. Miss Hook thought of those ridiculous haircuts bent over a hopeless engine, the eyes sincere and respectful, all the angers and fears erased.

"Really, Elena," she said sternly, "I hope I haven't been seeming to—er—hint ——"

"*Nichevo, nichevo!*" Mrs. V. waved a gnarled little paw. "Maybe you should hint more. Anyway, all *I* have to give is *things.*"

Miss Hook appreciated the emphasis. Not many people realized that the teacher was not just filling up an empty life with busybody good works, that there was in her dealings with her "Hoods" a busy, two-way relationship of giving and getting. Not parenthood, perhaps, but a coin quite as true.

Mrs. V. said no more on the subject. She never told anybody her plans. One of these days, she had decided, she must overcome her dislike of lawyers enough to see about willing to Emma Hook the big house. The rest of the Lady Elena Chocolates fortune must go, by sacred right of the blood, to her grandnephew, Piotr, even though he never bothered to come to see her since his marriage to that terrifyingly chic secretary of his.

One evening Mrs. Volkov's own homemade *blini* tasted like felt pot holders. She peered indignantly down at the plate; it rippled and wavered, and the room grew unaccountably darker.

She awoke in her own bed with strange faces looking solemnly down at her. One was that of Doctor Parker. When she tried to speak to him, her lips were frozen stiff. Not even her fingers moved.

"So?" she managed to whisper crookedly.

Doctor Parker nodded with heavy finality.

The whole town knew at once. The sleek limousine with an out-of-state license was as conclusive as a waiting hearse. Mrs. V.'s only heir had not visited her since before anyone could remember. People kept track of things like that. Piotr Volkov was known to his fashionable friends as Peter Ffoulkes. He was big and stocky, with a large round head which looked as though it ought to be shaven, but had instead an Ivy League crewcut. His wife, Clara, Doctor Parker decided, would make an ideal model for the eldest daughter of King Lear. The doctor had, on his own, sent for Miss Hook, and Clara openly resented it.

"I used to love playing in all these corridors and towers when I was a kid," Peter Ffoulkes said.

His wife smiled thinly and her handsome eyes flicked into discard all such low-brow mansions as the Volkov house. By so doing, and by always so doing, she was sure that she could one day bury the memory of the flimsy frame bungalow of her childhood; it had been a regular stop on the rounds of the Home Welfare workers. In Miss Hook she recognized a possible rival claimant of the fortune slowly passing from the stiff hands of the little old lady upstairs.

Her glazed elegance becoming a shade more taut, she said to Miss Hook, "I understand you do charity work with juvenile delinquents."

Miss Hook, worried about her friend, looked Clara Ffoulkes up and down impatiently, as though she might whip out a tissue and order her to remove some of that lipstick.

Doctor Parker hurried over to them. "Come, now," he said, including Miss Hook in the summons.

Peter Ffoulkes stepped aside for her, but his wife took his arm in such a way as to interpose a barrier square across Miss Hook's access to the stairs. As Clara had known she would, Miss Hook turned and went to a chair at the far end of the huge foyer. Clara marched possessively up the great stairs. Peter Ffoulkes pretended not to see.

Elena Petrovna Volkov lay rigid in the bed, which had so long been too wide for her. The heavy brocade drapes were drawn. Flickering votive lights before numerous gilt-framed icons heightened the darkness and bigness of the room. Hanging on the walls from worn lengths of scarlet ribbon were dozens of gorgeous porcelain Easter eggs, each with the triumphant inscription, in Cyrillic letters: "Rejoice, Christ is risen."

On the bed table stood a huge object like a small steel smelter which Clara knew was a samovar—her husband's had been exiled to the attic. Mrs. V. watched the steam as it wafted cozily across the narrow field of her vision. Two things must be done—must be done, she knew, right now. She must see to it that Emma Hook got her school, and she must tell little Piotr the funny, funny thing about the samovar. He would enjoy the joke; he was not a bad boy away from that woman. Emma would say he was being badly trained.

A hoarse little murmur from the pillow brought Peter Ffoulkes leaning down. He smiled as he had years ago. Clara was off to the side of the line of sight.

"This house," she struggled the words past stubborn lips, "for Emma Hook. School for the boys."

Peter Ffoulkes nodded agreement.

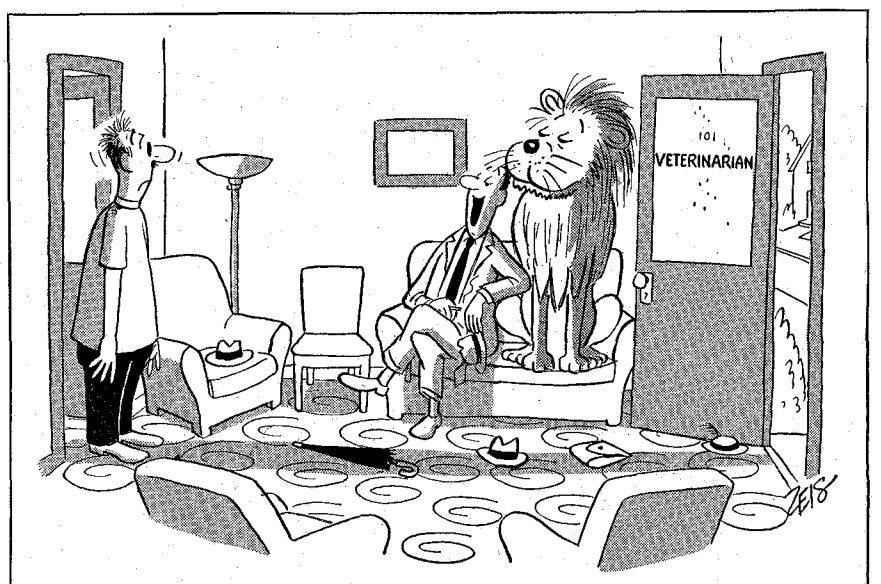
"What was that?" Clara's voice was almost shrill.

She stepped over beside her husband and he suddenly looked smaller. He explained.

Clara clucked her tongue piously. "Fancy that prissy schoolmarm trying to take advantage of a poor sick little old lady."

She made the "sick" sound "mental." Mrs. V.'s black eyes glittered dangerously. She

(*Continued on Page 104*)



"Hi."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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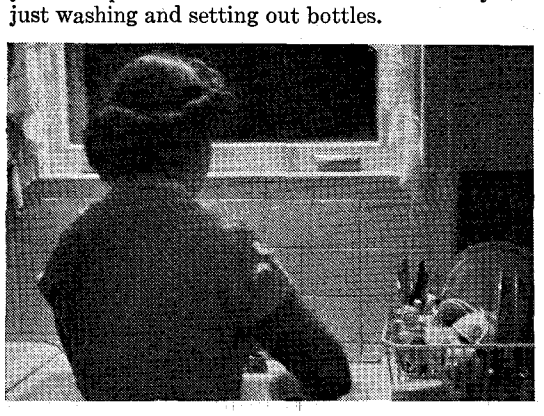
Stop milk bottle washing forever!

Get all your milk in disposable Pure-Pak cartons

Now that dairies most everywhere are making home deliveries in Pure-Pak, you, too, can enjoy the wonderful convenience of this disposable container *all* the time. Spacesaving Pure-Pak cartons are lightweight, shatterproof, far safer for children to use. The protective carton *seals in* milk's natural goodness, *seals out* vitamin- and flavor-destroying sunlight. Best of all, you know this sanitary carton *is used only once, only for dairy products, only by your family!* Ask your milkman for this modern milk service today!

If your family uses only 2 quarts of milk a day . . . you will spend between 15 and 20 hours this year just washing and setting out bottles.



Safe for small hands! Children can be trusted with these lightweight, shatterproof, easy-to-handle Pure-Pak containers.

Bob Considine, famous author, radio and TV star, narrates the wonderful "NEW STORY OF MILK" in a 27-minute, full color, 16-mm sound motion picture. Call your local dairy, or write us to arrange a showing for your school, club or church group.

20 million times a day, someone breaks the seal on a fresh Pure-Pak carton.

Pure-Pak Division, Ex-Cell-O Corporation, Detroit 32, Mich.

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(*Continued from Page 102*) tried to gather her strength, but there was none left. She could hardly believe it—those sturdy legs, that never complaining heart, all betraying her. She tried to make her voice louder, but it only blurred the words.

Peter shuffled indecisively. Clara shook her head gently, and it was as decisive as the burning of a will.

Mrs. V. glared helplessly back at her. A soft weariness was taking over the frozen limbs, moving upon the slowing heart. Far off she could hear the silver bells of troikas. How strange! How could it be? She wanted only to listen to the rapidly approaching bells. On the wall facing her was an icon of Saint Giorgi. His face was pink and boyish and he wore a helmet set with real seed pearls; the dragon he was attacking looked like a little cream-and-green chameleon, but he was reining up and setting his lance with all the fervor of Armageddon. A reproach to anyone who would give up. *But what*, she thought, *can I do?*

The steam from the samovar caught the red light from the votive lamp before the icon, and made the little dragon seem to be breathing real fire. So! So great was her elation that her lips actually curved for the smile that bounded to them. If Clara Ffoulkes had known more about Mrs. V. she would have taken alarm at that smile—the crafty twinkle of a simple person about to put something over on a clever person.

Mrs. V. had decided not to tell little Piotr the funny joke. Let him find it out later; then let Clara fume like the samovar itself. Of course, she would have to rely on Emma Hook's ability to decipher the joke. Mrs. V. knew that Clara would never let the teacher come to see her, and would doubly scrutinize any gift made to her.

Slowly, carefully weighing each word, the old lady whispered her instructions. The big samovar was to be given to Miss Emma Hook at once. Peter nodded. Clara dismissed the trivial matter with a patient smile. Mrs. V. then dictated the note that was to accompany the odd legacy. It especially entertained her that Clara volunteered to write the note in her own hand—which was a plausible imitation of finishing-school backhand script.

Dear, dear Emma: I want you to have this. My father made it back in our Ural Mountain village. I know that with your special talent you will be able to put it to the best possible use. God keep you. Love.

ELENA

This was as far as she dared to go; from there on, Emma would be on her own. But she was a very learned lady.

Clara started to fold the note, but the old lady—getting, Clara decided, less stable by the moment—insisted that it be rolled. Then it had to be tied around with a bit of red ribbon snipped from a hanging Easter egg. Clara humored her.

The jingling of the troika bells was nearer. There were singing voices now and balalaikas and a breezy little accordion. The bells and the singing filled the room. One voice, deep and growly, rose above all the others, as befitted the happiest man. Elena Petrovna Volkov closed her eyes, still smiling. The priest, a tower of gold, began chanting.

Clara shrank back, touched with an alien fear, as her husband stumbled through the long-forgotten words. Downstairs, Miss Hook heard the resonant chanting for the first time in her life, but she knew what it meant.

The genuine sadness in her shoulders, in the eyes no longer kept spear-point bright, impelled Peter Volkov to blurt out, before Clara could stop him, "You know, Miss Hook, Baba wanted you to have this house ——"

"Unfortunately," Clara cut in smoothly, "there was no time for such mere business matters, so ——"

She broke off. People had never been able to finish a tasteless remark with Miss Emma Hook looking them in the eye. Miss Hook went home, angry that her friend had not had a friendlier and more gracious send-off. She had not heard the troika bells and the songs.

The samovar was delivered to Miss Hook's impeccable little cottage a few days after the funeral. She was giving extra lessons in grammar to a hefty boy known as Billy Peepo—because his real name was too long—who owned what was generally agreed to be the coolest car and loudest voice in town. Miss Hook knew that he shouted because he was afraid of people.

Noting in the back of her mind something oddly familiar about the appearance of the rolled and beribboned letter, Miss Hook set the samovar on her sideboard. It was sad and strange to see it without the cozy plumes of steam; nothing could more poignantly have asserted that her friend was gone away. Billy Peepo's eyes were widely inquisitive over the top of his grammar book. Fascinated by any new gadget, he was mutely pleading to be allowed to study it instead of the exasperating Rules of Who and Whom.

While Miss Hook read the note left by Mrs. V., Billy Peepo investigated the samovar. Poking and peering, he looked, Miss Hook reflected with a pang, quite, quite beautiful. Rough and grubby and not at all bright; and a wonderful creation, because his intellect was in action before a challenge. She could have wept over the lost school. Well, well, she pulled herself up sharply, you couldn't lose what you'd never had. Elena Volkov had never owed her anything; she had unstintingly given friendship, and that itself is the greatest gift. But Miss Hook sighed all the same.

Billy Peepo did not think much of the samovar. "Too much pot for too little work," he declared.

Miss Hook explained that the samovar in old Russian homes tried to represent at once the security of the hearth, the hospitality of the rooftree and, too, the opulence and social standing of the proud possessor.

Billy Peepo could understand that; it was like a TV set in a way. But he thought this samovar a pretty crumby item for a rich old lady to take special trouble to leave to a good friend. The whole town, Miss Hook knew, had thoroughly discussed that very matter, and Clara Ffoulkes' part in thwarting the gift of the big house was apparently known to everybody.

Miss Hook read the note several times. As old Mrs. V. had assumed, the teacher detected the undertone of the apparently innocent sentences. But she could not figure what it meant. "Special talent"? Miss Hook was not aware that she had any. Certainly not making tea. It had always been a joke between them that she could hardly boil water without burning it; this would be an unthinkably cruel appendix to that joke. Elena Volkov had not had a cruel cell in her body.

When, still puzzled, she laid the note beside the samovar, the heavy bond paper at once reassumed its cylinder shape. Seeing it thus, with the red ribbon beside it, Miss Hook realized in a sudden flash what it looked like. A ripple of excitement tingled her spine. In her day, Emma Hook had seen enough diplomas to reach from Bangor to Seattle. Here, Mrs. V. had been trying to convey to her, in this funny-looking souvenir of the Ural Mountains, lay the key to Miss Hook's dream of a special school for boys like Billy Peepo. Miss Hook eyed him thoughtfully.

"Petropolous, what would you say my special talent might be?"

Hardly recognizing himself by his right name, Billy Peepo scratched his thick mane.

"I guess," he decided at length, "it's getting people out of trouble."

He would naturally, Miss Hook realized, judge by his own experience. She was sure that this was not the talent to which the old lady had referred.

"Suppose," she tried again, "I had to accomplish something very important, what resource, what ability special to me, would I invoke?"

Flattered, Billy Peepo thought deeply. "Quiz programs," he declared with finality. "With all the stuff you know, you could go on one of those TV shows and win mink coats and cars and ——"

He had to stop there because Billy Peepo could think of nothing more ultimately wonderful than the cars people won on TV shows just for knowing things.

"Of course, it's only a suggestion, gentlemen, but let's not forget who's making it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Miss Hook shuddered inwardly. The idea of herself in a mink coat seemed almost immoral, and as for courting all that national notoriety —— The wistful awe in Billy Peepo's dark eyes abruptly changed her views. If these peculiar forms of entertainment were actually making erudition once more respected in the land, then more power to the coaxial cable.

Miss Hook had never thought of her vast store of knowledge as a special talent. It was simply an essential part of her duty to her own intellect and to those entrusted to her care. She read incessantly, with a wonder that never staled; she would own no pocketbook the wrong shape and size to hold books; and her memory was remarkable. Billy Peepo, although not at all learned, had a perception of people. He quickly caught the puzzled excitement radiating from Miss Hook, and from her many quizzical glances from the letter to the samovar divined the situation.

"Something funny about the pot, huh?"

Miss Hook nodded, her usually serene brow furrowed. "Funny" was the very word Elena had once used in reference to her old samovar. "Is very, very funny," she had said, with a sly smile. Feeling very foolish, Miss Hook got her ivory-handled reading glass and pored over every inch of the legacy. Billy Peepo's eyes bugged, as Miss Hook had to admit they had every right to do.

"A valuable antique, maybe?" he asked eagerly. He had an idea that any very old object must be valuable.

Miss Hook shook her head. Elena's father had made this samovar with his own clumsy, loving hands. Billy Peepo had an inspiration. He seized the urn in his powerful arms and shook it like a great cocktail shaker.

"Hidden jewels, betcha anything!" he said, his face aglow. "Those Russian nobles, when they had to take it on the lam—uh—run out ——"

Miss Hook started to remonstrate. But a legend is unkillable. She knew that the town was forever going to cherish a memory of Mrs. V. as an exotic exile from the doomed court of Nicholas II, last Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias. Clara Ffoulkes would have this little victory. Undaunted by Miss Hook's skeptical smile, Billy Peepo prodded all the joins of the white metal, seeking the hidden spring that would release the treasure. In his very acceptance of this outrageous possibility, Miss Hook saw a reflection of the town's faith that sturdy little old Mrs. V. was not likely to let herself be outfoxed by a pip-squeak niminy-piminy like Clara Ffoulkes.

Miss Hook began to waver toward Billy Peepo's comic-book vision of hidden gems. It would not be incompatible with Elena's secretive, Old World peasant character to have been buying diamonds and stashing them away like a squirrel with acorns. Hetty Green had done just that. If this unhandsome object contained such a hoard, Billy Peepo would rout it out. But if the matter were so simple, why that emphasis on "special talent"? It takes no special ability to rip a pot apart, only a chisel and muscles.

She found herself more exasperated with the big samovar than she had ever allowed herself to be with the most refractory boy. She firmly ordered her thoughts: *Elena meant for me to think, and trusted that I would. She bet on me, as it were. Now then, let us assume that my knack for sopping up all sorts of knowledge is what she was betting on, how does it now tell me how to turn this silly-looking object into a pumpkin coach? The samovar was made by an ignorant blacksmith in a tiny, backward village in the Ural Mountains. In some way, a very funny joke is connected with* (*Continued on Page 106*)

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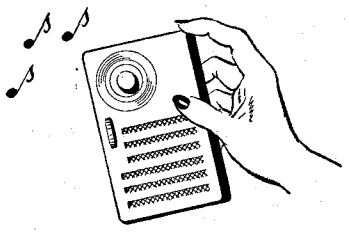

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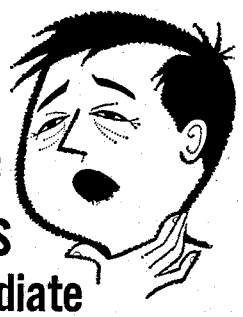
SORE THROAT?



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(*Continued from Page 104*) *it. And it contains my school.* Miss Hook looked her thoughts over, found them tidy—and wholly uncommunicative.

Billy Peepo was not one to sit around thinking. Clinging to his conviction that a treasure must be lurking in the bulges of the samovar, he wanted to attack it with hammer and chisel.

"Betcha a whole raft of di-muntz and rubies'll come pouring out!" he declared headily. His hands vividly pantomimed a glittering Niagara. Miss Hook played along with his happy excitement.

She said solemnly, "And emeralds too. We mustn't forget emeralds. Russia is the source of some of the best emeralds, as well as most of the world's ——"

She broke off so sharply that Billy Peepo stared at her. He had never seen Miss Hook's long face with a flush in it; it made him nervous. When she actually raised her voice, he jumped.

"Ural Mountains! Peasant blacksmith!" she exclaimed. "But no! That's simply impossible! Quite impossible!"

Triggered by the word "emeralds," Miss Hook's "special talent" had plucked from the vast memory bank a strange little item which had once intrigued that enchanted child of wonder, the late Mr. Robert L. Ripley. Telling herself that she believed it not, she took up the phone and called Mr. Arthur Switcher (Old Twitchy), the chemistry teacher at the high school.

Fussily bewildered, his speech and movements like those of a testy chipmunk, Mr. Switcher arrived with his field kit; he spent his spare time seeking uranium, so he could tear up his teaching certificate and never speak to another kid again as long as he lived.

If Emma wanted to know, for whatever reason, just how much tin there was in that pewter monstrosity on her sideboard, no harm in humoring her.

After routine applications of the standard reagents, his freckled high forehead began to wrinkle in perplexity.

"These acids might as well be distilled water," he said.

"Now try aqua regia," said Miss Hook, her voice oddly tight and small.

Mr. Switcher reached in his kit for this King of Acids, then turned slowly to stare at her.

"Emma Hook, you are out of your mind!"

Billy Peepo was all but out of his own mind at all these cryptic looks and remarks. Mr. Switcher's hand trembled slightly as he applied the vicious compound to the bland white surface of the samovar. Only this reagent made a bitter little scar.

"My heaven!" Mr. Switcher breathed.

"What's it all about?" Billy Peepo kept demanding plaintively.

Miss Hook explained as she had him place the samovar on the bathroom scales, "Platinum. Raw platinum from the Ural Mountains."

She made room for Mr. Switcher to read the scale. In a hypnotized voice, he said, glaring at the masquerading teapot, "Thirty-six and a half pounds of platinum. At the Government-fixed price of ninety-three dollars an ounce—over forty thousand dollars!"

Now Miss Hook knew the funny, funny joke of the samovar. Penniless, often hungry, Elena Volkov had walked across Europe with it strapped to her back. She had scrubbed floors for two years to earn steerage passage to America, refreshing her sturdy body with strong tea from the samovar. And had learned, probably by accident, the secret only when she was so rich it no longer mattered. It was like her not to have been bitter, but to have enjoyed the joke.

"Gold," declared Billy Peepo firmly, "is prettier."

Miss Hook agreed. In fact, as they learned when she took them on a long trek through her forest of reference books, a lot of people had despised platinum all through its history. The very name is a derogatory diminutive of "*plata*," Spanish for silver, a much-nicer-looking metal. Counterfeiters used to strike false doubloons in this trashy metal, plate them thinly with gold and pass them off on victims. For this, if caught, they could have both ears clipped off, although such "debased" coins were actually worth many times their face value. Even the Imperial Russian mint had once issued platinum "nickels," which, of course, was rather like making half dollars out of pure gold. Roush, in his dry-as-dust book, Strategic Mineral Supplies, took time out for a smile at this quaint history, as did Lumb in his equally arid The Platinum Metals.

Even Mr. Switcher smiled faintly—very faintly—at the picture of those stolid Russian villagers in the far Urals, many years ago, grubbing into the fabulously rich deposits of grayish-white metal and making pots and pans out of it.

"Because of its remarkable heat properties," he injected, not wanting to be left behind in all this spate of erudition.

"Exactly." Miss Hook beamed. "Elena Volkov's father used this handy, unimpressive metal for her samovar because it was all he could afford. He probably regretted that he could not give her something really worthy, such as copper. Silver would have been beyond even his dreams."

Billy Peepo took one last look at the Ripley item, shook his head wonderingly at the samovar and raced away to be, for once in his life, the first person to know something and tell it around.

"Clara Ffoulkes," Mr. Switcher chortled maliciously, "will have seven fits!"

Miss Hook knew that she would, indeed. When the sleek gray limousine slid up to her door the next morning, she was grimly embattled to fight for her gift and the school it now represented. Peter Ffoulkes, stepping softly on his small, blunt feet, did not look Miss Hook in the face. Clara dropped her fashion-photograph gloss long enough to cast a venomous and possessive glance at the samovar. Miss Hook wished that she had a lawyer with her. When the Ffoulkes chauffeur glided in, carrying a huge box, she stiffened and wished that she had tough Billy Peepo with her.

Peter Ffoulkes, without a word, removed the top of the box. Amazed, Miss Hook saw, nested in cotton, a collection of porcelain Easter eggs, each with its beautifully painted scene and its golden, ever-new cry, "Rejoice!"

"Twenty-nine of them," Peter Ffoulkes murmured, "One for each year of her life with Great-uncle Nikko."

Miss Hook understood, but she did not know what to say. Peter Ffoulkes laid a folded legal paper atop the eggs. A deed.

"Baba wanted you to have the house. You can use the money from the samovar"—he patted it tenderly—"for equipment, tools, gym stuff, and so on."

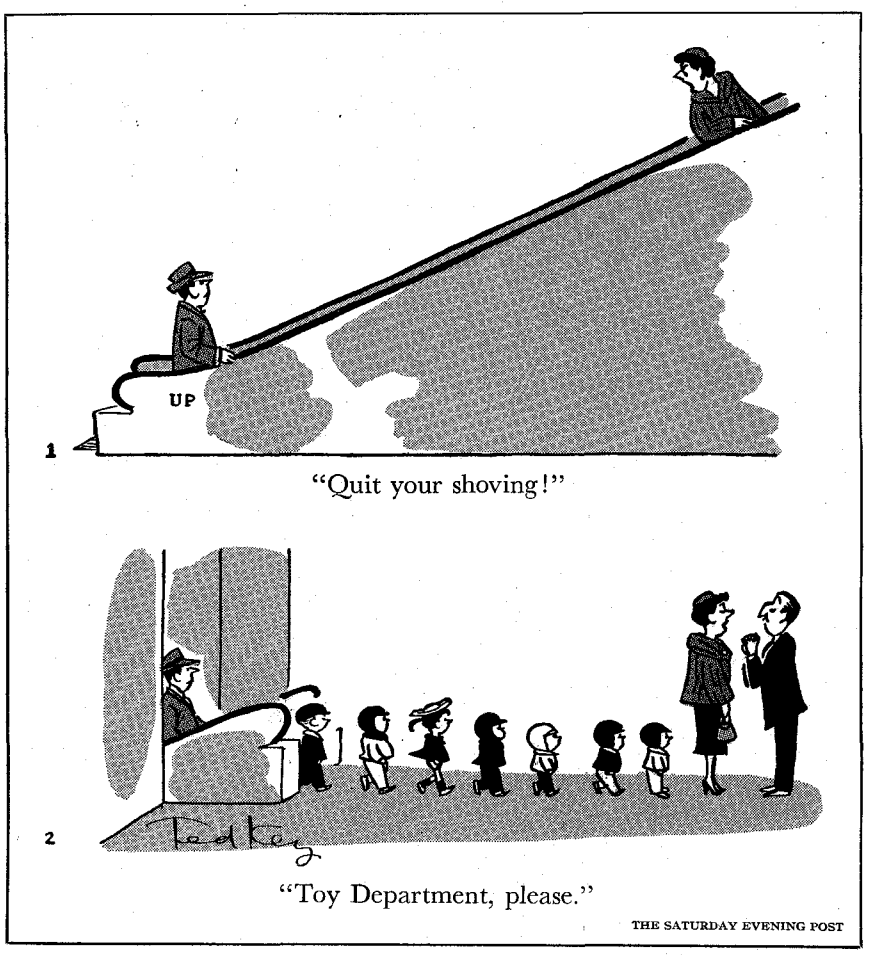
His gaze rested on the samovar as though seeing something else there—perhaps the comforting plumes of steam that once hovered about it.

"In the last moments of her life," he said, as though speaking to the samovar, "Baba looked around her and, except for Father Anastasius, saw only enemies. In order to do a last good act, she knew she had to outwit her own flesh and blood. I shall—we shall always have to know that. It won't be nice."

Clara raised a hand to protest. Her husband swung around and faced her massively. Each word fell like a slab of ice, "Clara, say good-by to Miss Hook. We're leaving now."

Behind her hard-won polish, Clara Ffoulkes looked frightened, not of violence but of great loss. Forever compensating for early hungers, she had pushed once too often. She had made her husband look cheap in his own eyes. Miss Hook wondered if Clara was strong enough to learn and to regain.

All of which is why a famous and respected boys' school is named for a woman, and why the Elena Volkov Academy has on its seal not the traditional Lamp of Learning, but a fat, funny-looking samovar. THE END



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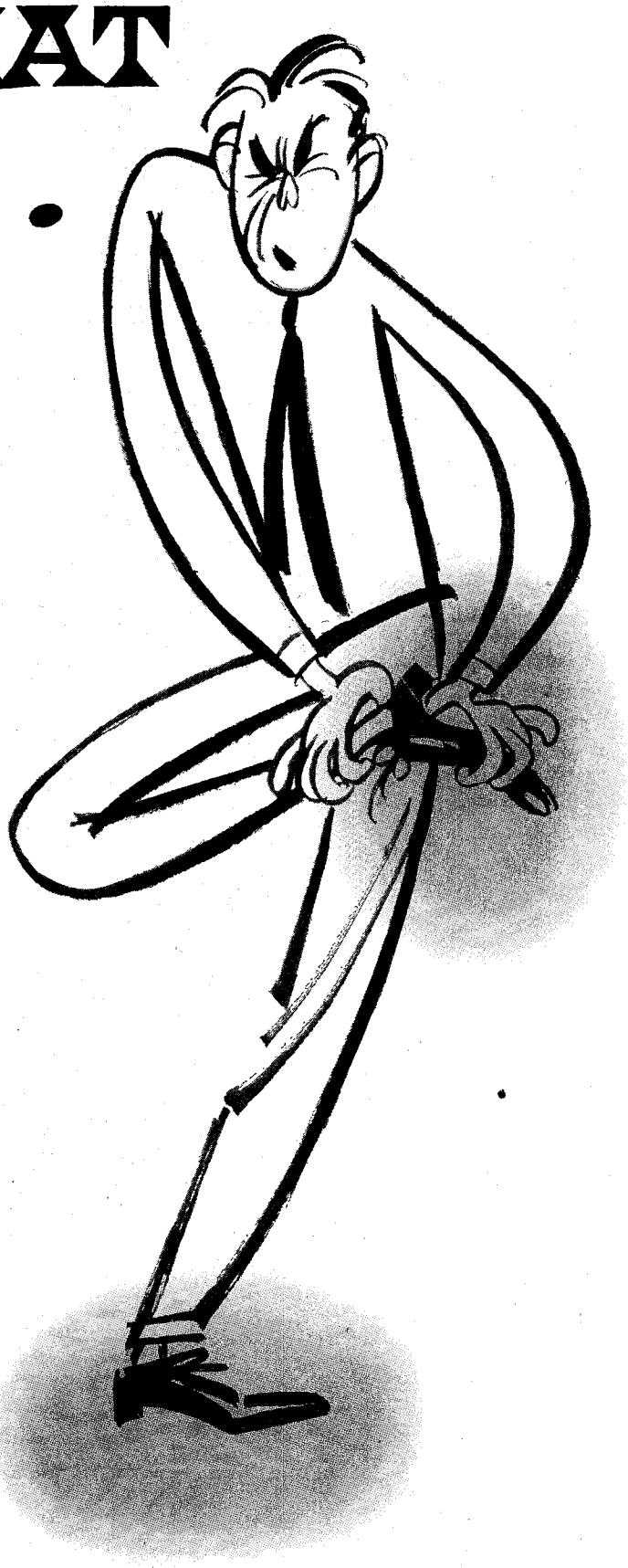
IF YOU BUY SHOES THAT DON'T FIT . . .



. . . you have lost only the cost of the shoes. But if you buy poorly fitted insurance you may be out thousands of dollars in case of loss.

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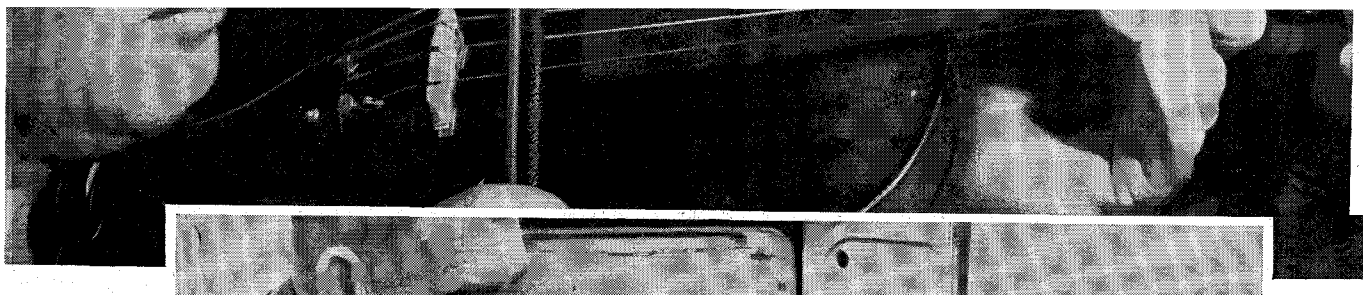
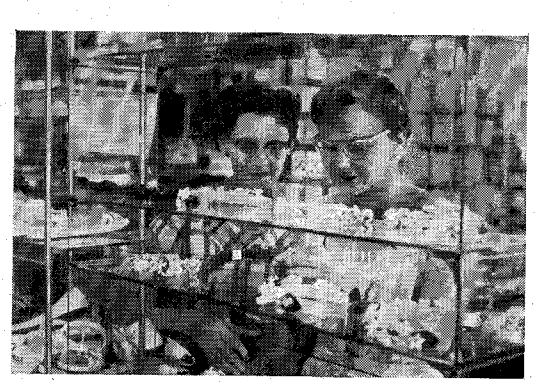


HOOSIER HOEDOWN is held Saturday nights at Black Creek Conservation Club in Van Buren, Indiana. Land and materials for club were donated by Appliance Manufacturing Company, Inc., a General Motors supplier.

ROTISSERIE ROUND TABLE—Appliance President Bill Crimmins, Sales Mgr. Omer Collins and Vice President Vern Davis discuss rotisserie drive designed and built for Frigidaire.

SAVINGS HAVE SHOT UP since Appliance Manufacturing moved to Van Buren. Here Appliance President Bill Crimmins—who is also V.P. and Director of Van Buren State Bank—talks over deposits with cashier Harold Rumple.

NEW BUSINESS—ladies' and children's shop—has started since Appliance arrived. Store Manager Vivian Coolman (l.) says Appliance families (like Engineer Bob Swartz, his wife Frances and Barbara and David) account for many sales.



BIGGER BUSINESS—Variety Store in Van Buren has doubled in size, raised sales substantially since Appliance came to town. Salaries which Appliance workers like Beulah Smith and Donna Slusher earn help account for better business.

BETTER BUSINESS of Eakins Food Market comes largely from Appliance payroll and Appliance workers like Mildred Whitecotton and Kathryn McDonald. Store has increased stock, added departments, raised sales since Appliance arrival.

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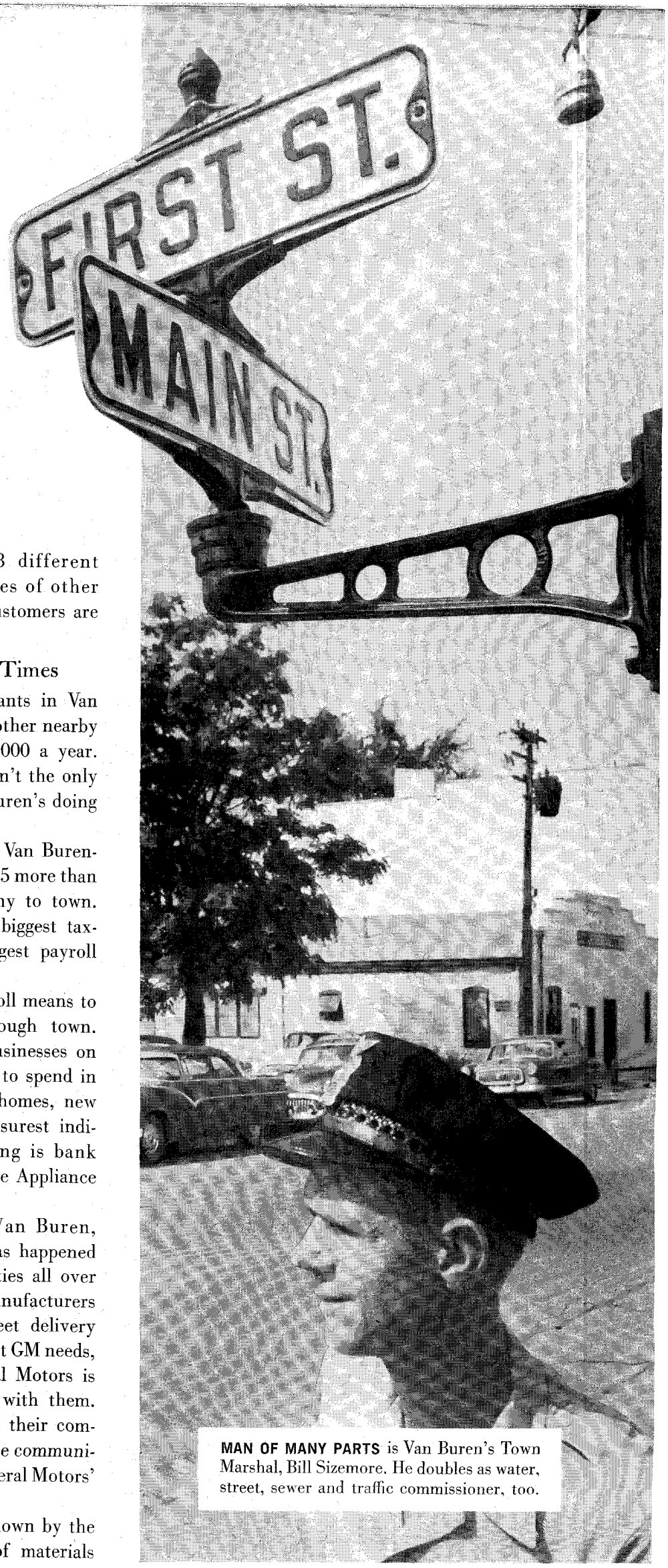
How a "switch in time" for General Motors brought success to a small business



TELL FOLKS in Van Buren, Indiana, that opportunity knocks only once and they'll tell you that's all a good man needs.

What's more, they'll prove it by pointing to William C. Crimmins, President of Appliance Manufacturing Company, Inc. —supplier of electric switches and controls to just about every major appliance maker in the country.

Talk to Bill and you'll see what they mean. For when Bill moved his six-months-old company to Van Buren eleven years ago, he had a handful of employes, a few machines, and a couple of customers —including General Motors' Frigidaire Division.

But today Bill will tell you that one of the reasons he and his company have succeeded is that he jumped when opportunity knocked—in the form of a phone call from Frigidaire—in 1946.

Delivering the Goods

FRIGIDAIRE was about to start production on a new line of electric ranges and found it necessary to obtain an additional source of supply for broiler control switches. They put in a hurry-up call to Bill: Could he come through in the pinch?

That was the break Bill—and his fledgling company—needed. He said he could and would.

Could—and did. Bill tooled up his plant in record time, hired extra hands in Van Buren. Night and day, for more than a month, switches flew to Frigidaire by special courier plane. Result: Frigidaire assembly lines rolled on schedule—and Bill got a steady customer who has bought well over a million dollars in switches and controls in the past ten years.

Today, for instance, Appliance is in regular production on 18 different Frigidaire items. And scores of other parts for a dozen different customers are being turned out, too.

Good Signs of Good Times

APPLIANCE now has two plants in Van Buren, two more in two other nearby towns, sales close to $2,000,000 a year. But Bill and his company aren't the only ones who've benefited. Van Buren's doing a lot better, too.

Today there are about 120 Van Burenites busy making switches—105 more than when Bill moved his company to town. The company is the town's biggest taxpayer—and provides the biggest payroll Van Buren has.

You can see what this payroll means to Van Buren by walking through town. There are new or growing businesses on every side, folks with money to spend in every store, freshly painted homes, new ones going up. Perhaps the surest indicator of how folks are doing is bank deposits—up almost 40% since Appliance came to town.

What has happened in Van Buren, Indiana, is typical of what has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that, if they meet delivery dates with quality products that GM needs, at competitive prices, General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New business has flowed into their communities—and as a result, these communities in every state share in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside suppliers of materials and services receive, in total, close to 50c of every dollar that General Motors takes in from the sale of its products.

MAN OF MANY PARTS is Van Buren's Town Marshal, Bill Sizemore. He doubles as water, street, sewer and traffic commissioner, too.

Small "Small" Business

About 64% of the 26,000 suppliers of goods and services to General Motors Divisions are *very* small businesses—employing less than 100 persons. Yet on the average, each of these small "small" businesses supplies at least two GM Divisions.

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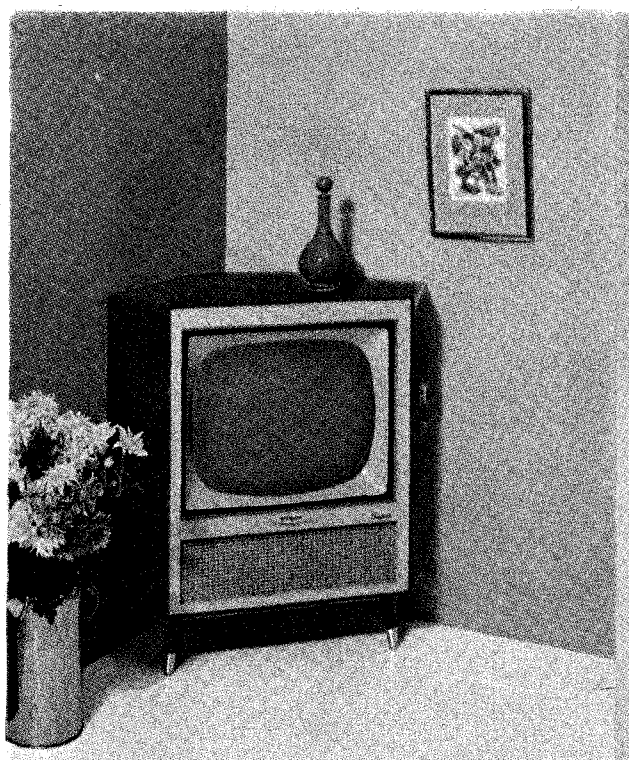
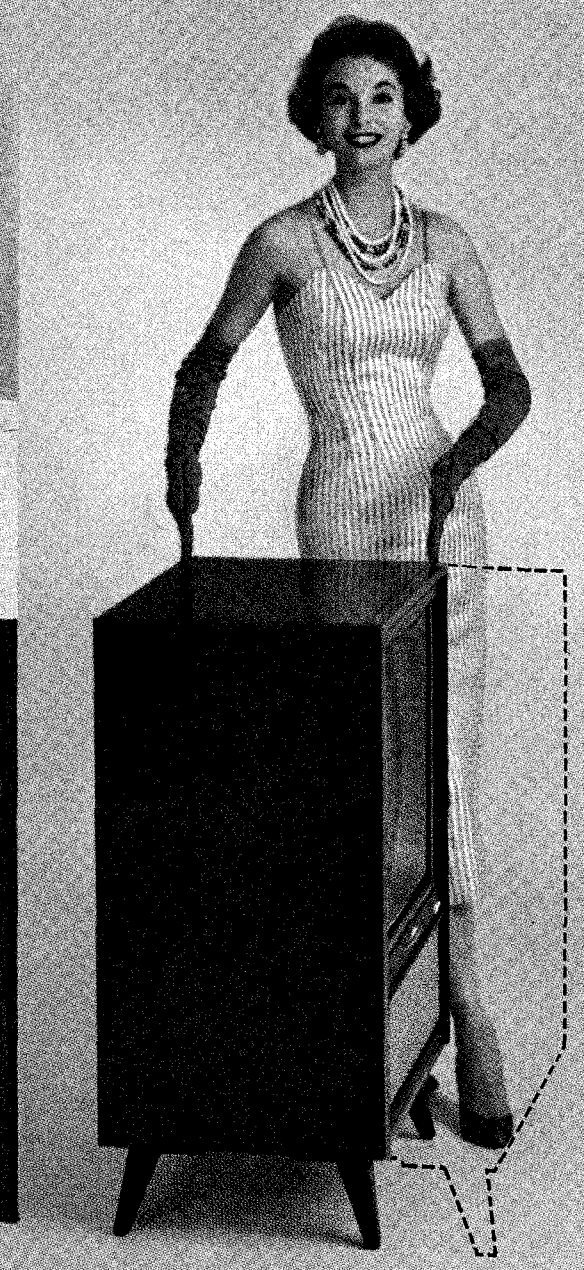


"Custom-Corner" TV. Malvern. Gives room-wide viewing, 262 square inch viewable picture. In walnut grained finish with blond face (21T847) $289.95.



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Longport. Dramatically slender, clean-lined console, 262 square inch viewable picture. In mahogany grained finish (21T842) $299.95.

Trim table TV. Holme Deluxe. Bigger picture in a smaller cabinet, 262 square inch viewable picture. In ebony finish (21D828) $219.95.

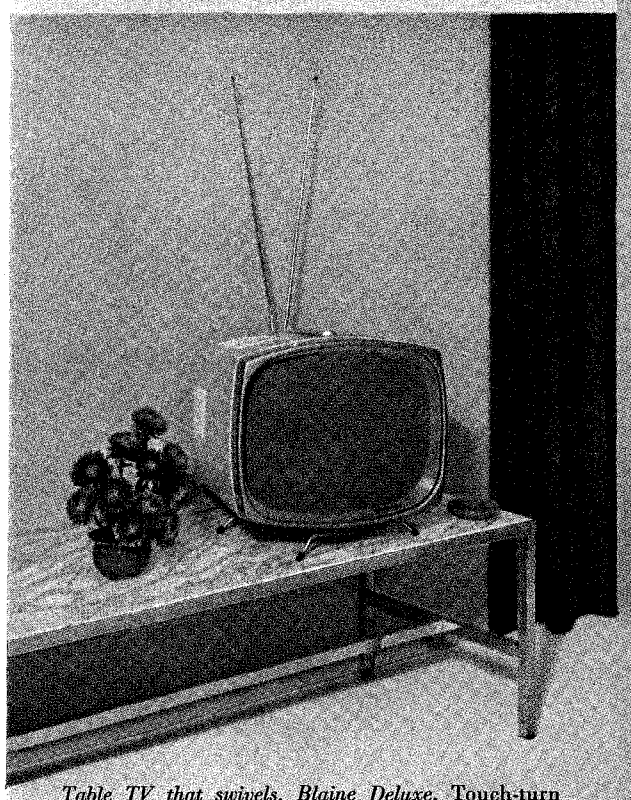
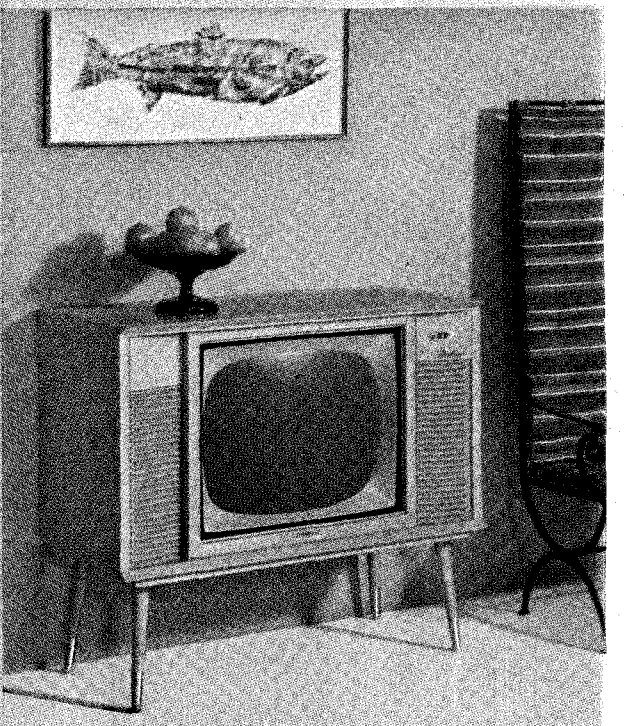


Table TV that swivels. Blaine Deluxe. Touch-turn convenience, 156 square inch viewable picture. In limed oak grained finish (17D818) $189.95.



Lean, clean lowboy. Fairhaven Deluxe. Luxurious modern cabinetry, 262 square inch viewable picture. In limed oak grained finish (21D856) $349.50.

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Something's Got to Give at Texas U.

(Continued from Page 39)

housing of athletes and nonathletes since 1955. Football players are subject, like other students, to stronger disciplinary regulations, and also to a ban on automobiles for freshmen, which was adopted to ease the parking problems created by the growth of university enrollment to 18,000. Recently an athlete in an upper class who was inveigled into keeping a car for a freshman friend was declared ineligible.

Tough jobs don't scare Darrell Royal. This apple-cheeked young Oklahoman has specialized in difficult assignments. In his head-coaching debut at Mississippi State, he took a team with a history of defeat. Royal's predecessor, Murray Warmath, had been considered something of a miracle man for compiling a two-year record of ten wins, six losses and three ties. Under Royal the Maroons won twelve and lost eight in two seasons.

When he moved to the University of Washington in 1956, the team was split with dissension. A revolt among Washington players had brought about the ouster of Coach Johnny Cherberg. Shortly after Royal arrived, the existence of a vast Washington slush fund to obtain athletes was exposed, and before long the Pacific Coast Conference and the National Collegiate Athletic Association had placed the Huskies on probation.

Royal knew of Washington's problems when he was contacted concerning the vacancy. "But I felt," he adds, "that at my age the job was a real test, and certainly things at Washington couldn't get any worse. They were bound to get better."

Royal quickly saw that morale got better. Despite the added handicap of introducing the split-T offensive system, he compiled what under the circumstances was a satisfactory 1956 record of five victories and five defeats.

This first Husky squad was his last. In negotiating for the Washington job he had reached an agreement with George Briggs, the athletic director, that if the opportunity for advancement arose, the school would not stand in his way. So when the invitation to visit Texas arrived, Royal promptly accepted.

Three seasons had remained on his contract when he jumped Mississippi State for Washington, and when he signed with Texas he owed Washington three more years. Yet Royal feels no embarrassment about his history of picking up stakes and moving.

"Some people might think I'm a drifter, a rover," he says, "but I don't look at it that way. I feel I've been fortunate that the advancements have come as fast as they have."

Chances are, though, that Royal would have examined the Texas offer more closely and not accepted it so quickly had he fully appreciated the difficulties. The university president, Doctor Wilson, insists that Royal was thoroughly briefed on the stiffening of academic requirements. But the new coach had to be exposed to the problem to find out how serious it really is.

In the 1957 spring semester 23.5 per cent of the Texas student body was on scholastic probation—humorously described as a state halfway between being a success in the classroom and being kicked out of school. Students failing to bring their grades up to minimum requirements while on probation are forced to withdraw. In the College of Education, where many football players are enrolled, 17 per cent of the students have gone on probation since the new and tougher requirements went into effect, compared with only 9 per cent in 1956.

University authorities say they can't afford to be lenient with lagging scholars, because the school is short of money—surprising news to citizens of Texas. The university's permanent fund—money derived chiefly from gas and oil land owned by the school—has reached $270,000,000, but only the interest may be used for new campus buildings. Until the passage of an amendment by the legislature last spring, the Texas constitution required that 100 per cent of the university's permanent fund be invested in government bonds. Now up to 50 per cent may be put into higher-yielding corporate stocks and bonds, but it will be 1964 before the changeover is complete.

Meanwhile, although legislative appropriations at present are favorable, university officials wonder how long they will stay that way. Within the next five years the enrollment will increase to 25,000, and by 1970 it may reach 35,000. Says Doctor Wilson, "We have no desire to limit the university's expansion by arbitrary means, but without promise of adequate financial support we simply cannot accommodate the students we know we shall get if we keep our doors open to any and all applicants. If the legislature wants a lot of students, then have it give us more money."

So higher classroom standards are the order of the day at Texas, and Darrell Royal is adjusting his sights accordingly. He knows from early personal experience that some boys don't take much interest in school work.

"I spent two years in the first grade," he confesses. "Now I think it was the finest thing that could have happened to me. My mother died when I was four months old. My father remarried about the time I started to school. There never was anyone interested in my grades. No one ever looked at my report card. I was older than my class after that, and I realized the value of study and learned more."

Royal preaches orderly conduct and self-control to his players, and believes this helps to promote classroom efficiency. Soon after arriving in Austin, he lectured the football squad on the importance of discipline. Within a matter of hours a freshman lineman had violated the school disciplinary rules, and Royal dismissed him.

"Golly pete, there wasn't anything else for me to do but kick him off," Royal says. "I don't think it's fair to the high-type, conscientious athletes on your squad to permit a few to break the rules. We must have discipline. When we have it you'll see the classroom grades go up."

At the University of Washington, Royal had drastic disciplinary problems. "In the dormitory, I ran into drinking, gambling, everything," Darrell says, his eyes opening wide. "And when I had to call in certain players to tell them their

NEXT WEEK

I FOUND OUT WHAT SUPERSONIC MEANS

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pay was being stopped, you think that wasn't something?"

Gene Gregston, Fort Worth Star-Telegram sports writer, attended Oklahoma with Royal. "He was quietly studious," Gregston wrote in his column, "an avid reader of both deep and light subjects, and thought himself along into All-America quarterbacking acclaim and the coaching profession. If not self-taught, Royal may be described at least as self-driven to study in the classroom. He applied himself in the same manner to football."

Royal drove himself furiously in his early months of recruiting at Texas this year. An example was the case of Bill Young, a widely sought high-school tackle at Baytown, along the Texas Gulf Coast. Regulations prevented Young from signing a letter of intent with any Southwest Conference school until he finished competing in track. "If anything happens to make him eligible," Royal instructed a Texas alumnus, "don't hesitate to phone me at any hour."

Handicapped by an injury to his back, Young placed third in the shot-put in the district track meet. Only the first two finishers qualified for the regional meet, so Young's high-school athletic career was at an end. The Texas alumnus drove back home from the meet and then phoned Royal in Austin around two o'clock in the morning. Between yawns Royal thanked him for calling. Eight hours later Royal was at Baytown, 200 miles away, to sign Young to a letter of intent.

Royal is accustomed to moving quickly. He has flitted from job to job so fast that the past never seems to catch up with the present.

When he went to Austin to be interviewed last December, the university's board of regents had him travel incognito. Royal took only a few shirts with him from Seattle, and registered at a Dallas hotel under an assumed name on the way to Austin.

His bag, labeled with his correct name, was lost at the airport. Royal had long since despaired of finding it and had gone out and bought some shirts, when the bag finally was located days later. He had a time persuading the airline to forward it to him under his alias.

"If you want to go crazy in a hurry," Royal says, "just try changing coaching jobs every year. Golly ned, I was completely lost for three weeks when I went to Washington. You've heard of a person's head whirling. Mine actually was. I was dizzy. They'd mention all these towns on the islands, and I wouldn't know where they were."

Such expletives as "golly pete," "golly ned" and "gosh-all-Friday," are about as far as the new Texas head coach goes in the way of strong language. He is a handsome, square-jawed Southwesterner, with fair skin lightly dusted with freckles. His hair is reddish-brown, and his eyes are as blue as the Texas sky. He stands five feet, ten inches tall, and weighs 185 pounds, some thirty pounds over his playing weight at Oklahoma.

"Royal was very sensitive about his weight in those days," recalls Harold Keith, the Sooners' sports publicist. "He asked me as a personal favor to list him at 170. I think his reason was that he was afraid the coaches wouldn't play him if they read he weighed only 155. Of course he was wrong. All they had to do was see him in action."

While pleasant, Royal is always firm about his beliefs, and refuses to have words put in his mouth. When Tom Sealy, of Midland, then chairman of the University of Texas board of regents, posed with the newly hired coach after the official announcement of his signing, Sealy clapped a friendly hand on Royal's shoulder for the benefit of photographers and asked, "What's the first team you're going to beat?"

Royal looked at the ceiling and licked his lips. Before he could answer, Sealy boomed, "Oklahoma!" and brought laughs from several onlookers.

Then Royal spoke up. "I was just trying to think who was first on our 1957 schedule," he said. "That's the first team we're going to beat."

Royal came to grips promptly with the scholastic problem, taking a number of small but important first steps. Many had been proposed by Ed Price during his regime, but for one reason or other had never been put into effect. Royal set up a compulsory study hall for every athlete on probation or in danger of probation—two hours a night, four nights a week. A counselor, Lan Hewlett, was assigned to devote virtually full time to the classroom phase of Texas football, keeping a close check on athletes' grades, hiring tutors when needed and supervising the study hall.

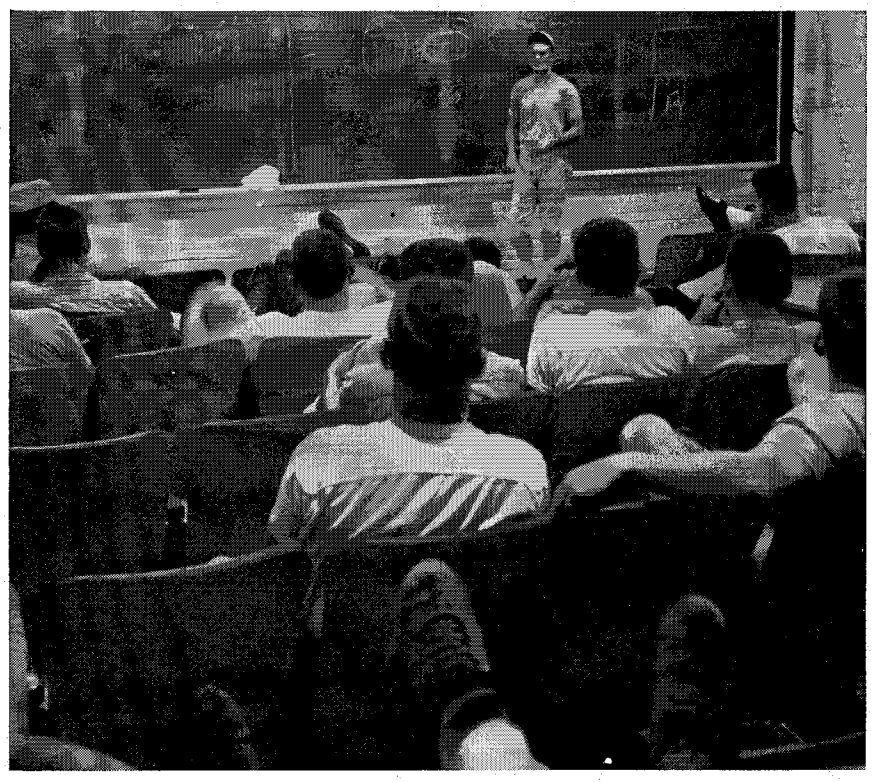
Recruiters for rival Southwest Conference schools get a lot of mileage out of the new academic emphasis at Austin, and also the ban on autos for freshmen. They cite these things when trying to persuade athletes not to go to Texas. Coaches call this negative recruiting, but nevertheless it can be effective.

Emissaries for Southern Methodist and Arkansas can point out that freshmen need maintain only a D average in their first semester. At Rice Institute passing grades are required in twelve hours, but only seven hours need be at the C level or above. Texas Christian's standards are even lower, calling for nine hours of passing grades for freshmen, but only three hours of C or better.

Texas, on the other hand, requires a minimum of nine hours with a C average. Only at Baylor and at Texas A. & M. must freshmen meet slightly higher marking standards. As for upperclassmen, they face stiffer scholastic demands at Texas than anywhere else in the Southwest Conference.

It's a state of affairs that is deplored by some Texas football boosters, and the chief target of their resentment is the university president. Dr. Logan Wilson is a native Texan—a distinguished-looking, gray-haired man of fifty who still speaks with a slight Southern accent, despite his exposure to Harvard at the graduate level. He taught at Maryland, Tulane and Kentucky before being named vice president and provost at the Consolidated University of North Carolina. In 1953 he was called back home to become president of the University of Texas. A year later he was named president of the Texas system.

Critics charge that Doctor Wilson doesn't want championship football teams. They cite a speech at the Waco Rotary Club last February in which he said that the one thing worse than having a team that rarely wins is to have one that rarely loses. "To me the latter is prima-facie evidence that an institution has compromised its academic standards," Doctor Wilson declared.



Darrell Royal, now in his first season as coach at Texas, briefs his new team. "If you want to go crazy in a hurry," he says, "just try changing coaching jobs every year."

But Doctor Wilson denies that he is out to de-emphasize football at Texas. "Our policy is neither one of de-emphasis nor of winning at any cost," he says. He also denies that he is trying to emulate the football program of the Ivy League schools, which have abolished athletic scholarships and spring practice and now operate on a less-than-big-time level, playing mostly among themselves.

"The Ivy League approach requires a heavy subsidy in athletics," says Doctor Wilson. "It takes a fairly well-heeled, endowed program to support it. If you really mean de-emphasis you have to be prepared to pay for it.

"An Ivy League program is unrealistic in this part of the country, because the climate of opinion is different. I don't like to use the phrase, 'the effete East,' but the people here just aren't the same as they are up North. The public's interest in football fell off there before Ivy League schools de-emphasized. I don't think the Southwest is ready for a program of radical de-emphasis, and I think you can say the same for the Big Ten and the Pacific Coast Conference. A private institution like Harvard or Yale just isn't as responsive to public opinion as a state school.

"Most important, there are the intangible aspects of football as a rallying point for the student body, faculty and ex-students. The University of Chicago found, inadvertently, that it had thrown something out the window it could not get back when it abolished football.

"As long as big-time athletics do not interfere with education, I'm not a critic per se. Football is out of balance at certain institutions because it has become bigger than the university. We don't want that here."

Doctor Wilson admits that under the present University of Texas approach to football, "a lot of skill, determination and hard work on the part of coaches and players will be required to offset certain competitive handicaps. These are in the main scholastic, such as admission tests, high standards of academic work and the absence of 'crip' programs for any category of students.

"On the other hand, they also know that the academic excellence of the university, its variety of course offerings and the attractiveness of its extracurricular programs draw more students than attend any other institution in the Southwest. Thus, for the student-athlete rather than the athlete-student, the university has many advantages."

Coach Darrell Royal says he believes that the rigid classroom requirements will result in giving Texas a more intelligent and higher-type athlete. He points out that already there are ten engineering students on the varsity squad, and that eight of the eighteen sophomores who played against Oklahoma last month posted C averages or better in the spring semester. In the case of Maurice Doke, H. G. Anderson and a few others, their grades were good enough to put them on the honor roll. Doke took seventeen semester hours plus R.O.T.C. while playing end on the freshman team.

However, twelve football players went on probation in the 1956-57 school year, and another ten flunked out. In addition to trying to find athletes who are good students, Texas is recruiting them in quantity to allow for losses. There were forty-five scholarship boys on the 1956 freshman squad—the last one under Ed Price—and Darrell Royal brought in about the same number this year. With heavier academic attrition added to the normal depletion via injuries and personal problems, it is unlikely that more than fifteen or twenty out of each freshman crop will still be available by their senior years.

As for this season, five sophomores were on the starting team in mid-October. The number of lettermen had been reduced from thirty-one to nineteen as a result of scholastic casualties and inability to measure up to Royal's standards on the field. Aided by the play of Walter Fondren, a clever runner who might be an All-American on a stronger team, Texas won two of its first four 1957 games, defeating Georgia and Tulane and losing to South Carolina and Oklahoma.

There was such a revival of optimism among Texas supporters before the start of the current season that the pressure was on Darrell Royal straight off. "You don't lose nine games," he cautioned, "and inherit a warm bed."

There are two games—Oklahoma and Texas A. & M.—that Royal cannot afford to lose consistently if he wants to remain the Texas coach. Blair Cherry's teams never lost to A. & M., but defeated Oklahoma only once in four seasons. Ed Price also won only a single game from Bud Wilkinson, and lost twice in six meetings with A. & M. Under Coach Paul Bryant, Texas A. & M. seems on the way to becoming almost as potent a Southwest football power as Oklahoma.

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Like many other present-day college teams, Royal's 1957 squad is made up to a great extent of married men. He frowns on marriage for football players, despite the fact that he himself got married to a schoolmate the year after graduating from high school in Hollis, Oklahoma. Darrell and Edith Royal now have three children—Marian, twelve, Mack, ten, and David, five.

"Being married," says Royal, "hurts a player more than it helps. In my own case it didn't hurt, because I was dedicated to football. Ever since I was a litttle kid I've always wanted to play and coach."

He was introduced to the game by his two older brothers, Don and Glenn. Don, now forty, is coaching football at Tipton, Oklahoma, and Glenn, thirty-seven, is basketball coach at the high school in Altus, Oklahoma.

Darrell went from high school to service football with the Third Air Force team during World War II. After his discharge in 1946 the University of Texas might have had him—a friend put in a plug on Royal's behalf—but Jim Tatum landed him for Oklahoma instead. A fine all-around back, noted especially for his punting and his pass-defense work, Royal made some of the All-American lists as a quarterback during his senior year under Bud Wilkinson.

Then his pursuit of coaching success began—assistant coach at North Carolina State in 1950, assistant at Tulsa in 1951, assistant at Mississippi State in 1952. The next year he was in charge of the Edmonton team in the Canadian pro league, and in 1954—still only thirty years old—he got his college head-coaching start at Mississippi State.

At the University of Texas today, Royal likes to think that he is back home in the Southwest. He knows that this is his toughest challenge yet. When Texas signed him, he specifically asked not to be considered for the dual role of football coach and athletic director. He knew that the coaching alone would involve a tremendous initial effort, what with installing a new football program, meeting alumni and making public appearances all over the state.

"... Furthermore ..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

So the athletic directorship went to Ed Olle, who also continues as business manager of athletics. However, Royal reportedly reached an understanding with the board of regents that he can take over both jobs any time he likes.

For now, though, he has his hands full trying to recruit players who will be intelligent enough to keep their marks up to the necessary level. There are those around Austin who foresee an eventual conflict between the new coach's practical problems and the university president's lofty aims. Some people close to the situation believe that sooner or later, either Darrell Royal or Dr. Logan Wilson must go. Bets already are being placed on who will go first.

Almost everyone with an interest in the school wants to see it develop into a university of the first rank. But there are more than a few who would not like the development to take place at the expense of football. A president friendly toward the sport, they believe, could guide the university along the proper road without hurting the football program.

Doctor Wilson realizes that he is in a delicate position. He says, "A president who will tolerate a lot of advice usually will get a lot of advice. On the other hand, one who takes a stand is either going to be boss or lose his job. I'm not foolish enough to think I run the university. The regents run it, and I have to answer to them."

In the past the regents have shown little patience with presidents whose views they did not share. They may eventually be compelled to declare themselves in the present situation, for the Texas people who place football first—a small but loud minority—refuse to give in to Doctor Wilson's program without a fight.

"Ten years from now," Doctor Wilson is supposed to have remarked at an Austin cocktail party, "the intellectual climate will be such that football will have taken its proper place in the university program."

"Did it ever occur to Doctor Wilson," asked one of the school's most fervent football backers when the words were repeated to him, "that ten years from now he might not be president of the university?"

THE END

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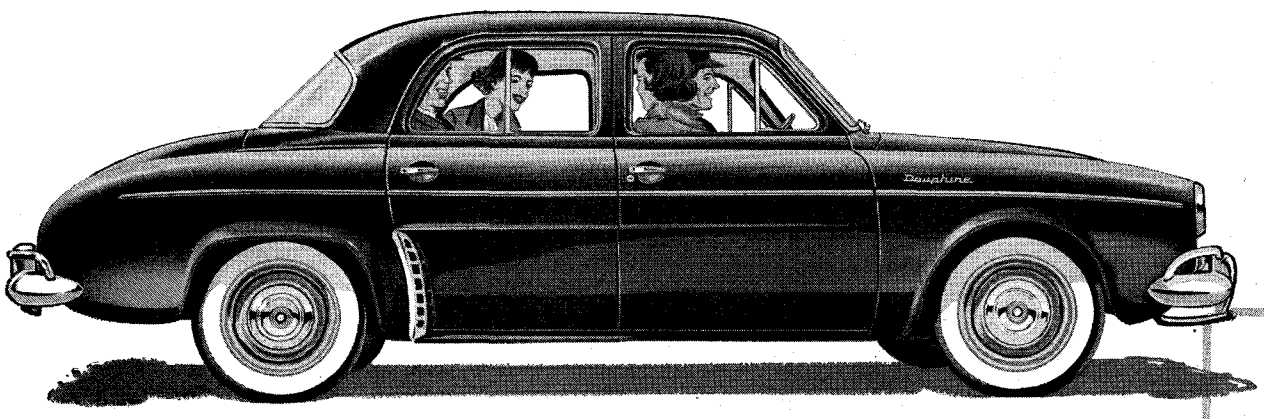

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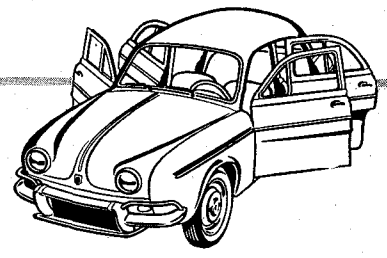

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Showdown in the Pentagon

(Continued from Page 37)

forthcoming congressional investigation into our lagging missile program. At least one top Army general and two top Air Force leaders have said that they will lay their careers on the block in this fight. Both Army and Air Force have assembled task forces to dip up facts and figures as ammunition. Of course, the leaders may back down at the last minute, but some knowledgeable people in the Pentagon feel that the coming investigation may well make the B-36 hearings seem pale by comparison.

As the warring factions line up at the moment, the Air Force seems to be spearheading the drive toward closer unification, basing its arguments on the belief that new techniques of war require a new organization, and that a merged service would function more efficiently and more economically by eliminating the wasteful duplications that now admittedly exist.

To the Navy, this theory is abhorrent, and it is preparing to torpedo it without mercy. The few paltry millions merger might save, the Navy argues, would be as nothing compared to what the country would lose in security, both external and internal. In the first place, the sailors contend, no single military man has the brains to boss so vast and complex an enterprise as the armed forces of the United States. In the second place, a general staff dwells in an ivory tower, divorced from reality. It has authority without responsibility, and is bound to lead the country to defeat in war, as Germany twice followed the monocled *Junkers* of its *Oberkommando der Wehrmacht* to disaster. In the third place, a merged service would hold in its hands such tremendous economic power that it could capture political control of the country. Civilian control of the military would be lost and the nation would find itself in the clutches of a military dictatorship.

The Army stands somewhere between these two contrasting points of view, undecided at the moment which side to support, though traditionally inclined to the single-service concept despite the fact that its civilian Secretary, Mr. Wilber M. Brucker, has said that a merger of the services would serve no good purpose.

As one observer, sensitive to the Pentagon's moods, sums up: "The Air Force knows that it stands right now at the zenith of its power and prestige. It wants a single service, because it believes in that way it could freeze itself in top spot. The Navy, satisfied with the *status quo*, will do everything possible to scuttle the merger, for it knows that in a unified service it would lose its aviation and the Marine Corps. The Army is playing it cozy. If the Air Force can get this thing off the ground the Army will jump in on the side of the merger. For the Army believes that, in a contest of brains, it would control whatever unified organization was set up."

This, offhand, may seem to be a cynical analysis which ignores the fact that many earnest and sincere men honestly believe the road to national security lies in merger, and that others, equally sincere, believe that a merged and single service can lead only to disaster.

It would be naïve, however, to ignore the fact that professional military men are as human as the rest of us. They are sworn to defend the United States against all its enemies, and their lives are dedicated to that task. But they have children to feed and clothe and educate. They are ambitious. They know that promotion and pay depend on how well their service fares in the battle for the budget. And they are prepared to argue bitterly in support of a theory of military organization or a concept of warfare that will give their own service a priority claim on money, manpower and weapons.

One old soldier, standing at the peak of his own career, and therefore presumably viewing the matter objectively, put it this way: "If you trace all these high-level squabbles back to their root evils, stripping away all the Pentagon gobbledygook, it all boils down to a fight over pay and quarters. It's a battle for survival, for prestige, for careers."

A brief review of the conflicts of the past, highlighted by the bitter rows over the B-36 bomber and the supercarrier, seems to bear out this contention. They were, in essence, contests for control of the nuclear bomb, for each service knew instinctively that whoever seized and held the main responsibility for the use of this new weapon would automatically dominate the nation's military. The Air Force, with its concept of massive retaliation, won that argument, and the country's heaviest financial effort since has gone into the atomic bombers and the global bases of the Strategic Air Command. The Navy lost the fight, but came out unhurt, with its own finely balanced forces still intact. It held onto the Marine Corps and to its own air arm, which it began immediately to equip as a nuclear bombing force flying from supercarriers. It began to convert its traditional gun-bearing cruisers and destroyers into missile ships, and began to build an underseas fleet of atomic-powered submarines.

The Army, which had set off the fight in the first place, with a plan for a merger of the services, ended up in the third spot, diminished in manpower, money and prestige. It merely got its foot in the door of the nuclear age with an atomic cannon that was obsolete before it was ever publicly unveiled in President Eisenhower's first inaugural parade. It continued, however, to fight for its own strong-held belief—that the country should not only be prepared to fight an all-out global war, but should be able to fight a limited peripheral war as well. The Korean War, which S.A.C.'s big bombers were powerless either to prevent or to end quickly, proved the soundness of this view. More money, since, has come the Army's way, but the ground forces still remain the low man on the military totem pole.

Within this pattern, therefore, with the Air Force at the apex of the military structure, both doctrine-wise and money-wise, an uneasy peace has reigned in the Pentagon. Now, sooner than even the most optimistic scientists predicted, the rocket-propelled missile has come along to set the argument raging anew. Deep in the inner rings of the Pentagon, where the bright young staff officers—the Army and Air Force colonels and Navy captains—draw up endless plans for the wars we may be fighting two, five or ten years from now, the implications of this new development have struck with the impact of a nuclear warhead. It is only natural and human, therefore, that they should view the new delivery system in the light of what it can do to their own service, and thus to their own careers.

To the Air Force, the coming of the missile into the family of weapons constitutes both a challenge and a threat. It is entirely possible that within the next fifteen or twenty years, the 5000-mile ballistic missile may have replaced altogether the long-range bomber with its highly trained crew of pilots, navigators and bombardiers. It is reasonable to predict that in far shorter time than this the 1500-mile missile may take the place of the medium-range bomber. In an even shorter time, it may be that the guided missile will have taken over the function of the interceptor plane, which even now finds its target and fires by electronic means, needing a pilot's hand at the controls only at the moment of take-off and landing. And already the Army, with its family of short-range rockets, is prepared to take over the role of close support of ground troops which formerly was the responsibility of the Air Force.

The Air Force, therefore, can foresee the coming of the day when it may be reduced to a transport and reconnaissance role, hauling missile-armed foot soldiers to the wars and spotting targets for them. Even more ominous, perhaps, is the fact that the Russians already are claiming to have missiles, carrying atomic warheads, that can strike S.A.C.'s great bases in Europe. If this is true, then these bases are already obsolete and the high-ranking officers who command them are faced with technological unemployment.

All these things are well known to the bright young air officers who today are struggling toward the prestige, pay and perquisites that go with high command. They are determined, therefore, that they shall not join the horse-cavalry generals and the battleship admirals in military limbo. The Air Force, they insist, will abandon winged aircraft as soon as missiles come along that can do the airplane's job. It will move from the great airfields to missile-launching sites hidden deep in fiords and canyons. But it must cling grimly to the classic roles and missions, the share in the free world's defense which is the Air Force's responsibility today.

"The missile," one Air Force officer said, "merely confirms what we've been saying all along. The war of the future will be fought in the air. Whether you fight it with missiles or with manned aircraft makes no real difference. The air war must be fought by airmen."

The Navy is also well aware of the missile's challenge and its threat. The giant carrier, like the big bomber, may someday go to join the battleship on the shelf. The Navy, however, is not dismayed. The carrier, it argues, will be around a long time after the big bomber and the fixed airbase are gone. The carrier occupies no fixed spot on the earth. It cannot be easily hit by a ballistics missile. The giant airbase can. And the Navy, with its traditional role of controlling the seas, will always have a big job to do in the nation's defense, even though technology may drastically change the tools it uses.

"Someday we may end up with nothing but beef boats and submarines," said one Navy captain cheerfully. He viewed the prospect calmly, for his specialty is submarines.

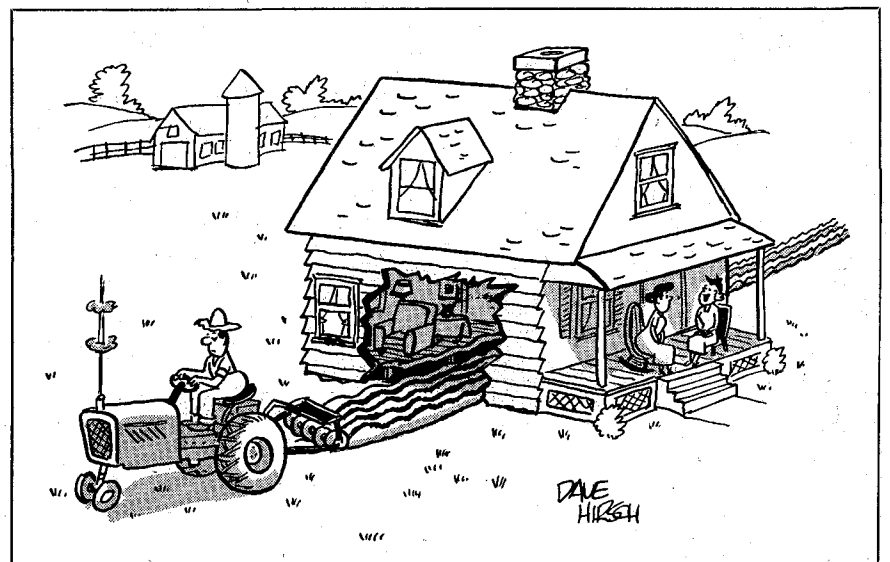
The Army, on the other hand, sees in the missile no threat whatsoever, but a God-sent opportunity to regain some of the power, prestige and appropriations it lost when the nation bought the big-bomber concept and poured its billions into the Strategic Air Command. The bombing airplane is a specialized device, the Army points out, and admittedly it must be operated by specialists whose talents are far different from those of the foot soldier. The missile, on the other hand, no matter how complicated may be its propulsion and guidance systems, is merely a projection of the artillery shell. And whether it's fired against a land target or an enemy in the air, so long as it is launched from the ground it should be developed and used by the Army.

"Why should we throw away a hundred and fifty years of artillery experience," one Army officer argues, "merely to keep the Air Force fat and happy by handing them a weapon they are not suited either by training or temperament to use?"

The introduction of the missile is not the only factor that seems to be driving the services inexorably to a knockdown fight. The sentiment of the time is having its effect. Possibility of disarmament is slender, but it still exists. Talk of halting weapons tests, of dismantling A-weapons and using their nuclear cores for industrial purposes, stirs in the public mind the flickering hope that for the next few years at least the world may live at peace. The taxpayers, fretting under their burdens, are beginning to demand economies and Mr. Wilson's harsh cutbacks in the closing days of his regime as Secretary of Defense filled all the services with alarm. During and since the Korean War the armed forces have shared some $264,000,000,000. Out of this huge kitty, each service has been able to get just about everything the Defense Department's interpretation of its roles and missions permitted it to have. Now the fat years may be over in spite of Sputnik.

"We are going back to the pocket-picking that existed in Louis Johnson's day," an officer explained. "When there is a ceiling on the budget, as there is now, you have to take what you are allotted. Anything extra you have to grab away from some other service by taking over a role or function the other service has performed. And that's when the battle starts."

A quick look at the arguments going on between the services today—the squabbles over tasks, which is fundamentally a squabble over money—gives credence to



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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this statement. The differences between the services are deep and basic. They range all the way from fundamental disagreement on strategic concepts—the theory of massive retaliation versus the capacity to apply "measured power"—down to the most trivial and petty of personal antipathies, such as the reluctance of some officers to serve under an officer of another service in a joint command.

In the matter of the basic strategic doctrine, for example, both the Army and the Navy agree that S.A.C.'s great bombers, with their tremendous destructive power, are essential to the prevention of general war. Both believe, however, that we have placed such faith in this deterrent capacity that our military strategy has lacked flexibility and this inflexible strategy has so strait-jacketed our foreign policy that we have been unable to deal effectively with minor Soviet threats to our security.

"If we have only a military capacity to fight a long-range, all-out nuclear war," their argument runs, "then government, in its diplomacy, has but two choices: (1) to start a grand-scale nuclear war; (2) to do nothing. Any civilized people would choose to do nothing rather than to unleash the horrors of all-out atomic war in answer to a minor aggression. But doing nothing means that friendly countries abroad can be gobbled up, one by one—a fact that Mr. Dulles himself now is beginning to understand. Thus a flexible military organization, capable of fighting big and little wars, of applying force in varying degrees, is what we need."

The Army, in particular, believes that the threat of grand-scale atomic war may be subsiding and that military forces in the future should be geared to handle small wars, limited aggression and civil wars. The Air Force, in answer, argues that S.A.C.'s great power deters local as well as general war and that it can be applied selectively in small wars. The Air Force also does not agree that the conflicts of the future can be confined to "little wars." They may begin as such, the Air Force argues, but if ever the United States and Russia start popping atomic missiles at each other, each side will inevitably raise the ante, step by step, firing bigger warheads at longer range, until finally their total atomic capabilities will be involved. In that event, the United States must keep the devastating power of its strategic bombing force intact or be destroyed.

The Air Force sees in even the mildest questioning of the massive-retaliation concept a sinister effort by its sister services to deprive it of its strategic mission—and its fattest appropriations. It also is not happy when another service attempts to take over a share of the long-range-bombing role. The Navy, it admits, may always need small carriers in its submarine hunter-killer force. But it still denies that the sea forces have any requirement for supercarriers which can launch long-range atomic bombers. Any strategic strike, the airmen insist, can be delivered more cheaply and effectively by land-based air.

The Navy counters with the argument that the Air Force's multimillion-dollar effort to develop the intercontinental missile, capable of flying 5000 miles, may turn out to be a waste of time and money. Three thousand miles of this range, the Navy points out, is merely for the purpose of propelling the missile over empty seas. A far more sensible solution, the sailors argue, would be to sneak a shorter-legged missile into striking range by submarine or fast carrier.

The Navy vehemently denies that it wants to grab off any of the roles and missions of the Air Force. It has, it claims, no design whatever on the Air Force's strategic-bombing role. But it needs big carriers and long-range atomic bombers for its own protection—to strike at sub pens and inland airfields and missile sites, from which the enemy might destroy the fleet at sea. If these same bombers can strike from the sea against strategic targets in the Russian heartland, they will, of course, be glad to lend the Air Force a helping hand.

Navy thinkers have come up with another theory that causes Army and Air Force brows to furrow. It is possible, the Navy philosophers argue, that warring nations in the future may, by tacit agreement, fight their atomic battles in areas where great cities and civilian populations will not be destroyed. The only such areas in the world are the vast empty spaces of the open sea. In such a war, the Navy, naturally, would play the dominant role. The Air Force would fly strikes against any enemy fleets in reach of land-based planes, but the Army, presumably, would stay at home as a sort of national guard.

The Navy, in defending its views on seapower, offers another argument that causes Army and Air Force hackles to rise. The basing of troops on foreign soil may give us a temporary military advantage, the Navy points out, but it is bound to create friction with our foreign allies, as in the Girard case. It also signs the death warrant of our political friends in the event of war, for it automatically makes their cities and populations targets for Russian guns and missiles. In the Navy view, it would be wiser to turn over these watch-dog roles to great carriers, missile ships and submarine fleets roaming the open oceans, able to strike at inland targets from long range. Under this concept, all S.A.C.'s planes would roost at home, ready to move against their preselected Russian targets, while strong air-borne ground forces, also stationed in the continental United States would stand alert, ready to fly to battle wherever needed. Such disposition of our striking forces, the Navy feels, would be a far greater worry and threat to Russia than the scattered forces we now have staked out overseas.

To the other services this is a "Fortress America" concept which would leave all our friends abroad wide open to sudden Russian attack.

"How the hell the Navy feels it could stop a Red ground army is more than I can see," one Army officer snorted.

Actually, at the moment, the debates between the Navy and the Air Force on strategic concepts are mainly exercises in semantics, for each has its separate missions and each has the weapons it needs. The Air Force has two primary jobs. It must defend this country from enemy air attack, and in the warning and control systems and in the planes and missiles of the Continental Air Defense Command, it has, or is fast acquiring, the tools to do the job. It must possess the power to apply massive destructive power against an enemy at long range, and in the bombers of the Strategic Air Command it possesses this capability.

The Navy is in equally happy case. Its carrier planes can carry either conventional or atomic weapons. Its surface ships are fast converting to missile-launching platforms. Its atomic submarines are devices of the nuclear age, free to roam the world for months submerged. Its own ground army, the Marine Corps, has quickly adapted its amphibious-landing role to the necessities of nuclear warfare. Under the concept of vertical envelopment, the Marines will fly to battle by helicopter from scattered transports dispersed beyond the horizon, free of the

(Based on Company File #WD 27 KAL 37000)

I never felt so helpless in my life...

I saw the other car soon enough. Coming out of a side road to our left, up ahead. Signalling a turn in our direction.

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In the crackup my wife wrenched her back, cut her knees. Our car was banged up, too. So badly we couldn't drive it farther.

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But a phone call to the local Hartford Agent took care of that.

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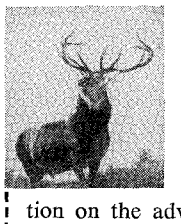

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slow and bloody struggle through the surf and over the beaches.

In the struggle for the weapons and the money to carry out its missions, only the Army feels that it has been left out. The Navy and the Air Force, in great degree, are self-sufficient services. The Army, on the other hand, is dependent upon them both—upon the Air Force for quick transport into the battle area and for fire support in combat, and upon the Navy for follow-up transport and resupply.

With some of the most brilliant military minds the country has produced in its top posts of command, the Army has realized, equally with its colleagues, that the war of the future could not be fought with the weapons and the organization of the past. Since World War II, therefore, it has been testing in the field its own new concepts of ground war—built around the "pentomic" division, possessing tremendous firepower and mobility. But firepower in the nuclear age means missiles carrying nuclear warheads, and mobility means airlift, both long range and on the battlefield. In both these areas, the Army feels, it is severely handicapped by its dependence upon the Air Force, and most of the bitter wrangles between these two revolve around these points.

The Army feels that the Air Force, in concentrating on its strategic role, has failed to provide long-range airlift that could quickly transport the Army's ready forces to the scene of battle. It is also dubious about the Air Force's capability to airlift divisions within the combat zone, pointing out bitterly that whenever the Air Force has to pinch a few pennies, it does so by cutting back its troop-carrier wings. The Army is equally unhappy about the Air Force's ability to provide close support of attacking ground troops. Under the system of control the Air Force insists upon, the Army argues, a strike request must travel up a chain of command and down again. This process may take hours, and the target is often gone before the Air Force gets there. The Army wants its own tactical air—or the system the Marines use, whereby Navy or Marine Corps planes orbit over the battlefield, ready to strike in a matter of seconds on order of the ground commander.

The Air Force, naturally, reads into these complaints an attempt by the Army to snatch away an important Air Force function or to set up a costly duplication of Air Force roles. In its efforts so far, the Army has had its knuckles rapped. The Air Force provides strategic airlift adequate for one division. This, in Army thinking, is not enough. The Army is also restricted, in the tactical field, to helicopters and to aircraft weighing not more than 5000 pounds empty. This precludes its developing its own dive bombers or fast jets it feels it needs for reconnaissance.

The battle over airlift and tactical air has been raging since World War II, and both sides are a little weary of it. The fight over the missile, however, is new and bitter, and it is the point of difference which may bring the whole question of military organization, roles and missions, and use of weapons, into fierce debate in Congress.

The Air Force has no strong objection to the Army developing its own family of short-range battlefield missiles which may in time replace the close-support bomber. It does, however, strongly question the Army's right to develop and use a longer-range missile that can take over the role of the medium bomber, carrying out the classic mission of sealing off the battlefield by striking at enemy railheads, troop concentrations and supply areas hundreds of miles from the front. Agreeing with the Air Force, Secretary Wilson, in November, 1956, limited the Army to missiles firing in the combat zone, defined as being 100 miles in either direction from the front.

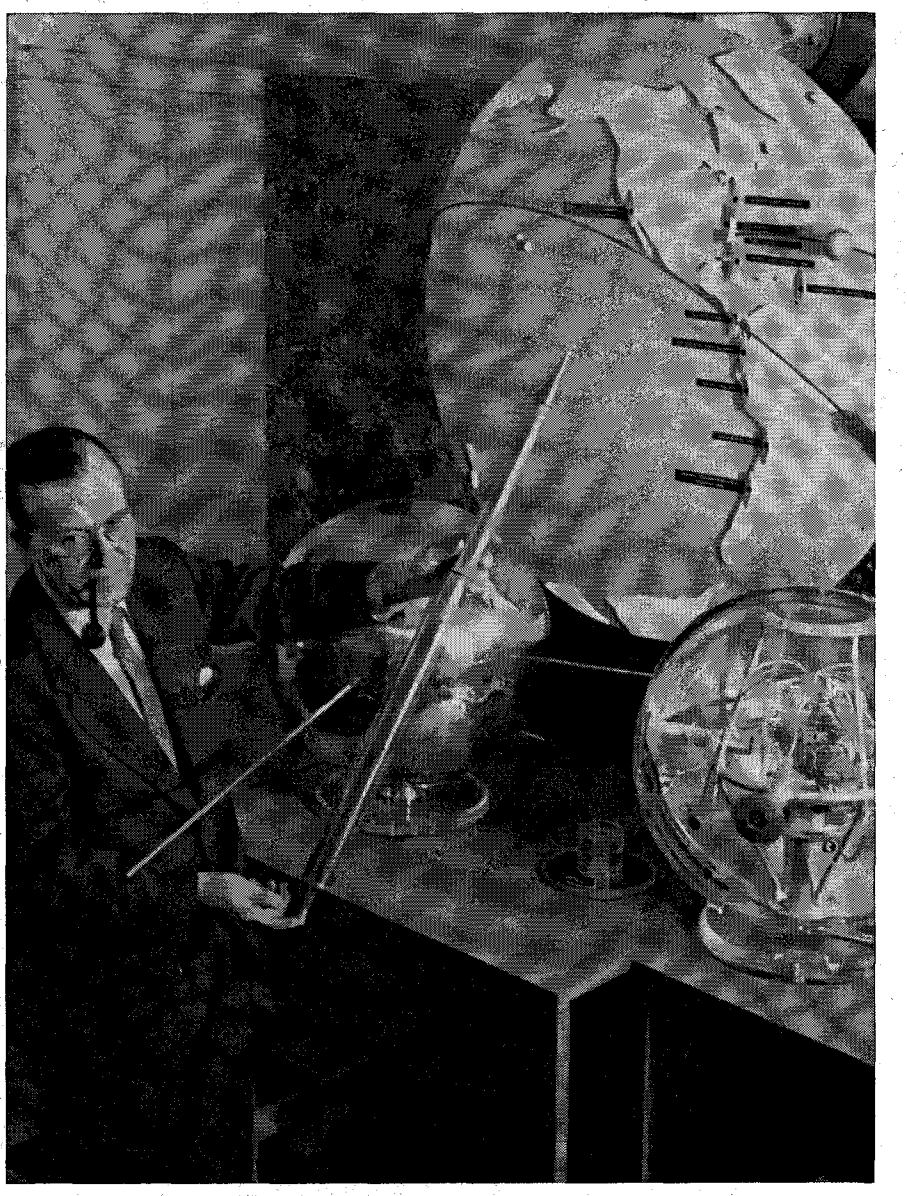
Many an Army officer shared the views of Colonel Nickerson, who was court-martialed and gently punished for protesting this decision. In the Army view, defining the combat zone as being an area extending 100 miles from a given point indicates that both the Air Force and the Defense Department have little understanding of the nature of the ground wars of the future. There will be no "front," in the classic sense, for nuclear warfare on the ground will see our missile-firing divisions, self-supporting and air-transportable, scattered over an area covering thousands of square miles. Opposing these forces will be a missile-armed airborne enemy that is equally dispersed. Thus any enemy concentration constitutes a threat to the Army units, and the Army argues it should have missiles of sufficient range to strike such forces, whether they be 200, 500 or 1000 miles away. The Army, therefore, not only wishes to keep its 200-mile Redstone; it is pushing hard for permission to fire at 750 miles, and is confident that eventually the 1500-mile Jupiter, which it developed and successfully fired long before the Air Force was able to get its own Thor off the ground, will be added to its arsenal.

The Air Force answers by pointing out that the Army has no way of spotting targets for such long-range missiles, except by aerial reconnaissance. Since the Air Force has to locate the target, it might as well go ahead and destroy it with bombs or its own mid-range ballistics missile.

The tempest over the battlefield missile would subside in a moment in the event of war, with both Army and Air Force firing whatever they could lay hands on, at whatever range. One basic squabble between the Army and Air Force, however, cannot wait for war to force a decision. Both Army and Air Force share the responsibility for aerial defense of the continental United States—the Air Force with its interceptors and air-to-air missiles, the Army with its AA guns and ground-to-air missiles. Again, in the Army's concept, any weapon fired from the ground is an extension of artillery. It is not happy, therefore, at being confined to short-range missiles for "point" defense of ground targets, while the Air is responsible for area defense. In the days to come, enemy missiles may be striking out of the stratosphere with atomic warheads, the Army argues. Missiles must be developed that can reach up into empty space to destroy these invaders, and the Army feels that this is a natural extension of its antiaircraft role. The Air Force, as indicated above, sees the missile-to-missile battle in outer space as another facet of the air war that must be fought by airmen.

Thoughtful men both in and out of the military have been greatly troubled by these interservice bickerings, and in the past year many plans have been advanced designed to break down the barriers between them and bring them closer together as a co-ordinated fighting team. All these plans would require drastic revision of the present organization of the Defense Department, and would be bitterly fought, and stoutly defended, by honest and dedicated men both in the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill. The single service and the single Chief of Staff concept could be adopted only over the trampled carcasses of the Navy, Congressman Carl Vinson and Senators Bridges, Humphrey, Douglas and Saltonstall. Equally determined that some sort of change must be made are Senator Symington, and Congressmen Mahon, of Texas, and Scrivner, of Kansas.

Partisans of the single service base their strongest arguments on the fact that the Joint Chiefs, in their dual role as advisers to the Secretary of Defense and as heads of their respective services, often cannot agree on matters of basic military policy. Confronted with no decision or divided decisions, the Secretary then has had to make up his own mind. And too often, opponents of the present system claim, his decisions have been based on budgetary considerations, rather than on military needs.



While we were building models for a launching in 1958, the Russians sent up a real satellite. Shown here is Dr. John P. Hagen, director of Project Vanguard.

Many schemes have been advanced which their proponents say would eliminate this situation. Dr. Vannevar Bush has urged that the services not be merged, but that the Joint Chiefs be severed from all service ties. Prof. W. Barton Leach, of Harvard, suggests a single service organized into "functional forces"—a Continental Defense Force, an Atomic Deterrent Force, a Mobile Striking Force and an Antisubmarine Force, each of which might include elements of all four services. Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, an Army Reserve captain, writing in the magazine Foreign Affairs, urges, as a starter, the merger of the Army and the Air Force, and the creation of two basic commands, a Strategic Force and a Tactical Force. An Air Force officer, Col. Albert P. Sights, Jr., in the Air Force Quarterly, urges keeping the three services separate, but they would function only as supply services to a combined force serving under a single "Chief of Military Operations."

The Navy sees in all these plans the specter of a single service which, it claims, would "destroy American seapower just as it comes to its finest flower," and through the Navy League and friends in Congress it fires a thunderous counter-barrage whenever possible.

"This thing would work all right as it's now set up," one Navy officer said, "if people would just let it work. But every time we get together and agree on who's to do what, they (meaning the Air Force and the Army) start all this shin-kicking under the table, trying to change the roles. Just a little trust and confidence is all that's needed. But that doesn't exist any more. If it did, eighty per cent of the naval officers serving in the Pentagon could go back to sea, where they belong. Now we have to keep them here just to keep the Navy from getting its throat cut."

So the battle is joined, and eventually it must be fought out. To the nonmilitary layman, who does not greatly care which service fires what missile, nor who defends America so long as it is defended, the rights and wrongs of the service arguments are difficult to assess. But a stout old soldier of the Revolution may have put all such squabbles over power and prestige in their proper perspective once and for all.

In battle with the British at Camden, South Carolina, Baron de Kalb made jealous militia generals angry by insisting that his veteran regulars be allowed to lead the attack. They accused him of trying to hog all the glory.

"Chentlemen," the tough old German answered, "ve don't care who gedts der glory. Ve chust want to vin!"

THE END

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Trouble at Midas Creek

(Continued from Page 53)

inquest—as his regulations required him to do if the slightest suspicion of foul play was raised—Homer was done for.

Ravenhill knew he had no right to hesitate, regardless of his own loss of face. Homer's freedom came first, even if it cost Pat the potential wealth of Homer's great gold strike. He turned at once to Pat. It was only cricket that she should herself make the decision. It didn't remotely occur to him that she could be of help in this deadly crisis.

"I'm sure you understand the problem here," he told her swiftly; "Devereaux saw the avalanche start. He's threatening to claim I started it deliberately."

She did not overplay her part; she merely gave Devereaux a look of contempt. "His last chance at blackmail, I guess!"

"I was there!" Devereaux told her fiercely. "I saw him start it! The tracks will prove it. Don't think this is just a bluff. All I've got to do, when Graham comes ——"

"Wait," Ravenhill cut in. The muttering of the hermits was nearby. "If Devereaux makes his charges, Pat, there'll at least be an inquest. I'll be grounded here for days. Have you grasped the implications of that?"

"Yes," she said, pale but composed. "And I can see your predicament. D'you mind if I make a suggestion?"

"Not at all," Ravenhill said, though he mentally crossed his fingers. The wrong word would be ruinous here. "Make it quickly," he urged.

He needn't have worried about her gambling caliber. "Devereaux's blackmailing you, not me," she pointed out. "His sole nuisance value now is to delay you here—the inquest, the trial and all that. You're the sole judge of what it's worth to you to get on to the Mackenzie."

"And so?"

"So," she said, "pay him whatever you think it's worth. Out of your own pocket, of course," she added pointedly.

Devereaux stared at her, scowling and baffled. Ravenhill was inwardly entranced. She was suggesting what he so desperately needed; a means of keeping Devereaux dangling until Graham's inquiry into Homer's "death" was concluded.

"What about Homer's claim?" Devereaux demanded. "Who's protecting you there?"

"Sergeant Graham," she told him coldly. "And without blackmailing me, I'm sure. Nor making any demands for his 'services.'" She faced Ravenhill more fully, her manner aloof and impersonal. "I'm sure you did your best, Riv, in spite of the terrible way this has turned out. So our original agreement stands. We discussed it when you first arrived, remember? How much you choose to pay Devereaux is nothing to me."

Ravenhill leaped at this like a trout. He had been promised no share of the mine, no reward of any sort, but that fact would be totally incredible to Devereaux.

"You're very kind," Ravenhill assured Pat, inclining his head with equal stiffness of manner. "One merely does one's best." He turned on Devereaux and at once put him on the defensive, "How about it, old chap? You've a nuisance value, but don't overrate it. Will one fourth of my share satisfy you? In return for being a good dog at the inquiry?"

"What does your share amount to?" Devereaux asked, scowling. "Never mind. You've feathered your nest. I'll take half."

"Done—with one proviso," Ravenhill said, hastening to divert him. "Pat wants to clear Homer's record. Can you produce LeVeq's letter?"

"Yes," Devereaux said, watching him. His gambler's instinct was plainly whispering of something wrong here. He was being outmaneuvered, but where was the joker?

"Produce it, then," Ravenhill challenged. "We're playing table stakes. We must destroy it now, quickly."

Devereaux shook his head, his jaw set. The hermits were now stamping on the porch. "I'll produce it later—when my split's on the line."

"Very well," Ravenhill said. "Remember, Devereaux—tread softly during the inquiry. Seeing me delayed—or hung, even—will buy you nothing."

The hermits were removing their snowshoes, shaking the snow from them, leaning them against the wall. Suddenly the turmoil ceased. Faintly through the stillness came the far-off drone of an airplane.

"I'll match that," Devereaux said. He was formidably calm again, now that the showdown was at hand. "I'm playing 'em as they fall. One false move and I'm calling a misdeal—quick. Do you understand that?"

Ravenhill shrugged again. They were committed now. Such as it was, there was an outside chance. "Let's get out and watch Graham land. Shall you act as master of ceremonies or shall I?"

"That's your specialty," Devereaux returned sullenly. "Just remember I'm still on the fence. There's something phony here. Play 'em close to your belt, gambler."

The hermits made way for them on the porch, looking furtively and sympathetically at Pat. Only four were there; Shorty was missing. The four were in their pitiful best for the sad occasion; their lugubrious features freshly shaved, their differing torsos clad in wrinkled Sunday clothes which had obviously been unused for years. Sanderson was even wearing a frayed and once stiff-collared shirt from which his scrawny neck projected in melancholy, turtlelike fashion.

Sergeant Graham's plane was visible now, approaching from the south, its wings gleaming in high sunlight that had not yet reached the level of the Forks. LaDue—plainly the spokesman of the hermits during Shorty's absence—gave Devereaux a black, venomous look—then spoke deferentially to Pat.

"We are greatly sympathetic," he told her. "More than we can say. Your father will be long remembered by those like us—those who knew him well."

Sanderson cleared his throat. "They didn't come no better than Homer," he said huskily.

"He was a good guy," Boggs said, an enormous speech for him, and even the silent Blackie managed to say, his heavy features fairly bulging with the tortured effort, "Good guy."

"Thank you. Thank you, boys," Pat said, biting her lip. She admitted afterward that this was the most severe test of her grief-stricken role. The grief of the hermits was elemental and real.

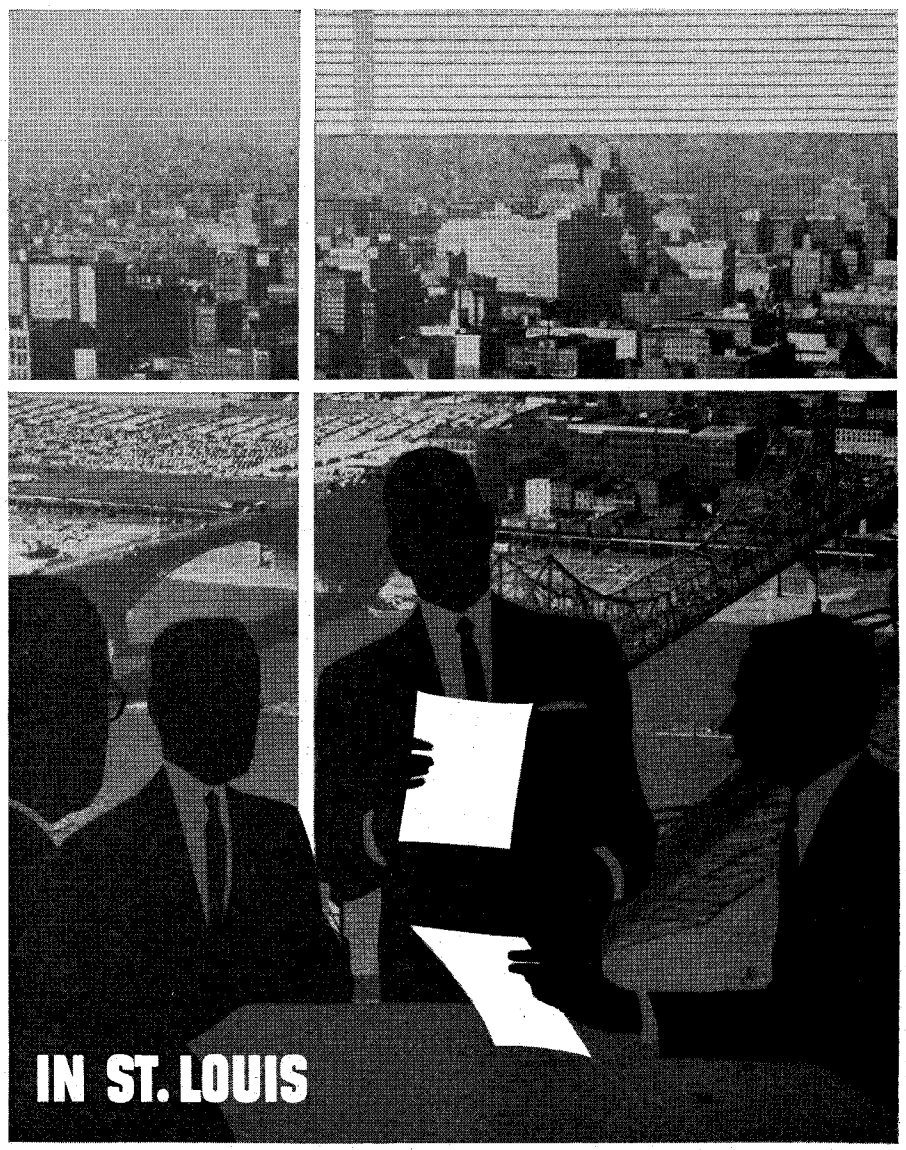
Sergeant Graham came in low under full power for his inspection pass. Ravenhill, having stepped out in front, signaled, with arms extended flatly, that a safe landing could be made. Under these light conditions—brilliant, but with no sunlight to cast shadows on the unbroken snow—it was difficult for the most seasoned flier to detect low but still dangerous drifts.

The ship rose up steeply toward the break in the rampart above the slide, banked westward over the crest of the slide, circled southward and returned. Graham's experience in winter flying was evident here. He came in fast, as was necessary in subzero cold and new snow of this powdery texture. An increasing cloud of surface snow trailed the ship as the skis sank lower and lower.

Then, snow-borne, the ship slowed rapidly. The sergeant brought it abreast of Ravenhill's Norseman and for an ominous moment it seemed that he would halt there. But he kept on, taxied in a wide circle and returned to his landing tracks opposite the cabin. Ravenhill was thankful for this latter maneuver. Some two hundred feet now separated the two ships. Graham was pointed south, ready to take off. His tracks would be helpful indeed when Ravenhill himself took off, if he took off today.

The sergeant left the engine idling and swung down, a tall, natty figure in his winter service uniform. He plowed ponderously through the waist-deep snow toward the cabin, his blue eyes studying the group there, but his bony face expressionless.

He stamped on the well-trampled snow below the (*Continued on Page 119*)



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(*Continued from Page 117*) cabin steps, removed his gloves and returned Ravenhill's salute crisply. "I see you're warming up to take off," he told Ravenhill, his manner polite but businesslike. "I'm glad you waited." He nodded to the others in turn; then his unemotional gaze fixed on Pat. "Who is this lady?"

"Miss Patricia Wilson, Sergeant Graham." Ravenhill did the honors courteously, and the sergeant saluted again. "She's Homer Wilson's daughter," Ravenhill said. He added, since there was no use beating about the bush, "She came up to visit Homer, who'd been hiding here."

"I'm not surprised," the sergeant said. "Where is Wilson?"

"There was a catastrophe here this morning," Ravenhill returned. "An enormous tragedy. You noticed we'd had an avalanche on the other side of the ridge?"

The sergeant nodded. "It looks quite recent."

"Less than two hours ago," Ravenhill said. "It engulfed poor Homer. He was crossing the ridge from the cabin, here, to Midas Creek. It happened that I was higher up on the ridge, crossing over to call on Homer. In fact," Ravenhill stated calmly, looking at Devereaux, "the avalanche started just below where I was standing. I may even have started it myself, careful as I was trying to be."

Devereaux said nothing. The sergeant, too, glanced at Devereaux, but continued to address Ravenhill, "You say the avalanche 'engulfed' Wilson. You saw this?"

"Not his actual death," Ravenhill admitted. "The avalanche kicked up an enormous fog in between. These lads saw it, I believe."

LaDue spoke up hesitantly, plainly overawed by the dread presence of the Mounted Police: "We have all seen it, *M'sieu le Sergeant*."

"You, too, Devereaux?"

"I saw what Ravenhill saw," Devereaux said briefly. "I'd followed him up there."

"Very well," the sergeant said. "We'll continue the examination inside the cabin." He inclined his head briefly to Pat. "You have my sympathy, Miss Wilson. You didn't witness this?"

"No," she said, shuddering. "I was here. I heard it, though. It was frightful."

The sergeant waved them inside. "Where's Shorty Trost?" he asked Ravenhill.

LaDue answered for him, "He will be here soon. He also saw the avalanche. He knows M'sieu Ravenhill and Devereaux are up there where the avalanche starts. He goes up to see if they are fighting."

"Fighting?" the sergeant repeated coldly. "Never mind. Inside, please. We'll have a complete report."

Just then Shorty labored around the corner of the slide from the north, coming at a dogtrot. The sergeant and Ravenhill—the last ones outside the cabin—waited for him.

Shorty kicked off his snowshoes and mounted the steps, puffing. Shorty had had no time to spruce up like the others before leaving Midas Creek. His bristling face was grim and watchful.

"How are you, Shorty?" the sergeant greeted him, almost affably. "We're about to hold an inquiry into Homer Wilson's death. You witnessed it too?"

"Yeah," Shorty said. "There ain't much to investigate. It's probably best for poor old Homer, at that. . . . I detoured by your ship," he told Ravenhill, his face expressionless. This meant he knew Homer was aboard. "I figured you might be there. I see you're heating up your engine. How soon you taking off?"

"Soon, I hope," Ravenhill returned. "The inquiry shouldn't take long."

"Inside, please," the sergeant directed.

Shorty delayed a moment longer, beating the loose snow from his clothing. "I followed your trail over the hump," he told Ravenhill. "I tromped down all the snow around where you and Devereaux were standing, trying to figure out how that blasted snowslide started. Anything could have started it."

Ravenhill was deeply touched. In one of his shrewdest assists, Shorty had deliberately destroyed all evidence at the point where the snowslide started. If Graham's suspicions of foul play were not aroused—rather, if Devereaux could be discredited before the point arose—the Mountie might be persuaded to label it an accidental death even though Devereaux should suddenly decide to give adverse testimony.

"Three hearts."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And that was all to the good. Sterling gambler though Pat was, she was unaware of Devereaux's destructive potential, should a savage impulse seize him. Ravenhill knew, and knew also that he himself could not afford an instant of relaxed vigilance until Graham was again in the air, Whitehorse-bound.

The entire company arranged themselves quickly in the cabin. Pat and Graham were the only ones seated; Graham at the table facing the room; Pat in the chair against the wall between the table and fireplace. The others ranged in a compact semicircle from door to fireplace; Ravenhill at one end, close to the sergeant, and Devereaux leaning against the fireplace, poker-faced and watchful.

Many times before, Ravenhill had mentally bared his head in tribute to the prestige of that organization unique among law-enforcing agencies of the continent, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Graham was alone here, in a remote corner of the mighty Yukon, hundreds of miles northeast of his official seat of authority, Whitehorse. Yet that authority and prestige, invisible but unquestioned, were reflected in respectful silence which pervaded the room as Graham calmly and methodically produced some papers, a notebook and pencil, and prepared to proceed.

Graham was not truly alone here, Ravenhill thought, with an odd touch of pride intertwined somehow with the deep roots of the past. Should one Mountie fall, another stepped forward to take his place, and yet another, until an approximation of the thing called "justice" had been achieved. And beyond that long line was the prestige of the Dominion, and beyond that the Crown—and beyond that, massive and unyielding, the bulwark of the centuries-old social scheme called Western civilization.

"Miss Wilson," the sergeant began, without preliminary, "why are you here at the Forks? To visit your father?"

"Yes, sir," Pat said.

"You flew in to the Falls from Whitehorse? On the mail plane, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get up from the Falls?" the sergeant asked. "Who escorted you?"

"Mr. Devereaux," she replied.

The sergeant nodded and turned his attention to Devereaux. "You were here in the Yukon on probation, Devereaux. I gave you permission to cross the line and come up to the Falls on your statement that you were trying to locate a missing relative. Was that relative Homer Wilson?"

"No," Devereaux returned. "The man Homer killed, LeVeq, was my uncle. I suspected Homer was here. I wanted to question him about my uncle's death."

Ravenhill interrupted at this point, "Sergeant Graham, may I inquire if this is an official examination?"

"A preliminary examination only," Graham returned, with a searching glance. "For my information. If there is an inquest, however, you will be required to repeat your testimony under oath. Why do you ask?"

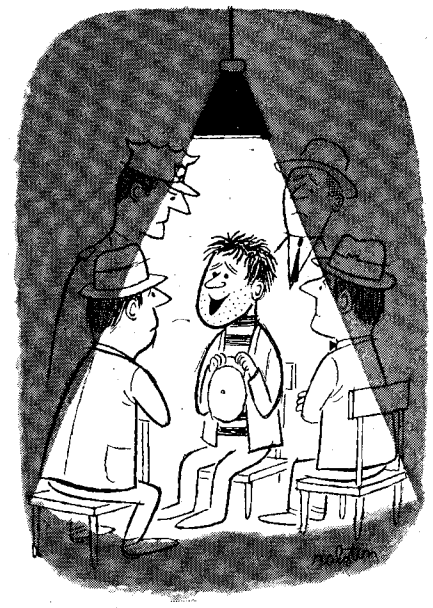
Ravenhill was taking a calculated risk. This might add fuel to the fires smoldering in Devereaux, but the arrogant youth must be discredited as a witness as soon as possible.

"Because," Ravenhill told the sergeant calmly, "there's an impropriety here."

"What impropriety?"

"I'm quite sure Devereaux is armed," Ravenhill said. "A pistol in a shoulder holster."

The sergeant rose up at once, circled the table and approached Devereaux. "Your hands in the air, please."



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Devereaux flushed darkly and raised his arms. The sergeant removed the Luger from its holster, discovered the knife and removed it. He frisked Devereaux's entire person expertly, then stepped back. Tossing the knife on the table, he pointed the pistol at the floor and unloaded it.

Then he appraised Devereaux sternly. "What's the meaning of this? When you crossed the line you stated you possessed no weapons whatever."

"I picked them up at the Falls," Devereaux returned, his heavy jaw outthrust. "And I needed them. This is a rough camp—since Ravenhill showed up. I've been attacked twice. First Ravenhill jumped me over at Midas Creek ——"

"One moment, sir," Graham interposed. "We'll hear your statement at the proper time." As he returned to his place at the table, he said coldly, "You're in a serious situation, Devereaux. I must report this to Immigration. Meantime, these weapons are confiscated."

"Why don't you search the others?" Devereaux demanded. "LaDue, for instance?"

"I know these men," Graham returned. . . . "Shorty, are you or your men armed?"

"Of course not—except maybe LaDue," Shorty said. . . . "How about it, LaDue?"

To Ravenhill's delight, LaDue spread his hands, with an appearance of shocked surprise. "When I come over to tell my sympathy to Pat? Impossible."

"Are we playing favorites here?" Devereaux insisted truculently. "Search LaDue. He threatened to pull a knife on me."

Without comment, Graham circled the table and searched LaDue. There was no knife. "From this point on, Devereaux," the sergeant said, returning to his place, "kindly conduct yourself in an orderly manner. I am in charge of these proceedings. . . . You're not armed, Ravenhill?"

"No," Ravenhill replied.

The sergeant nodded, examined Devereaux's knife and pistol closely and made some notations in his record.

"You are next, sir," he said, addressing Ravenhill. "Your flight plan was Carcross to Norman Wells, via the Pelly and Sifton Pass. Why are you here?"

"Because Shorty wrote me that Homer was here," Ravenhill replied. "It put the hermits in a frightful spot; their records making them already suspect with you. So I detoured here to lend a hand."

"What do you mean, sir? Lend a hand to whom? Not to Homer Wilson, surely?"

"Perhaps," Ravenhill admitted. "If I were convinced he was innocent."

"In other words, Mr. Ravenhill," the sergeant said sternly, "you admit you deliberately detoured here to the Forks, knowing a fugitive from the Mounted Police was in hiding here? Your purpose being to aid this fugitive to escape, if you decided he was innocent of the crime charged to him?"

Pat and the hermits were obviously worried by this turn in the questioning. Devereaux was as plainly delighted. Ravenhill was not disturbed, however; his loyalty to Homer—the quality of his friendship—was now being established.

"I wanted to appraise the circumstances, sergeant," he explained. "These hermits were in an awkward position, and they were old friends. I was tremendously in debt to Homer. If I could assist the hermits and properly lend Homer a hand, I was prepared to do so."

"If I can make a suggestion at this point, sergeant," Devereaux interposed with a deferential air, "why not ask Ravenhill just how he was in Homer Wilson's debt?"

"Does it have a bearing?" the sergeant asked, frowning a little.

"It certainly does," Devereaux said. "If Ravenhill's a knight in shining armor, as he pretends, it's one thing. If he's a crook, from the record, it's another."

"Watch your language, please," Graham reproved. "Mr. Ravenhill is not on trial here. Notwithstanding that the Mounted Police may look upon his general activities with—shall I say reservations—he has been convicted of no crime, to my knowledge."

"Look, sergeant," Devereaux insisted. "Ravenhill's likely to charge me with any number of crimes. I may charge him with a crime, committed right here. You're investigating Homer Wilson's death. If it develops that Ravenhill and Homer were associated together before, as criminals—no, not as convicted criminals, because Riv's too smooth ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill interrupted. He had decided to state the nature of his debt to Homer, embarrassing as it was in the presence of Pat and the hermits. Homer would never have told Pat, even. "Although it occurred on the Alaskan side," he told the sergeant, "I've no objection to hanging out the wash, if Devereaux insists."

> A pedestrian always has the right of way, especially in an ambulance.
>
> ROBERT FITCH

"I'm not sure it has a bearing," the sergeant said. "This is not a court of law, however. Proceed."

"Tell it, by all means, Devereaux," Ravenhill challenged carelessly. "I reserve the right to correct your account, of course."

"O.K.," said Devereaux, with relish. "There were two hard-working lads developing claims down on the Iditarod. Ravenhill landed there broke, with a rickety old ship. He traded the ship for a claim, then salted the claim and sold it, making a neat profit. Homer was in on it. Naturally the guy who bought the salted claim ——"

"Pardon," Pat interposed. "This appears to reflect on my father, Devereaux," she said pointedly. "What is meant by 'salting' a claim? Is it something dishonest?"

The hermits leered at one another. The sergeant hid his own amusement under a grave front.

"It's quite dishonest," he told her. "It means —— But you may explain it, Devereaux."

"A mine can be salted in various ways," Devereaux told Pat smilingly. "Ravenhill's was the simplest. This ground was worthless—no gold in it. So Ravenhill took a shotgun, loaded several shells with small nuggets and dust, and shot them into the ground. Then he persuaded his victim to pan a sample on the ground—at one of the places he indicated. Naturally the ground was rich. When you can get that much gold in one pan—half a shotgun shell of nuggets—your claim may be worth millions. It's one of the oldest con games in the north."

"But what was my father's part in this?" she asked.

"He lent Ravenhill the shotgun," Devereaux said, grinning outright.

"Go on, please," the sergeant ordered curtly.

"The guy who bought this salted claim from Ravenhill," Devereaux went on, "soon found out he'd been taken, plenty. So he told the deputy United States marshal. The deputy went looking for Ravenhill, to arrest him, but Ravenhill hid out in Homer's cabin. In an upper bunk that wasn't being used, and was piled high with cast-off clothes and assorted junk. Homer was playing solitaire when the deputy showed up. Claimed he didn't know a thing. The deputy went on to the other cabins, and Ravenhill sneaked out, got aboard his ship—the one he'd traded for the claim—and took off, heading for the Yukon. So Ravenhill made what is called a fast buck—the cash he got for the salted claim, plus stealing his ship back."

The hermits and Pat had followed this recital with wide-eyed interest.

The sergeant appeared a trifle annoyed. "I've heard the story," he said. "Were you there, Devereaux?"

"No. But in Alaska everyone knows about it."

"Then it's entirely hearsay," the sergeant said. "It has no place in this record."

"Let it remain in the record, nevertheless," Ravenhill interposed. "With a minor correction or two. I was there, sergeant," he pointed out, with a touch of amusement. "This isn't hearsay."

"Very well," the sergeant conceded. "You're entitled to a reply, I presume."

"The two 'hard-working lads' who were developing the claims," Ravenhill told Devereaux, "were named O'Connor and Fitch. They were notorious confidence men. All their claims were worthless. I'd never heard of the precious pair before, and was naturally annoyed to find I'd traded my ship—a 'rickety' one, granted, but mine own—for a salted claim, and was afoot on the Iditarod."

"Naturally," Devereaux agreed. "Ravenhill, the greatest slicker of them all, outslickered."

Graham would have broken in ominously there, but Ravenhill raised a restraining hand. "I refuse to accept your 'greatest-slicker' tribute," he told Devereaux affably. "It's true I'd lost face. But I had the last laugh, I think. I had a little raw gold that I'd brought over from the Porcupine. I resalted the claim with this Porcupine gold. My deal was with O'Connor. Fitch was out of camp that day. O'Connor was enormously enthused—or greedy, shall I say? He really thought I'd uncovered a new pay streak. He bought the claim back for several thousand in cash—all that he and Fitch had taken in on the scheme to date—and the ship. I insisted he must toss in the ship too."

"So now you didn't steal the ship," Devereaux said. "You admit you took O'Connor for several thousand in cash, however?"

"Permit me to finish," Ravenhill protested. "I took the cash over to Homer and entrusted it to him for redistribution to several old-timers—including Homer himself—who'd been rooked by O'Connor and Fitch. That's how the deputy overhauled me; I should have taken off at once. I managed to get aboard and take off, however. I assume O'Connor and Fitch were annoyed by the whole thing. I never heard."

"A likely story!" Devereaux sneered. "How come it isn't generally known?"

"Who would tell it?" Ravenhill asked smilingly. "O'Connor? Fitch? Homer?" He shook his head. "Ravenhill least of all. I'd not only lost face in the episode, I was out of pocket besides. I left the Iditarod poorer than when I'd arrived—which was, of course, inexcusable. I'd emptied my tanks flying in and out, and had left behind me the slightly more than three ounces of gold I'd used to salt the blighted mine!"

The hermits chuckled silently. For the first time Pat smiled a little. Even Graham's eyes held a remote amusement as he appraised the glowering Devereaux. This sort of adventure—plus his own attitude toward it—had made Ravenhill close to a legend in the north.

"Let us proceed," the sergeant ordered. "These details may be of interest to Alaska authorities, but they have no bearing here."

"This has a bearing, dammit!" Devereaux began fiercely, then he shrugged, flushing, under Graham's cool stare. "Excuse it. . . . But let's get down to brass tacks," he urged. "My point is, Ravenhill didn't come all this distance, and risk his life in the blizzard, just to help Homer out of a jam. The truth is that while Homer was hiding out from you Mounties he made a big gold strike—one of the biggest since the Klondike, maybe. That's what brought Ravenhill here like a buzzard. Shorty wrote to him and invited him over."

"A gold strike?" the sergeant said, frowning. "Where?"

"Ask Ravenhill," Devereaux returned. "He and Pat—Miss Wilson, here—are the only ones who know."

He had plainly intended this as a bombshell. And it was—to all the hermits except Shorty. They eyed Ravenhill with almost ludicrous amazement.

Sergeant Graham turned to Ravenhill, perplexed. "Is this true, Mr. Ravenhill? Homer Wilson made a really substantial strike while he was a fugitive?"

"Yes," Ravenhill said. "I haven't seen it, but Homer described it to me. Homer couldn't have been misled, of course. It was the one field in which he was an outstanding expert."

"Where is it located?"

"Homer's discovery isn't recorded yet," Ravenhill pointed out. "It wouldn't be proper for me to divulge its location at this time."

"Quite right," the sergeant agreed. "I withdraw the question. You knew about this strike when you detoured up here to the Forks?"

"No," Ravenhill said. "Not until I arrived. Shorty hadn't mentioned it in his letter. . . . You have Shorty's letter, I think, Pat?"

"Yes." She looked about her, frowning, then fumbled in her purse and found it. "Here it is."

Graham took the letter and motioned Shorty to the table. "Is this the letter you wrote to Mr. Ravenhill?"

Shorty glanced at it and nodded. "Yeah," he said. "I'm surprised he was able to read it. When I try to write, it's as bad as Boggs trying to talk."

The sergeant waved him back and read the note quickly, then put it down, shaking his head. "No mention of the strike, Devereaux. But that's not material. I think we'll all agree, from Mr. Ravenhill's reputation, that if the whim struck him to fly a thousand miles ——"

"It certainly is material," Devereaux insisted. "Homer was hale and hearty before Ravenhill showed up. Ravenhill learned about the strike. He persuaded Pat he was a knight in shining armor, and found out where the strike was. Right after that, Homer wasn't here any more." He gave Ravenhill a meaning glare as he put the question, "Is it just coincidence that Homer was 'accidentally' killed in the avalanche? Leaving Ravenhill—and Pat, who doesn't even know how to stake a claim—as the only living people who know where Homer's strike's located?"

Graham eyed Devereaux coldly. For an instant Ravenhill almost literally held his breath. Was the ax about to fall? Then Graham's manner suggested something that was near-incredible. Ravenhill had never given a thought to the weight of (*Continued on Page 122*)

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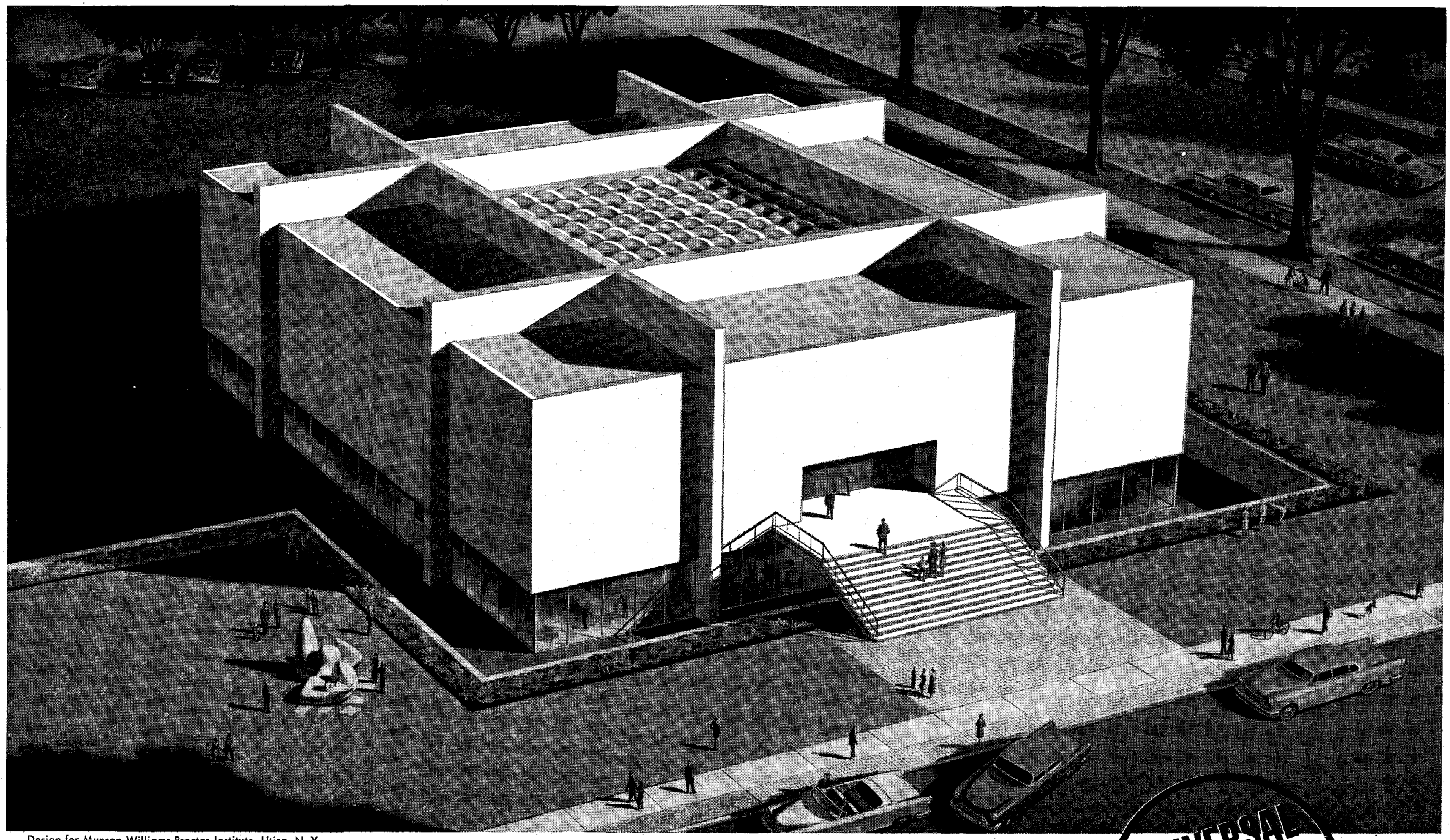

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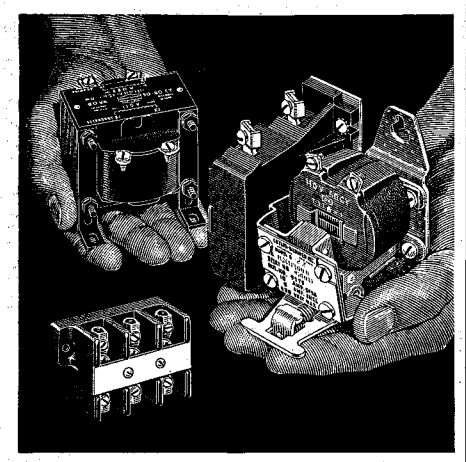

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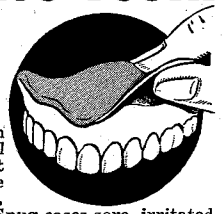

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(*Continued from Page 120*)

public opinion. He had held fast to but few ethical codes in his buccaneer way of life. One never soiled one's hands with murder. Though circumstances often required a nimble flitting about the edges of truth, one never lied outright. One paid one's debts—always, to friend or foe. It had never before occurred to him that these personal ethical views, puny as they were, had been noted by those about him.

He saw evidence of it now. To Sergeant Graham he was *persona non grata*, one to be viewed with suspicion, a major nuisance to be abated at the first opportunity. Yet it was plain from the sergeant's attitude that he looked upon Devereaux's thinly veiled accusation as downright preposterous.

"Let's have no further innuendos, please," he told Devereaux sternly. "Let the facts speak for themselves."

"And to give his innuendo even less dignity," Ravenhill said, "permit me to ask Miss Wilson a question. First, without divulging the exact location of the claim, sergeant, I will now state that it is within three hours by snowshoe from the spot where we are now gathered. . . . Pat," he asked, disregarding the astonishment of the hermits, and Devereaux's incredulous scowl, "did you personally stake Homer's discovery claim last night, as I suggested?"

"Yes," she said, her eyes fixed upon his face. "We waited until midnight, but it was still snowing, so we went out anyway. It took the rest of the night, almost."

Ravenhill turned at once to the Mountie. "I haven't personally seen the claim. All these men, including Devereaux, will testify that I haven't left camp since I arrived. Miss Wilson has now staked the claim personally. When this inquiry's concluded, will you give Miss Wilson a lift back to Whitehorse?"

"Of course," the sergeant replied. "No unattached woman should be here at the Forks."

"And to preclude Devereaux's fanciful notion that someone—anyone—could possibly jump the claim," Ravenhill continued, "will you personally see that Miss Wilson properly records the claim?"

"I will, indeed," the sergeant said. . . . "Have no fears on that score, Miss Wilson." Again he eyed Devereaux coldly. "I shall come to you in a moment, sir. If you have any specific accusations to make, you may make them then. Meantime, let's proceed in an orderly manner. . . . Mr. Ravenhill, kindly outline the events, briefly, since you arrived here at the Forks yesterday."

Ravenhill did so, inwardly thankful that the interval was giving Devereaux time to think. That arrogant youth, furious and baffled, was staring blackly at the floor. His ungovernable temper—the sole flaw in his nature which prevented him from being a truly great gambler, in Ravenhill's view—had almost tipped the scales. And he must be handled with gloves still.

Ravenhill gave a concise, step-by-step account of his arrival during the blizzard, his conference here in the cabin with Homer, Pat, Shorty, and later with Devereaux. He described Homer's insistence that Pat's interests should be protected, and his own suggestion that Pat personally record the claim for that purpose. He had planned to spend the night at Midas Creek, there being no room for an extra guest here.

He didn't mention the brawl at the old post, nor the manner in which Devereaux had first been made prisoner, then later had overcome both LaDue and Shorty. This was designed to serve notice on the hermits of the trend of the play. He mentioned no bickerings with Devereaux, nor Devereaux' clash with LaDue.

When he came to the events of the morning, Ravenhill watched Devereaux for his reaction. During the night, Ravenhill explained, he had decided he must have a further discussion with Homer. He had debated circling the rock slide, it being obviously dangerous to cross, but the prospect of the long, slogging haul around the toe of the slide had been disheartening. He had accordingly crossed the slide high up—high enough to avoid being engulfed in an avalanche from above, but unfortunately overlooking the danger to anyone below.

At that point Ravenhill turned to Pat. "You and Homer had just returned from staking the claim, I believe you said. Perhaps you can explain why he was crossing over. To confer with me, I presume?"

Pat sat silent for a moment, her eyes lowered. Then she said, "I was dog-tired. So was dad, but he insisted on starting out. 'Now,' he said, 'I've got to meet up with Riv.'"

"That covers it, then," Ravenhill told the Mountie. "Up to the avalanche, that is. I'd paused for a breather. I'd been extremely careful on the way up. It started,

... ...

Conscience

A friend who's kind
Enough to nudge us
To judge ourselves
As others judge us!

May Richstone

... ...

somehow, right below me. I could see Homer far down the ridge. He saw the avalanche coming—too late, it appears." Ravenhill shrugged mutely and went on, "Devereaux had followed me up on the ridge. It appears that Shorty trailed us both—out of curiosity, I presume." He turned to Shorty and put the question before Graham could interpose, "Could you tell what started the avalanche, Shorty?"

"Nope," Shorty said. "Looks like it just started, that's all."

"No tracks?"

"When I thought about tracks it was too late," Shorty said. "Doggoned if I hadn't tromped everything down!"

Devereaux started as though stung. "Yeah?" he began, savagely, but the sergeant halted him with a peremptory gesture.

"Let me explain the procedure here," Graham said sternly. "No variations will be permitted hereafter." He leaned back and addressed them as a group, "Each witness may and must complete his statement without interruption. He must volunteer all he knows at that time. If I need further information I will put the questions myself. Then any witness may raise any point he deems pertinent, but he must not interrupt any other witness' testimony. I am making notes here. At the conclusion of this inquiry, each witness will sign his testimony, after reading it to insure that it has been reported correctly. Is this clear? . . . Continue, Mr. Ravenhill."

"That's about all I have to offer," Ravenhill said. "After the avalanche, Devereaux and I came down to commiserate with Pat. I stopped at my ship to put on the nose hangar and start the blowtorch. When we arrived here at the cabin Pat told us about your message, asking me to wait. I was happy to oblige," Ravenhill concluded. "I knew you'd want to examine all witnesses."

He paused there, glanced at his wrist watch and produced his cigarette case. It was empty, and Pat pushed a partially filled package toward him.

"They're yours, anyway," she said. "You told me I could get them from the ship."

There was silence for a moment, while Graham made brief notations in his book. Ravenhill stole a glance at Devereaux as he lit his cigarette. Devereaux was likewise studying him fixedly, his brows lowered and his eyes black and measuring. It was plain that his hate of Ravenhill was again—and this time finally—struggling with his greed.

Graham turned to Shorty. "You're next, sir. Where were you when the avalanche started? Begin there, please."

Shorty made it brief. Like Ravenhill, he made no reference to the deadly undercurrents preceding the moment when the avalanche started. He did not mention that, being bound and gagged, he had kicked his feet against the wall after Devereaux had left, and thus brought Sanderson to the rescue. He stated merely that he had heard the avalanche rumble. The other hermits had heard it, too, and all had dashed out to watch. They had seen Homer turn, run, fall. Then the avalanche had rolled over him.

"Did you see Ravenhill up at the point where the avalanche started?" Graham asked.

"Yeah," Shorty replied.

"What was he doing?"

"Just standing there like he was struck dumb with horror," Shorty said. "When it was over, he kind of threw up his arms"—he imitated Ravenhill's helpless gesture—"just like saying, 'Lookit what happened to pore old Homer!'"

"Did you see Devereaux up there?"

"Nope."

"Then why did you go up?"

"Just curiosity," Shorty said, leering at Devereaux. "I knew Devereaux was up there—I seen his tracks, following Riv's—and I was wondering why he was keeping out of sight."

Graham gave him a frowning glance. "LaDue?"

LaDue's statement followed the same pattern as Shorty's. He had heard the avalanche start; he'd dashed out to watch; he'd seen Homer plowed under and Ravenhill make his sorrowful gesture. He'd persuaded the other hermits that they must come over to express their sympathy to Pat. Sanderson had insisted that they dress up first.

Sanderson's testimony was almost identical. Knowing the limitations of the silent partners, Graham merely asked Boggs briefly, "Have you anything to add to this? Or you, Blackie?"

They shook their heads in unison.

"Very well," Graham said, addressing the hermits. "Before we proceed, I've a word for you men. Naturally, Homer Wilson can't be prosecuted now. His case is closed. Nor, under the circumstances, will I bring charges against you hermits for harboring a fugitive. You were old friends of Homer's. He undoubtedly needed food and shelter. It was difficult for you to send word to me in midwinter. You understand, however, that you were skating on very thin ice, as far as the law is concerned, and will govern yourselves accordingly hereafter?"

"Yes, sir," Shorty said meekly.

The sergeant nodded and took up his pencil. "Devereaux?" he prompted. "This is your opportunity, sir. You were an eyewitness at the point where the avalanche started. You've hinted your belief that the death was other than accidental. If you have anything to state for the record on that point, kindly state it now."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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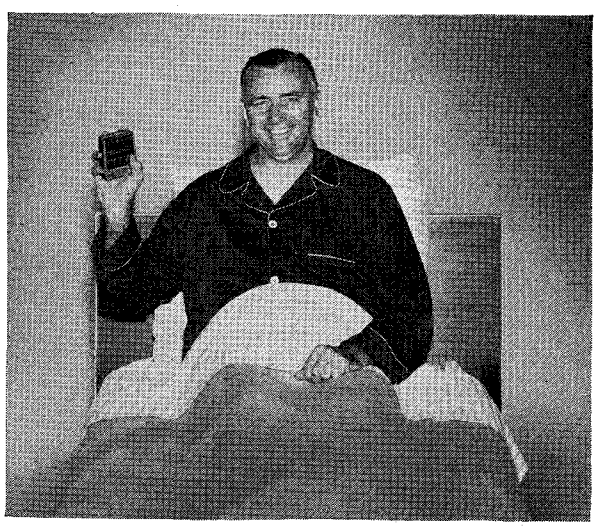
Stay comfortable



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We've Got the Weather Licked

(Continued from Page 35)

of year-round climate when its advantages are understood and the price is within our means.

No one, I am sure, would have invested a nickel to live in the monotony of Mr. Burdick's perpetual spring twenty-five years ago. We expected to swelter in summer and counteract the winter shivers by superheating the air indoors. The weather dictated all sorts of household inconveniences, and they were considered inevitable. Dust and dirt came with warm summer breezes; or mildew, when the air was sticky and hot. Winter atmosphere indoors was apt to resemble Sahara—dry enough to draw static sparks from every piece of metal in the room, brassy-hot at breathing level and perhaps ten degrees cooler around your feet.

A large segment of the population continues to put up with some or all of these conditions in older houses. But few consider them inevitable any more. I, for instance, used to be a fresh-air fiend. My education began with the acceptance of closed windows, comfort and cleanliness in air-conditioned Pullmans in smoke-and-cinder days. Then I discovered, again because I had no choice, that I could sleep like a baby in tightly sealed hotel rooms, oblivious of heat or cold outdoors. I was ready—and my wife was overjoyed—when we shut the windows for good a few months ago, trading dust, soot and an occasional snowflake on the pillow for tempered, filtered air.

We have quit trying to outguess the weatherman and rely on electronic brains instead. They went to work the day a young man named Don—it said so, in red thread, on the pocket of his coverall—fished a bundle of wires out of the living-room wall and hitched them to a small metal box containing a thermostat, fan- and temperature-control levers, and another tiny switch to change from "heat" in the winter to "cool" in summer. Don moved the temperature lever a fraction of an inch, and the complicated machinery in the basement obediently came to life. It took over the air-conditioning job, I was assured, for the balance of my life. All I had to worry about were the oil and electric bills.

It was a day to remember, marking the end of a struggle that was prolonged, frustrating and educational. I had bought a city house built about 1765, intending to restore the original architectural features while renovating the place as a modern home. It boasted pine-paneled walls, for instance, which I wanted to preserve—and a network of exposed heating pipes and gigantic radiators which I was determined to discard. This posed a typical problem when I discovered that ancient walls had no hollow places within them, as in modern construction, where pipes or ducts could be concealed.

No one can predict the direction the work will take as the structural peculiarities of such a building are uncovered. Restoration is not the sort of job a builder welcomes. So I became my own contractor, negotiating with plumbers, electricians and heating "experts."

The woods, I discovered, were full of experts, all as elusive as chipmunks. The papers flaunted their advertising. But luring the expert to the house and obtaining a bid took guile and persistence. I began with the regional representatives of several widely advertised heating-and-cooling systems. Most of them were busy with projects that obviously ran into the millions. They would be glad to pass the word down to a local contractor, who would study my humble problem.

The word filtered down, as a rule, with difficulty. In two instances, weeks went by without a murmur. It took two months of nagging by telephone and by mail to produce a satisfactory bid. Hours were lost waiting for contractors who often as not ignored appointments. In this period, however, discovery of the many ways in which a home can be heated and cooled became a fascinating pursuit. The history of climate control indoors was beautifully illustrated, for instance, as we pulled apart and rebuilt our old house.

The Quaker bricklayer who had erected this three-story, nine-room row house on a lot only eighteen feet wide had installed a fireplace in every room. Wood was the fuel, and direct radiation from the flames and the warmed brick was the extent of the heat. The first improvement was installation of a cast-iron fireback we found in the living-room fireplace. It increased the radiation. Then came a grate for coal, which radiated a more even heat. This was followed by individual gas burners in the fireplaces; and at various periods in the history of the house, coal, gas or kerosene stoves ornamented most of the rooms, indicated by the stovepipe holes cut into the chimneys.

The stoves added convection to radiation, warming and circulating the air around them. Cuts in the hall floor boards indicated that there had probably been a time when the house was heated by convection alone, with a coal-burning furnace in the basement to provide hot air, which rose of its own volition through the house. None of these systems provided the warmth that was finally achieved with the unsightly hot-water pipes and radiators, bringing ample radiation and convection into each room.

I had a choice of returning to radiation, radiation plus convection, or convection alone for winter air-conditioning our old house. I chose the last, a forced-air system, because the ducts could do double duty and distribute cool air in the summer. Radiant heating today is a low-temperature affair. One method is to place warm-water lines under the floor, usually in single-story houses built on a concrete slab. Radiant heating also can be provided by electricity, either from panels set in the walls or ceiling, or from a network of cable behind the plaster in each room. Neither system seemed adapted to an old, three-story structure.

Radiation plus convection, from hot-water or steam pipes and radiators, is the classic heating system in regions where coal once was the most-used fuel. There are countless variations of these systems, and the most popular, at the moment, is known as baseboard-perimeter heat—meaning a practically continuous, inconspicuous radiator which takes the place of a baseboard along the outside room walls. This system both warms the air along the walls and radiates direct heat.

The engineers refer to piped water as a "wet" system; and one contractor proposed a "wet" cooling and heating installation for my house. The system simply pumps chilled water through the pipes in summer to room radiators which are equipped with fans. A thermostat controls the fan, blowing just the right amount of cool air in summer, warm air in winter. The result is an individual, year-round air conditioner in each room. The cost, I found, was nearly as de luxe as the results. A variation, also costly for a home with many rooms, combines an electrically powered cooler—a window air conditioner—with a radiator and fan hooked to the hot-water pipes in every room. It also delivers just what the thermostat orders, summer and winter.

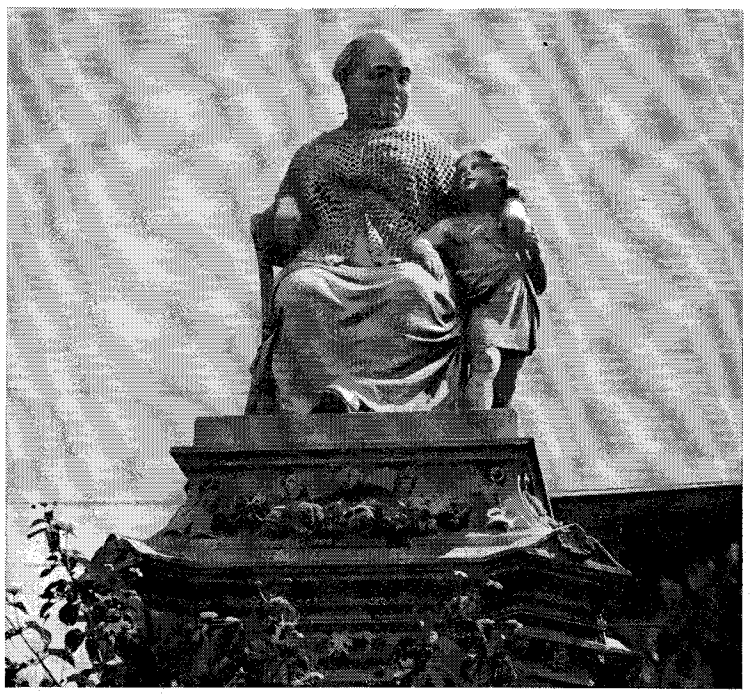
Cost was not the whole story in selecting convection to meet our peculiar needs. We couldn't build radiators into the walls and didn't want to replace the handsome baseboards with heating units, or hide colonial chair rails or paneling with air-conditioning cabinets. The solution was the construction of a boxed-in, inconspicuous central stack which contained most of the ductwork, and the use of high-velocity warm and cold air, which fans out along the ceiling from grilled openings high on the inside walls. The old-fashioned gravity warm-air systems used pipes a foot or more in diameter. Most modern forced-air heat travels in foot-wide, flat metal ducts. Our high-velocity air is blown through three-inch-diameter tubes, which were relatively easy to conceal and snake through tight spots. The grills utilize the force of the blast to mix in room air and slow the stream to a whisper instead of a roar. The system won't compete with Mr. Burdick's noiseless, gentle air, and the temperatures may vary a couple of degrees as the heater or the chiller switches on and off. But we consider the investment—a little less than $3000—as well as the $250-a-year operating cost a bargain in comfort.

The heat is provided by oil, and might have been gas if the manufacturer had cleared his gas-fired furnace with housing officials of the city where I reside. A three-horsepower electric compressor cools the house. The switch from summer cooling to winter heat is controlled by a tiny lever on the thermostat, but it is actually a bit more complicated. We throw more air into the bedrooms and less downstairs when cooling, and reverse the process in wintertime. This requires a fifteen-minute visit to the cellar, adjusting the dampers in the air ducts.

Varying the air flow approximates zoning, which permits different temperatures to be maintained in different parts of the house. True zoning, however, puts a series of thermostatic controls on the job, and is used in many large homes. Gen. Mark W. Clark's new residence in Charleston, South Carolina, provides an example.

When the general became president of The Citadel, a handsome official residence for the Clarks was planned on the campus

So We Commemorate



THE GENEROUS LAUNDRESS

In a little triangular park in New Orleans there stands a statue to a dumpy, homely woman which bears only one word, "Margaret." It needs nothing more, in a city of 570,445, to identify Margaret Haughery. Although she died seventy-five years ago, her name and memory live on in the light of her charity.

Margaret was orphaned as a small child when yellow fever killed her immigrant parents. Later she was left a widow at twenty-three. Penniless, she took a job as a laundress in a New Orleans hotel. From her scanty pay she regularly gave two thirds to church charities aiding orphans and widows. With her savings from the remaining third, she bought two cows and sold milk. Next she saved enough to purchase a little bakery. Soon the demand for her bread and pastries made it the largest bakery in town. Never, however, did the illiterate little laundress keep more than a third of her income. The rest went to aid the poor. During the Civil War, when the families of many soldiers were hard-pressed for money, she handed them fresh bread free.

Throughout her life, she lived modestly and simply. When she died in 1882, her executors were surprised to find that her estate amounted to $500,000. Every cent of it was left to charity.

The governor of Louisiana and the city's most distinguished citizens were among her pallbearers. The poor came by thousands to mourn her. The press termed her passing "a great calamity."

When a campaign was begun to erect the statue to her at Camp and Prytania Streets, donations poured in. Many were from the very poor and very young. These averaged only a nickel—but they added up to an ample sum.

Harold Helfer

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of South Carolina's distinguished military college. Year-around air conditioning was included for the comfort of the Clarks and the large groups of people they frequently entertain. This meant extra cooling capacity in certain rooms. Comfort also meant different things to the general and to his lady, especially during the summer months. Mrs. Clark prefers temperatures no lower than eighty degrees. The general, however, likes cooler air.

The heating-cooling contractor used zoning to satisfy these varied comfort needs. A central unit in the basement of the Clark home feeds warm air in winter, cool in summer, to four zones. Mrs. Clark's bedroom, bath and dressing room are one zone, and the thermostat on the wall of her suite delivers, in summer, the warm air she desires. The general's living quarters and a guest room are another zone. Living room, dining room, pantry and kitchen are a third; and the library, powder room and servants' quarters the fourth. Each zone maintains its own climate, summer and winter. Steam from The Citadel heating plant heats the Clarks' air in winter; a five-ton cooling unit, which exhausts the heat through a water-cooling tower in the garage, chills the air in summer.

The arrangement in the Clark home cost about $4000, which is reasonably low for a $74,000 house. Nor is it expensive to operate. The Citadel engineers estimate about $340 a year at prevailing Charleston rates for electricity, water and oil. An estimate of this sort is necessary, as General Clark explains, because the steam, kilowatt-hours and water he uses are provided through The Citadel, with charges prorated to each individual building.

The Clarks, in Charleston's mild climate, could have heated and cooled efficiently with a heat pump—probably a separate machine for each zone. But residential models of this fascinating device, which some consider the electric industry's best bet to capture the heating market in the future, are still relatively expensive. There are, perhaps, 10,000 at work in residences today.

The basic principle of the device is that of a reversible chilling unit; the motor that takes heat out of the indoor air in summer and exhausts it to the outdoors, reverses the process in winter and takes heat from the outside air and blows it in. The colder the outside air becomes, the more difficult the job of extracting heat from it. Where outside temperatures hang below freezing for long periods, present air-to-air heat pumps rely on built-in electric-resistance units, similar to the red-hot coils in an electric range, to boost the output of warm air.

Heat pumps that circulate water instead of air through the machine to supply heat to the air indoors, or to carry it away, are more efficient and economical in the North, simply because the temperature in wells and underground pipes remains fairly constant the year around. It's a lot easier to draw heat from fifty-degree water, in winter, than from zero-degree air. The problem is water supply. A constant, large volume must be available.

Glydewell Burdick, on the rim of Lake Mendota, is in an ideal spot to use water, drawn from a shallow well, for his heat pump. This all-electric source of heat and cooling, however, was not the main reason for my visit. What I wanted to explore, having found the plain, garden variety of all-year air conditioning enjoyable, were the advanced refinements of the art as practiced by Mr. Burdick. I found him a mild-mannered executive in the office and an intense bundle of skills and curiosity at home. His bête noire is humidity. "Too much causes either a clammy-cool or sticky-warm feeling in summer," he explained, "and too little dries you out indoors in winter."

I couldn't have picked a better summer-demonstration day. The temperature outdoors was seventy-six, but the air over Wisconsin was so saturated with moisture that you couldn't see much more than a mile. It was uncomfortably warm, unless you found a breeze. It was also seventy-six degrees in the Burdick home, but fresh and cool. The difference was the relative humidity, which was eighty-two outside and fifty within, according to Mr. Burdick's sling psychrometer.

I doubt that any other private home can match the variety of meters, timers, thermostats, humidistats and other electronic sensing and controlling devices which Burdick has installed. A few laboratories, notably the research residences which the University of Illinois has operated for various segments of the heating-and-cooling industry for the past thirty years, obviously have the means and equipment to pursue a more scientific course. The University of Illinois College of Medicine, at Chicago, incidentally, long ago determined that there are no health hazards in popping out of an air-conditioned room into extreme heat or cold, or back again.

"Humans can stand extremes," Mr. Burdick contends, "but they'll take comfort when they can get it." His idea of comfort coincides with the American Society of Heating and Air-Conditioning Engineers' "comfort zone," which sets the range at seventy-three to seventy-seven degrees, with 25 to 60 per cent relative humidity. The engineers propose a brand-new study of the humidity factor, feeling that the range may be too narrow. In Burdick's view it's just right. "I let it climb the other day to sixty-three per cent, with no change in the temperature," he told me. "When I got home that evening Mrs. Burdick wanted to know what was wrong. She couldn't see any change on the thermometer indoors, but was noticeably less comfortable."

It could be that Mr. Burdick's association with the electric business colors his views, for the solution he proposes would keep power-company wires busy in between the peaks of winter heating and summer cooling, particularly in the Northern states. The day I visited his home, for instance, the apparatus in his basement was performing a strange double duty—reheating the air after it had been chilled. "If the temperature was high outdoors," he explained, "chilling alone would both wring out the water and produce a comfortable temperature indoors. But on days like this, and even more often during warm-season nights, continued operation of the cooling unit will drop the house temperature too low. If, however, the unit doesn't operate, the humidity climbs to uncomfortable levels. The answer is a touch of heat to warm the chilled, dehumidified air."

Any source of heat within the house—an oven, for instance—will help in this respect if the air circulates freely through the house. The Burdick system is to use some of the heat which his water-to-water heat-pump system normally pours down the drain. A few air-conditioning systems are now engineered to dehumidify in similar fashion. Some cooling systems, my own among them, use an automatic timing device which switches the refrigerating machinery on and off for short periods. The effect is to remove part of the moisture without cooling the air too much.

Mr. Burdick figures that humidity control in temperate climates may triple the comfort hours provided by an air conditioner which cools only. "This climate

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dividend," he figures, "will cost the average homeowner twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a year for electric energy. It also can simplify the problem that faces the electric companies. First in the South, then in mid-country, and now in the North, summer air conditioning is creating peak loads. Utilities have to install equipment to meet the load, and the next question is how to keep this equipment busy enough hours per year to keep the price of kilowatts down.

"The cooling loads far overbalance present winter loads in much of the South. Here in Southern Wisconsin we are approaching a balance. Cooling probably will forge ahead for a time, but heating someday could create winter demands considerably above any future summer cooling peak. The question, then, is: What will be a fair price to the consumer and to our company for electricity in the years ahead?"

Mr. Burdick's opinion is that his company's base rate, around 2.3 cents per kilowatt-hour, is within a range which will be fair to both parties in the foreseeable future. He recently prepared a guide for Wisconsin Power & Light consumers, to answer the increasing number of queries about electric heating, particularly of the resistance type. This includes direct radiation from panels, baseboards or concealed cable, and duct heaters which circulate warmed air. The radiation systems are remarkably inexpensive to install. In a new home, for instance, they eliminate both a chimney and loss of space for a central furnace.

Madison builders and home buyers are still just talking electric heat, but 400 miles north, in Virginia, Minnesota, there is a strange turn of events. As the first blast of polar air engulfs this mining and resort town sixty miles north of Duluth, a counterwave of sizzling steam pours from the city's municipal power plant through miles of underground pipes. The steam plant at Virginia, a city populated mostly by Finns, plus assorted Scandinavians and an occasional Irishman, has been called the largest municipally owned heating system in the world.

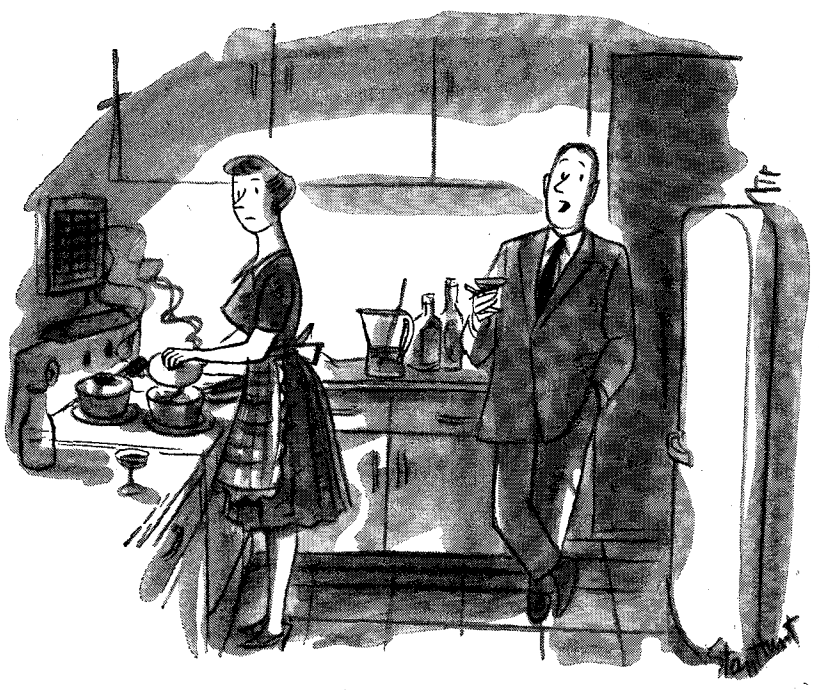
The city, however, has recently grown out beyond the steam lines. New homes are individually heated—mostly by oil, sometimes by bottled gas, by coal, even by wood, and now by electricity. Some of the kilowatts flow from the municipal steam plant, which is also the city's electric station. Others, outside the town, are supplied by the rural lines of the Northern Electric Co-operative Association.

Electric heat in steam-conscious, superchilled Virginia makes no sense at all to an old-line heating engineer. He unlimbers his slide rule, thumbs through a weather chart, checks on the comparative costs of electric power, fuel oil, bottled gas and coal in the Mesabi region, and tells you that the Finns and their Scandinavian neighbors are even wackier than he had supposed. Heat units from electricity, at the 2.2-cents-per-kilowatt-hour base rate which both Virginia utilities charge, are theoretically several times as costly as the raw heat energy in other fuels. The subzero weather, with only eighty summer days a year from frost to frost, calls for twice the amount of heat required in cities like New York or St. Louis. How come the Finns, who love steam so much they will sweat in a superheated sauna for hours at a time, are even remotely interested in electric heat, he wants to know? Are they all millionaires?

Mrs. Cleo Hinsverk, whose husband is a crane operator and former schoolteacher, doesn't share the engineering viewpoint. She and her husband, in the first place, are a long way from being millionaires. Their electrically heated home, purchased a year ago, is in the $10,000 to $15,000 bracket—and so, with one exception, are all the individual houses that heat with kilowatts in that part of Minnesota.

The Hinsverks, who have two children, first of all remember their coal bills in the older, two-story house they occupied in the nearby town of Gilbert. "We paid as high as forty dollars a month," she told me. "This is a smaller home, of course, and better insulated. The most electric heat cost last winter was twenty-four dollars, in December."

Convenience and cleanliness in her two-bedroom home are of much greater interest to Mrs. Hinsverk. The heat radiates invisibly from glass panels set in the ceiling. A separate thermostat controls the temperature in every room. "No dust, no drafts, no worries except that the current might go off," she said. They hold



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mr. Harcourt kidded me a little bit about some of my inadequacies today, so then I kidded him a little bit about some of his. But then, I don't know, the fun seemed to go out of it somehow."

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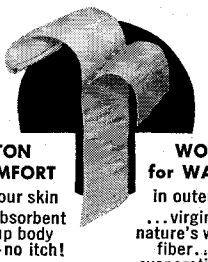

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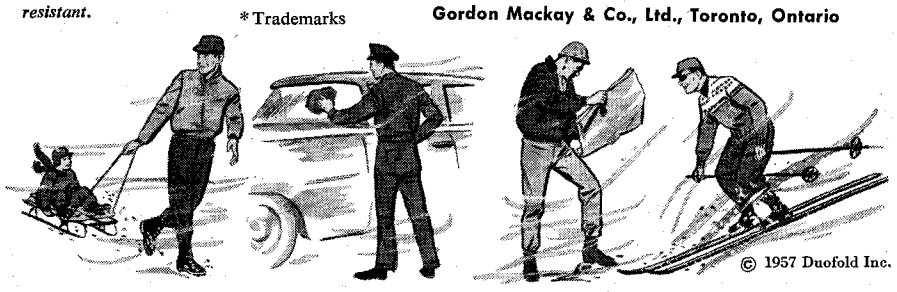

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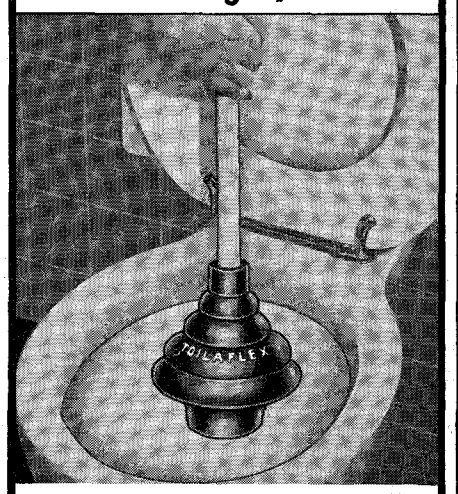

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DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
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the living room at about seventy-four, the kitchen closer to seventy, and the bedrooms sixty-eight. This was the temperature pattern I found in almost every electric home. Several wives kept living areas at seventy to seventy-two, insisting they and their children were comfortable, although they had preferred warmer rooms with other types of heat. "The air is sort of springlike." one commented.

"What she senses," said Leonard Vainik, who sells boats to vacationers in summer and devotes his persuasive energies to the distribution of electric heating systems the rest of the year, "is not the heat, but the humidity. You don't bake the air dry when you heat with radiation, from panels or wires that are only warm, and not red-hot."

Mr. Vainik's explanation is substantially correct. In fact, he and others who know their business insist on an exhaust fan—usually in the kitchen—to clear occasional excesses of moisture from properly insulated, tightly built, electrically heated homes. Baths, laundry and people themselves humidify the air in a vapor-tight house—and it had better be vapor-tight if insulated, to avoid winter condensation within the walls.

The Hinsverks' house was built three years ago. It and four other electrically heated homes first connected to the Co-op lines were given an experimental 1.5-cent-per-K.W.H. rate. All subsequent installations are paying the regular 2.2-cent rate. The Hinsverks' bill for heat was $161 last year, about a third less than if they had paid the regular rate.

I doubt that the Hinsverks would give up electric heat if it cost $100 additional per year. None of the families I visited complained about their bills. The Weelander brothers—Elmer and Jelmer—were almost belligerent about savings with electricity. They built seven apartments above a large store and equipped them with electric heat, which is charged to the tenants. There are no vacancies. "The electric company says it costs twenty per cent more than other heat," Jelmer told me. "I say it costs less; and my tenants don't complain. They love it. I even put it in my own apartment, in another house I own, although the rest of the place has oil heat."

There are a lot of Jelmers in and around Ft. Wayne, Indiana, where 1000 of the 6000 homes built in the past year are equipped with electric heat, mostly by cable hidden in ceilings. This is territory served by the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company, a utility which is the northernmost link in the American Gas and Electric system, an interconnected group of electric companies stretching from the Great Smokies to St. Joseph, Michigan. The company—which no longer sells gas—has pioneered in promoting both heat pumps and resistance heat in the North, supplying energy at 1.5 cents a kilowatt-hour base rate.

Philip Sporn, president of A.G.&E., and E. R. Ambrose, heat-engineering chief, were intrigued by electric heat more than twenty years ago. The company's southernmost affiliate bordered TVA territory, where resistance heating with low-cost, subsidized electric energy is nearly universal. A.G.&E. customers also wanted kilowatt heat, even though it cost a little more—an experience that is common also in the Pacific Northwest, where public-utility districts sold the idea to users of public and private power alike.

"We learned a lot about both resistance heating and heat pumps in homes served by the Atlantic City Electric Company," Mr. Ambrose told me. This company, serving summer resorts, and hungry for winter business, furnished an ideal test area until A.G.&E. sold the firm and concentrated its business in the Midwest. "Most of our present generating plants are low-cost, sitting right on the coal fields along the Ohio River, and the power can be sent where and when it is needed on our own lines. Everything added up to the long-range program to promote electric heat, which we began three years ago." A.G.&E. now has nearly 9000 residences using resistance heat. These all-electric homes get everything except telephone service from the power lines for an average $300 a year. There are also 150 residential heat pumps, which cool as well as heat, at slightly lower cost.

A.G.&E. has nearly 250 commercial heat pumps, in stores, offices, and the like, and is proudest, perhaps, of five units that heat and cool the residential quarters in United Mine Workers Welfare and Retirement Fund hospitals. This invasion of John L. Lewis' fuel-conscious domain marked acceptance of the company slogan, "Coal by wire," which puts the product of the mines, almost eclipsed by gas and oil, back in the home in a clean, carefree form.

"We don't expect to heat the nation," an Edison Electric Institute official emphasized. "But it's certain, now that the demand for air conditioning is strong, that we'll heat more than one per cent of the homes, which is the present figure."

Mr. Burdick put his finger on the reason in the guide he prepared for Wisconsin residents. It applies equally in the South. "The price of electricity has remained relatively stable for the last fifteen years," he says, "while the prices of home-heating fuels have about doubled. There is a growing practice to build very well insulated and very tight houses of moderate size. This reduces the size and cost of the heating equipment and the amount of electricity required."

He could have said, "the amount of any fuel required." Before the cooling age arrived, fuel was relatively cheap, and heat losses through structural materials were little understood. I installed, for instance, the first attic blanket of insulation my house had ever known. It not only permits me to cool third-floor bedrooms—it saves enough fuel oil to pay for itself in less than five years. I also insulated the side walls where I could, but wound up a long way from the six-four-two job that is now standard, North and South, for a new air-conditioned dwelling. The numbers signify the inches of insulation installed above the ceiling, in the side walls and under the floor, if the area below is not air conditioned too. I did not install the recommended double window glass, simply because a city row house has limited window area.

Builders have suddenly discovered that a few hundred dollars for tight construction and insulation are a profitable investment. In homes where electric heat or air conditioning is installed, they may save twice the cost of insulation because they can install smaller-sized heating-and-cooling apparatus. The buyer is even happier when the fuel bills come in.

Gas and oil equipment is approaching the point where a minimum of the energy in the fuel escapes up the flue, with the bulk of it going to work indoors. This energy can be used for cooling as well as heating. The gas people, for instance, who have been furnishing nearly two thirds of the heating plants in new houses—and nearly as many in old—have several new all-year air-conditioning systems in test homes and a $750,000 research program under way. One system widely used to cool commercial buildings operates on the same principle as the familiar gas refrigerator.

I spent a comfortable afternoon on a very warm day this past summer in a small home cooled with this same type of machine, fired by oil. The unit, which also provides warm-air heat in winter, consumed approximately 175 gallons of oil and 3000 gallons of cooling-tower water during the summer to air-condition the three-bedroom, one-story house. The secret of this experimental equipment is a new firing device, which releases heat like a miser, burning only two quarts of fuel oil per hour.

The trend, whatever the fuel, is a closer and completely automatic control of the energy that produces comfort indoors. Some of us have discovered that the result, when you give yourself and the equipment an insulated shell, is air conditioning twelve months a year for the price we used to pay for heat alone.

THE END

"You will meet a tall, dark man . . . he will give you Asiatic flu."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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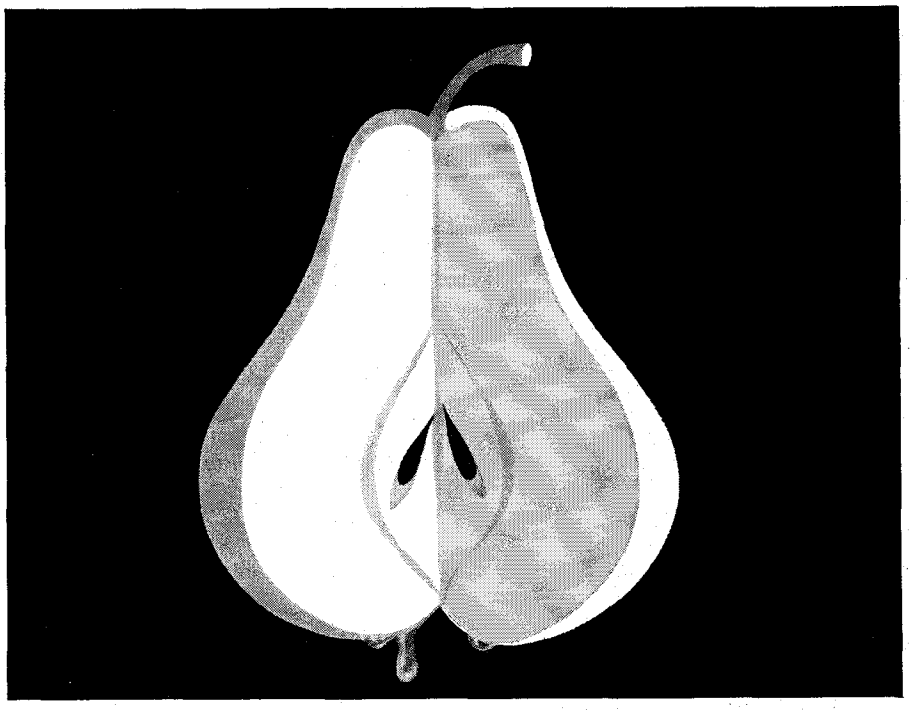

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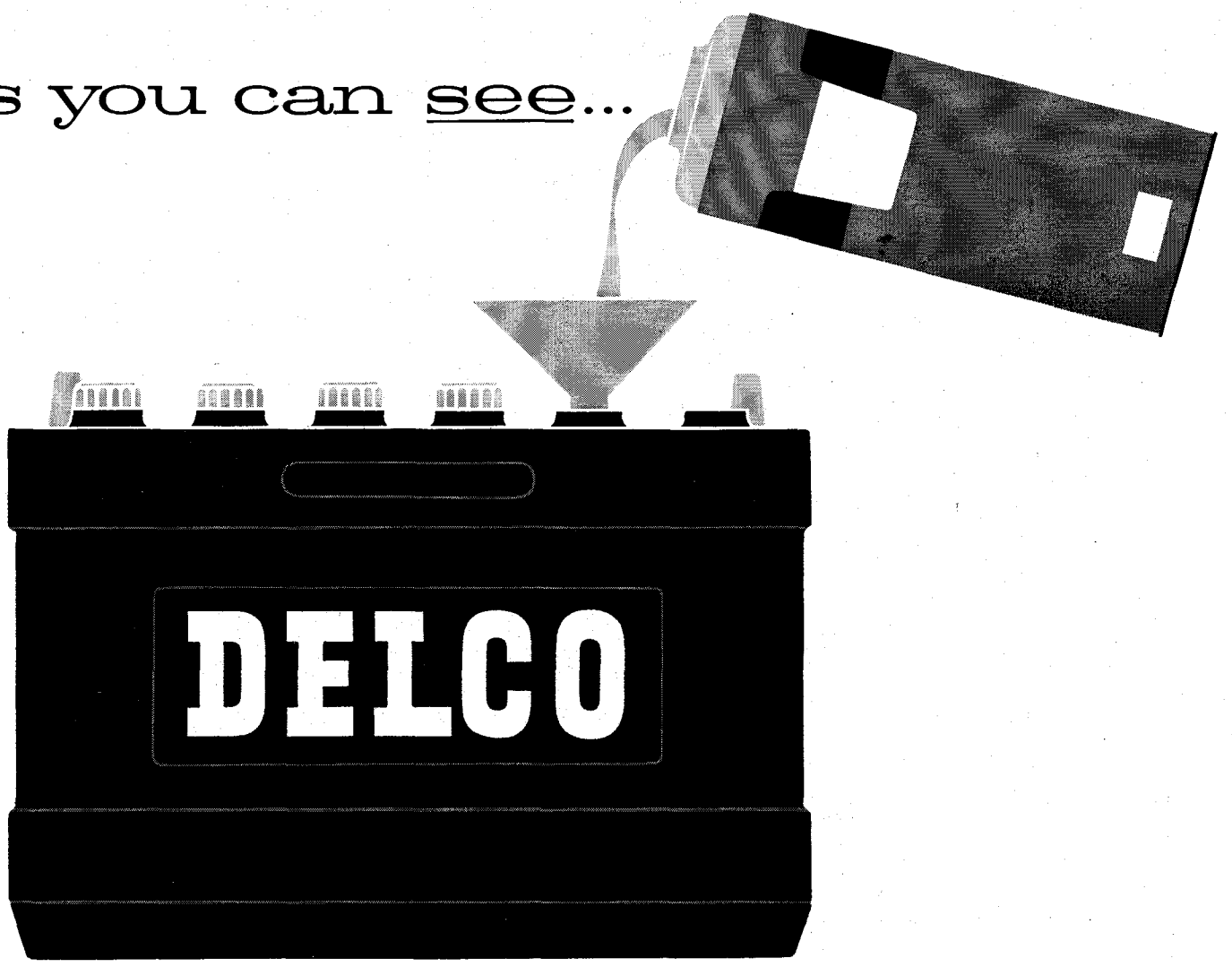

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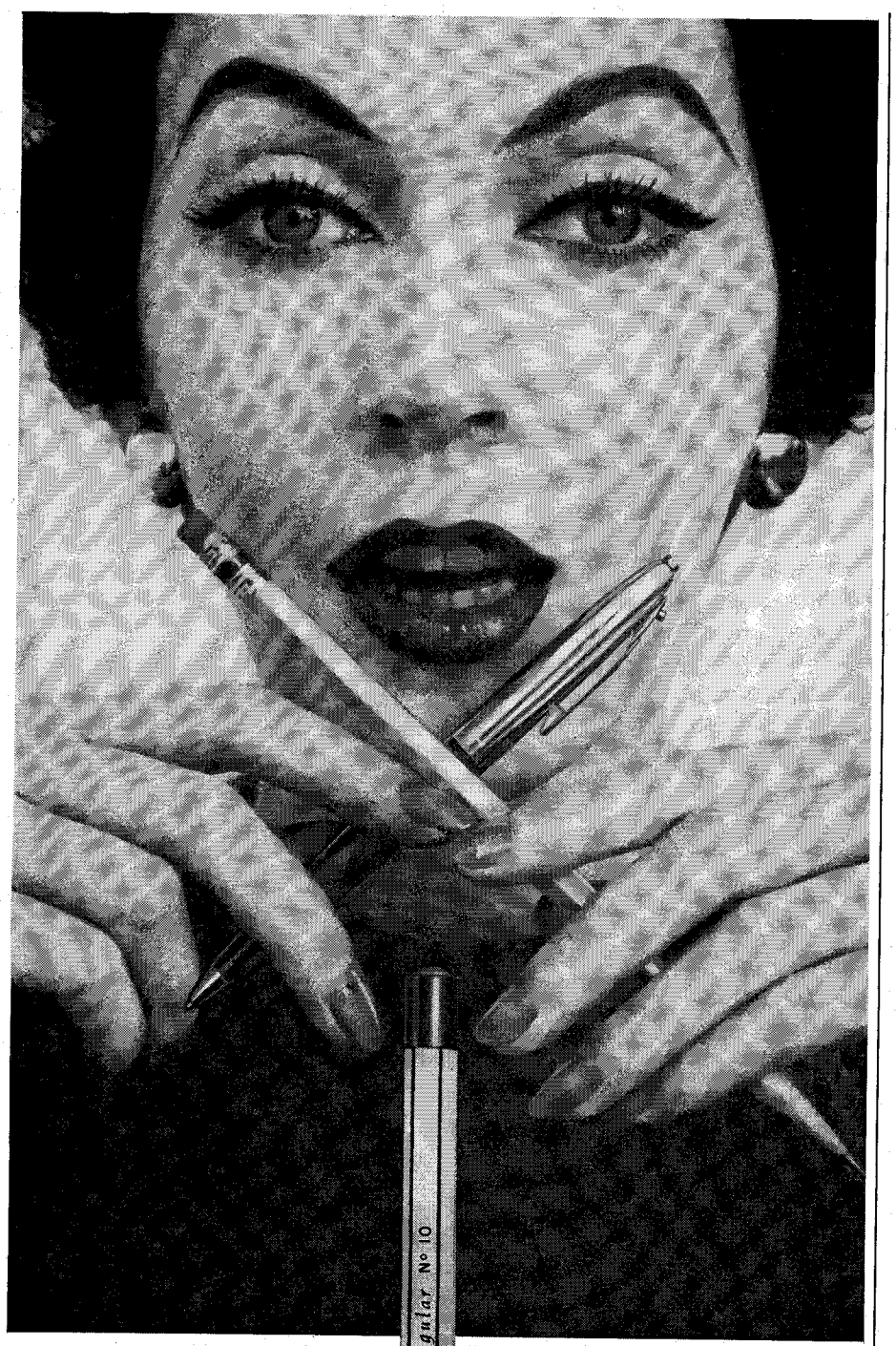

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Botts Turns Traitor

(Continued from Page 32)

I know all about the wretched Goliath Company. As I may have reported to you on previous occasions, this outfit was organized several years ago by a group of unscrupulous promoters who know nothing about tractors, but who are possessed of considerable low cunning in putting across shady financial deals. They have managed to acquire, by fair means or foul, a large quantity of surplus engines, gears and other parts—some of them from our own Government and some from foreign countries. Much of the material has been rejected as defective. Nevertheless, the Goliath Company has managed to throw it together so as to produce several thousand so-called tractors which they are now attempting to unload on the unsuspecting public.

In order to put over their nefarious program, they have hired as salesmen a motley crew of former carnival barkers, confidence men and swindlers of all kinds, who go about the country employing the technique of the big lie by repeating their outrageous claims so loudly and so insistently that a certain number of naïve souls have been tricked into putting their names on the dotted line.

I had never before heard this sales talk about the microscopic vacuum cups in the treads of tires. Apparently it is merely the latest example of the sort of pseudo-scientific hogwash which Goliath salesmen spread around. Nevertheless, Mr. George Crampion has been sufficiently impressed to hold up his order for an Earthworm. And he might even be so credulous as to switch his order to Goliath. Such things have happened in the past. They may well happen in the future.

But not in this case. I have arrived on the scene, and I have already started preparations for a campaign which is sure to end in complete victory for the Earthworm.

I reached Mine City about seven this evening. After registering at the hotel and eating dinner, I telephoned our dealer, whom I have never met. I was told that he was out of town, but would be back early tomorrow morning in plenty of time to prepare for the big house-moving demonstration which is scheduled for three o'clock in the afternoon. As I had never before been in Mine City, I decided to take a walk and look over the town.

It is well that I did so. At the south end of Main Street I discovered the Earthworm Tractor Sales and Service Agency. The front office was dark, but there was a light in the repair shop. The door was ajar. I entered and found a rather peculiar-looking character trying to start the engine of an X-20 Earthworm tractor. He was tall and thin. He had red hair and a freckled face.

"My name," I said, "is Alexander Botts. I am the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company. And I have arrived in town to help you people in the big house-moving demonstration tomorrow."

The man was a little startled at my sudden appearance, but he soon calmed down and introduced himself. He told me that he worked for our dealer and that most people addressed him as "Red."

"You seem to be having some trouble with that tractor," I said. "Is this by any chance the machine you are going to use in the big demonstration tomorrow?"

"That's right," said Red. "I want to drive it out tonight to the scene of the demonstration, so everything will be ready to start testing it out first thing in the morning. But I can't seem to start the engine."

"Let me take a look at it," I said. I made a few adjustments, and after several false starts I discovered the basis of the difficulty. "Red," I said, "I take it you have never driven this latest-model X-20?"

"I never have. This is the first of the new models that we have received. It arrived yesterday on a flatcar, and one of the other men unloaded it and drove it in here."

"Then you have not heard of the new locking device on the fuel line?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Red.

"Take a look at that small brass gadget just behind the fuel pump." He looked. "That," I continued, "is a fuel cutoff valve. It is operated by a cylinder lock, and it is used to prevent unauthorized persons from operating the tractor."

"Like the ignition lock on a car?"

"Exactly. Diesel engines such as this have no ignition systems; hence it is manifestly impossible to equip them with ignition locks. But the Earthworm Tractor Company, always alert to serve the best interests of its customers, has developed this ingenious little lock, which answers the same purpose. Obviously the man who drove the machine in here must have closed the valve and walked off with the key, thus making it impossible for anyone else to start the machine."

"Maybe," said Red, "I could uncouple the whole fuel line and install another one. But that would take a long time—even if I had another fuel line, which I haven't."

"Calm yourself," I said soothingly. "Alexander Botts is here to help you, and when he undertakes to help anyone, he always comes through."

"But what can we do?"

"As sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company, I have been supplied with a master key which fits all of these new locks. And I always carry it with me."

Pulling the key from my pocket, I inserted it in the lock and gave a quick twist. I then told Red to let her go, and a moment later the big engine started up. Red drove the machine outdoors. I closed and locked the repair shop, and Red thanked me profusely. "If it had not been for you, Mr. Botts," he said, "I never would have got started at all."

"Don't give it a second thought," I said. "I'm always happy to be of service."

As Red drove off into the night, I walked back to the hotel, where I have been writing this report. As it is now midnight, I will bring this letter to a close, take it across the street to the post office and then retire to bed, suffused by that warm glow of satisfaction which always comes from the performance of a good deed.

Cordially,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

Redbird in the South

By I. D. Freneau

You'd think to hear his rapture ring
Would make your day a joyful thing,
But think again, for here's the sting:
In summer, autumn, winter, spring,
It's dawn when he elects to sing!

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MINE CITY HOTEL,
MINE CITY, PENNSYLVANIA
Thursday evening, September 12, 1957

Dear Henderson: After I wrote you last night, events have been moving very rapidly. As a result of certain unfortunate circumstances completely outside my control, our dealer here suddenly became so hysterical that he accused me of stupidly ruining all of his chances to make a sale to Mr. Crampion. He told me he would never have any dealings with me in the future. And he said he was going to write you a letter denouncing me in the strongest possible terms and demanding that I be fired from my job.

As he was planning to mail his letter this morning, and as I will not be able to mail this letter of mine until late this evening, it is highly probable that you will hear from him before you hear from me. And, having known you for a long time, Henderson, I can predict exactly what your reaction will be when you get the bad news. You will become excited and unreasonable. You will jump to a number of false conclusions. You will promptly dictate an angry letter to me, accusing me of sins I did not commit and denouncing me for disasters for which I am in no way to blame. You will end your letter on one of your typical pseudoconstructive notes by demanding that I get busy and attempt to clean up the mess I have created. And you will suggest that in the future I use a little more intelligence.

In reply to the above remarks, as expressed in the letter which you have already written or will soon write, but which I have not yet received, I will now give you a reasonable account of exactly what has been going on, so that you may understand how unfair you have been.

This morning, after an early breakfast, I telephoned our local dealer. I opened the conversation with an enthusiastic account of my activities of the previous evening. I explained how I had unlocked the tractor and helped the redheaded mechanic drive it away. Then I waited hopefully for a word of thanks and appreciation.

What I got was an outburst of abuse and profanity so violent and so incoherent that I had considerable difficulty in understanding anything.

"That redheaded mechanic," he said, "used to work for me, but he does not work for me any more. Last week I found out he had been stealing tools and supplies from my repair shop. So I fired him and called in the cops. But before they arrived, this lowdown heel told me he was going to get even with me by tipping off the Goliath Tractor people about my prospective sale to Mr. Crampion. Then he got on his motorcycle and disappeared. And probably he did notify the Goliath people. Anyway, it was the next day that Mr. Van Verdingham arrived in town with his outlandish sales talk."

"Have the cops asked this Van Verdingham if he knows anything about your redheaded mechanic?"

"Of course they have asked him, but he just acts innocent and says he knows nothing about it. Then you come along"—and at this point our poor dealer once more went into a temper tantrum—"then you come along and put on as fatheaded an exhibition of pure idiocy as I have ever heard of. You make friends with a robber. You unlock one of my tractors and help the crook to steal it. You even lock the barn door after the horse is stolen. Then you wait until the next morning and call me up to boast about how helpful you have been."

"Well," I said, "I am sincerely sorry for what has happened, but it will do us no good to brood over past misfortunes. We must be constructive. We must seize the initiative and get that tractor back."

"Oh, yeah? And just how do you propose to get it back?"

"A big tractor," I said, "is too conspicuous to hide. If we notify the police, they ought to be able to locate it, and then it will be a simple matter to recover it."

"That's what you think. But you are wrong again. The criminal has already told us where the tractor is. The police have verified this. But that doesn't help us at all."

"What do you mean?"

"That redheaded skunk left a letter behind. I found it on a bench in the repair shop. He said he was taking the tractor to get even with me for reporting him to the police. He claimed he was going to fix it so I couldn't use the machine in the demonstration this afternoon—and very likely I couldn't ever use it again. He said he was drowning it under nine hundred feet of water."

"What did he mean by that?"

"He was talking about an old coal mine about half a mile from town. Since it was abandoned, fifty years ago, the main shaft, which is about nine hundred feet deep, has filled up with water. As soon as I got the letter I drove out there. And sure enough, the fence, which had been built around it to keep people from falling in, had been broken down and there were fresh tracks of an Earthworm X-20 tractor leading right over the edge and into the shaft. So that is the end of that tractor as far as the demonstration this afternoon is concerned. And it is probably the end of it for good."

"Maybe," I said, "you could fish for it with a big hook on the end of a chain."

"A fat chance we'd have fishing for anything nine hundred feet down."

"Maybe you could get a deep-sea diver."

"I don't know whether divers go down that deep. But that is more your problem than mine, Mr. Botts. As long as you were an accomplice in stealing this tractor, I hold you personally responsible. And I also hold the Earthworm Tractor Company responsible. So you are going to ship me a brand-new X-20 Earthworm tractor, and then you can have what is left of the one that is in the mine—if you can get it out."

"It seems to me you are asking a good deal," I said.

"Either I get a new tractor free of charge, or I'll sue you and the company for the full value. And I'll have you prosecuted as an accessory to the crime. At that, I'm letting you off easy. I ought to have you put in jail right away, and I ought to sue you for damages to my business because I have lost the tractor that I need for my demonstration this afternoon."

"You must have other tractors available."

"Sure. I can use one of the older models—which is too bad because Mr. Crampion is interested primarily in our brand-new X-20. That's what I promised to demonstrate. And the only X-20 in my whole territory is the one that you dumped into the mine."

"I didn't dump it into the mine. How could I know that guy was a crook? I was just trying to be helpful. And I still want to be helpful. So I will be on hand at the demonstration this afternoon."

"You certainly will not."

"But don't you want me to help you?"

At this point our excitable dealer once more blew up and started yelling: "You have helped entirely too much already. You're nothing but a meddling jackass. I absolutely forbid you to come anywhere near this demonstration. I don't even want you anywhere in my territory. I'm going to write a letter right now to the president of your company. I'm going to

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tell him exactly what kind of an idiot you are. And I'm going to demand that he fire you from your job. Good-by."

There was a click in the receiver. And that was the end of a conversation which I can only describe as unsatisfactory. After a few moments' meditation I decided that our dealer was in such a negative mood that it would be useless, for the time being, to try to reason with him. I decided, however, that, even if he spurned my assistance, I could help him out to some extent. In his rage and frustration he had tended to magnify some of his difficulties. Just because there were no X-20 Earthworm tractors available in his territory, he had jumped to the conclusion that it would be impossible to obtain one for his demonstration. I knew better.

I called our Pittsburgh dealer, whose territory adjoins that of our Mine City dealer. I asked him if he had an X-20 on hand.

"Yes," he said.

"Would you put it on a trailer and rush it down here to Mine City right away?"

"Certainly. It's now nine o'clock. I'll have it there by eleven."

"Will you send along a good operator? We want to use it in a house-moving demonstration."

"O.K."

Having taken care of this small matter, I spent the next three hours in deep thought, going over the various problems confronting me. I considered at least a hundred different plans for fishing the tractor out of the mine—and rejected them all as impractical. I considered various procedures for soothing and mollifying our irate Mine City dealer into a state of mind where I could reason with him about his absurd demand that we supply him with a new tractor free of charge. Unfortunately I was unable to think of anything along this line that seemed in any way promising.

I then thought over the strange case of Mr. Vincent Van Verdingham, the Goliath salesman, and his outlandish talk about the microscopic [illegible] in the tires. Apparently [illegible] the well-known the[illegible] lie the more [illegible] lieved. I [illegible] coul[illegible]

of his wretched Goliath tractor, and to outwit our own somewhat emotional and dull-witted dealer.

I decided therefore that my presence at the demonstration was vital. It was up to me to help out our dealer. It is true that he had refused my help, but this presented no difficulties. I would attend the demonstration incognito. Our dealer had talked to me on the telephone, but he had never met me. The other people at the demonstration had never met me either. All I needed to do was to introduce myself under a pseudonym, or *nom de guerre*, and no one would recognize my true identity.

Having reached this conclusion, I banished all worries from my mind and ate a hearty luncheon. I then called the local newspaper and suggested they send reporters and photographers to the demonstration. A bit later I walked out there, and found myself in a field that had apparently been used for previous demonstrations; the ground was scarred with the tracks of various earth-moving machines.

In the middle of the field was a long, sturdy wooden building about the width of a garage. It was mounted on heavy crossties and skids, and for added support, thick chocks filled the spaces between the ties at the center of the building. It had a tin roof, with a stovepipe sticking out the top. Hitched to one end was a big clumsy Goliath tractor. On the front of this tractor was a bulldozer blade, and the wheels were equipped with enormous rubber tires—which may or may not have had microscopic vacuum cups. Nearby stood one of our beautiful new X-20 crawler tractors. And between the two machines men were standing around engaged in conversation. As I approached, they stopped talking and looked at me inquiringly. I thereupon advanced and introduced myself in a dignified and scholarly manner.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am Doctor Horatio Robinson, of [illegible] T[illegible]

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which will be of great help to prospective purchasers in assessing the conflicting claims of rival manufacturers."

Note: If you read the above speech carefully, Henderson, it may occur to you that I was using a little innocent deception. The reason should be obvious. Just as a detective is justified in using deception in investigating a crime, so I was justified in using deception in investigating a situation quite obviously involving fraud and chicanery.

For several seconds after my impressive introduction, the group looked at me in awed silence. Then one of the men stepped forward. "Pleased to meet you, doc," he said. "You had me guessing for a moment, but now I think I get you. You want to watch this demonstration, find out which of these two tractors is the best, and then write it up so Joe Doaks can learn the facts."

"That is correct," I said.

"All right; my name is Vincent Van Verdingham. I represent the Goliath Tractor Company. Stick around and you'll see my machine show up that Earthworm for the pathetic crawling junk pile that it really is."

"Thank you," I said.

The other members of the group introduced themselves—our local Earthworm dealer, the Earthworm operator from Pittsburgh, the mayor of Mine City, the local chief of police, various newspapermen, photographers, idle spectators and finally Mr. George Crampion, the man for whom the demonstration was being held.

The operator of the Goliath tractor climbed into the driver's seat. But, as often happens with cheap and carelessly thrown-together machinery, the engine refused to start. And, while the operator was making one futile adjustment after another, Mr. Crampion drew me to one side and started a very interesting conversation.

"Doctor Robinson," he said, "I'm very glad that you are here. There are certain things about this demonstration that puzzle me. And I would very much like to get the opinion of a scientist, such as yourself, who is not only an expert on tractors but is also completely impartial."

"I shall be most happy," I said, "to give you all possible assistance. After all, that is the purpose of the Pennsylvania Tractor and Diesel Engine Research Institute. What seems to be bothering you?"

"I don't quite trust one of these tractor salesmen."

"You mean you can't quite believe Mr. Van Verdingham's sales talk about the microscopic suction cups?"

"It isn't that, Doctor Robinson. Even though his sales talk may sound a little fantastic, the man himself seems very straightforward. He took me inside the door of this small storage building and showed me that it is almost completely filled with Portland cement. I estimated that there must be at least three thousand bags. The Goliath man, however, was honest enough to tell me that there are only about two thousand bags. Even so, that would make about ninety-four tons, which is a very respectable load for one tractor to pull over bare ground on skids."

"And the Goliath man expects you to believe his tractor can pull that big a load?"

"He doesn't expect me to believe anything, Doctor Robinson. That's what I like about him. He just asked me to watch his demonstration and draw my own conclusions. It's the Earthworm man that I'm suspicious of. He has been making some very weird statements."

"Such as?"

"This morning he asked to have the demonstration postponed. He said his only X-20 Earthworm had been stolen, and it would take several days to get another. But while he was talking, a brand-new X-20 arrived on a trailer from Pittsburgh. So then he agreed to go ahead as planned. But he still sticks to his weird story about the first X-20 being stolen."

"Just what does he say?"

"He says he fired a redheaded mechanic for stealing tools and supplies. And the redheaded mechanic, to get even, stole the tractor and dumped it down a nine-hundred-foot mine shaft which is full of water. Furthermore, the Earthworm dealer actually accuses the sales manager of the Earthworm Company of helping the thief steal the tractor. This seems to me almost incredible. How could a man as stupid as that ever become sales manager of a large corporation?"

"It does seem a bit odd," I said.

"And that's not all. The Earthworm dealer claims the redheaded crook and the Goliath salesman have been working together. He has no real evidence, so it looks to me as if he is just trying to blacken the reputation of a competitor. But he won't get anywhere with me that way. Unless he can bring in some real evidence, I won't have anything to do with him."

As Mr. Crampion paused for breath, I cut in with a few soothing words. "Possibly," I said, "we can look into this matter later on. Right now I think we should pay attention to the demonstration and find out whether Mr. Van Verdingham can prove his claims regarding the Goliath tractor."

You will note, Henderson, that I made a very clever reply to the accusation that the Earthworm dealer had made various

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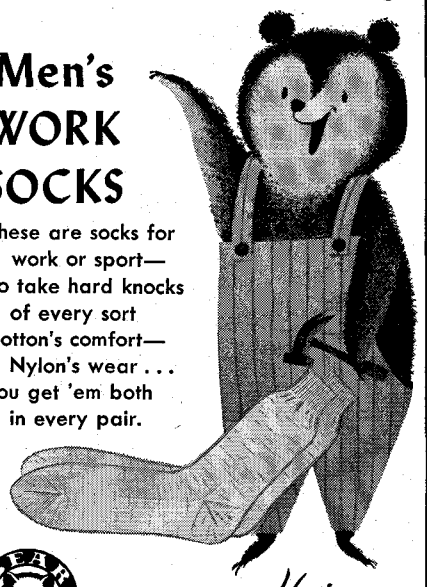

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claims which he has not yet proved. In pointing out that the Goliath salesman had also made various claims which he has not yet proved, I was preparing the way for a truly blistering attack just as soon as the Goliath failed in the demonstration. Unfortunately for me, however, the demonstration provided not only one but two of the most incredible surprises I have ever known in my entire career in the tractor business.

The engine of the Goliath finally started up, roaring and spitting, missing fire and pouring out great clouds of black smoke in the way that badly designed and wretchedly constructed engines usually do. For a moment I smiled in smug satisfaction at this demonstration of inferiority.

But my smile did not last. The Goliath operator let in the clutch and, to my utter astonishment, the machine moved off across the field, pulling the cement-storage building with the greatest of ease. After a few hundred feet on level ground, it pulled its load up a fairly steep slope, made a wide sweeping turn and started back. The tractor roared and clanked. Clouds of black smoke continued to pour from the exhaust. A tiny wisp of vapor came from the stovepipe on the storage building. And most of the spectators burst into wild cheers. When the Goliath had brought its load back to the starting point, it was unhitched.

The Earthworm was then hitched on and I was subjected to another disagreeable surprise. The Earthworm operator started the engine. It ran smoothly, with only the faintest suggestion of smoke from the exhaust. But when the operator let in the clutch, the tractor did not go anywhere at all. The tracks turned round and round—but the building did not move. Just as Mr. Van Verdingham had predicted, the grousers merely dug a hole in the ground. Two or three times the operator threw out his clutch and let it in very gently in the hope that he might get some traction, but it was useless. All he did was dig the hole deeper and deeper. He finally gave up. And I began to regret that I had invited the newspaper reporters and photographers.

Mr. Crampion then spoke up. "That settles it," he said. "The Earthworm loses on both counts. Mr. Van Verdingham has proved that the Goliath can outpull the Earthworm. And the Earthworm dealer has offered no proof of his scandalous charges."

For a moment I was completely consternated. I was horrendisized. Clearly it was up to me to do something. And, as I could not think of anything else, I started talking. At first I talked merely to gain time.

"Mr. Crampion," I said, "your conclusions are amply justified when considered in relation to the facts we have before us. However, as a scientist, I feel it is my duty to point out that there may be other, less obvious facts which we have not yet discovered. In other words, there may be more to this demonstration than meets the eye."

"What more do you want? The Goliath pulled this heavy load across the field and up the hill. The Earthworm could not even start the same load on level ground."

Up to this time I had been talking merely to gain time. But Mr. Crampion's final sentence suggested the faint beginnings of a new idea. And from here on my talk became an exercise in thinking out loud. I led Mr. Crampion a short distance from the others.

"Listen," I said, "did you say that the Earthworm could not even start what you referred to as the same load?"

"Exactly."

"Are you sure it really was the same load?"

"Certainly. How could it be anything else?"

"I don't know exactly," I said. "But I do know that an Earthworm can outpull a Goliath anywhere, any time. When a Goliath seems to outpull an Earthworm, there must be something crooked about it."

"Such as what?"

By this time I was gradually beginning to formulate a more or less definite idea. "Possibly," I said, "there may be something about that building that makes it easier to move at one time than at another. There is something queer about it."

"I don't see anything queer."

"I do," I said. "There is a stovepipe coming out the roof. And during the demonstration I noticed a very faint wisp of smoke."

"Probably they have a stove in there."

"They don't need a stove in a cement-storage building. And even if they had one, they would not need a fire on a warm day like this."

"If it's not a stove, what is it then?"

"Can you think of anything else," I said, "that sends out smoke?"

"Well, that Goliath tractor poured out plenty. And I think the Earthworm produced a little."

By this time my ideas were really getting somewhere. "Exactly," I said. "And this leads us directly to the matter of the stolen tractor. Apparently the redheaded mechanic told the dealer that he stole the machine and dumped it in the mine merely to get revenge. But this does not sound reasonable. Why should he go to the trouble of starting up the machine and driving it all the way to the mine when he could have sabotaged it much more easily by setting it on fire or blowing it up? I think he stole the machine because he wanted to use it. I don't think it is in the mine at all. I think the thief merely drove the tractor to the edge of the mine and then backed up very carefully in the same tracks. He was planting evidence."

"But why?"

"It's an old trick," I said. "It's called throwing the pursuit off the scent. If the cops are convinced the tractor is at the bottom of the mine, they won't look for it elsewhere around town."

"You really think it's hidden somewhere around here?"

"Maybe we can find out," I said.

I approached Mr. Van Verdingham. "Some of your competitors," I said, "claim that the Goliath bulldozer blade is very weak. I rather doubt this, but I would like to see a test. Would you just as soon have your operator drive the tractor around to the rear of this building and see if you can push it with the bulldozer blade?"

"Certainly."

"And may I ride along?"

"Of course. But wait just a minute." Mr. Van Verdingham opened the door of the cement-storage building. He stepped inside. A few seconds later he came out. He motioned to me to go ahead. I climbed up onto the wide seat beside the operator.

The operator drove the Goliath around to the rear of the building, eased the blade against the main sill and opened up the engine. At once the tractor and the building began to move forward.

This was what I had been waiting for. Reaching over so quickly that the operator could not stop me, I cut out the engine. The Goliath stopped with a jolt. But the house kept moving on—slowly and steadily! From inside came a beautiful rhythmic roar which I recognized as the sound of an X-20 Earthworm tractor. Up to this time, of course, this noise had been drowned out by the outlandish racket made by the Goliath.

From then on, things happened fast. Mr. Van Verdingham dashed out in front of the building and flagged it down. I asked the chief of police to arrest him. Various bystanders swarmed into the building and removed enough of the cement to reveal the stolen X-20 Earthworm. It was in an open space at the center of the pile, where it had been lowered through a hole cut through the floor and the center crossties, so that its tracks rested on the ground. It was securely fastened to the floor timbers, so that whenever it was driven forward it dragged the building with it. The exhaust was connected to the stovepipe. A wooden framework kept the piled-up cement from falling on the tractor. And a small peephole next to a window permitted the operator to see where he was going.

The operator—to the astonishment of everyone but me—turned out to be the redheaded mechanic. He has been lodged in jail along with Mr. Vincent Van Verdingham. Mr. Crampion has bought the Earthworm. Our dealer is very happy, but he is still in such a bewildered state of mind that I do not wish to confuse him further.

I am therefore planning to leave town in the morning and come back at some future time to reveal my true identity.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

THE END

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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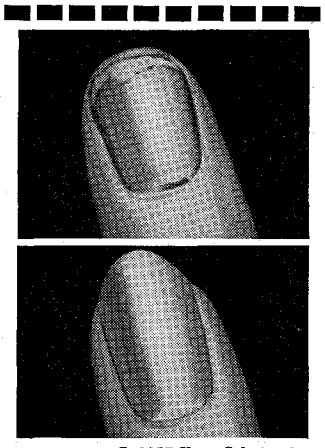

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Soapy, the Boy Wonder (Continued from Page 27)

yet manages to attract a big segment of the independent vote; who is ready at any time for a Polish feast of *Kapusta* and *Kielbasa* (sauerkraut and aromatic sausages), or to engage Michigan's Dairy Princess in a milking contest.

On the other side there is Williams the intellectual—a studious and at times pedantic man. When we think of the "intellectual" in politics, the mind turns to Adlai Stevenson, who during two campaigns was plagued with the word and its more offensive cousin, "egghead." Yet at Princeton, where Stevenson was content with "a gentlemanly C," Williams ranked among the upper Phi Beta Kappa graduates. Earlier he had established the highest scholastic averages ever made at Salisbury (preparatory) School in Connecticut. And later in the hard grind of the Michigan Law School, he graduated close to the top of his class. This is the Williams who is invited to lecture on government by universities and the American Political Science Association; who was once described by the Detroit News, in an otherwise critical editorial, as having one of the highest I.Q.'s of anyone in public life; and who will sometimes lapse into such academic jargon as "let us segregate the desiderata."

There have been other scholars in politics, many of them more profound than Soapy. And, of course, there have been hosts of handshakers—though I can't think of one who has practiced the art with such incessant virtuosity. It is the combination which is so strange. This may be one reason—there are others—why most conventional politicians don't cotton to Soapy. If he had come up through the ranks from modest beginnings, they might regard his wondrous wooing of the humbler electorate with sympathetic professional admiration. But in this wealthy scion of a stanchly Republican family, in this highly educated lawyer with his Phi Beta Kappa and Order of the Coif honors, it doesn't seem quite natural. It makes the average congressman or senator or convention delegate vaguely uneasy.

It also forms one basis for a favorite charge against Williams by his opponents: that he is a phony. They say his show of friendship for the folks is a laborious act, put on to further a relentless political ambition. Here we tread the tricky ground of motive, and motives may be mixed. There is some evidence, from among Soapy's friends, that he did find the mixing an effort in the beginning; that his "common touch" in the union halls and farm picnics had a certain staged and artificial flavor back in '48. But, they say, he kept working at it until he got into the swing of it and began to like it.

After seeing him in action, my guess is that mixing with the multitude has become second nature to him. Otherwise I don't see how he could stand the pace of his schedule, which wears out reporters and younger aides. One might say that he not only likes it but has become addicted to it.

It is only fair to add that he does it extremely well. He shakes hands, yes, by the millions. But he is not a back-slapper. He is not effusive, or condescending, or overfamiliar. He is relaxed, easy, pleasant and well-mannered. He never seems in a hurry. He knows what questions to ask, whether of an apple grower, a shoe clerk or an electronics mechanic. Even among hardened Republicans, he usually leaves a friendlier feeling behind him.

It is also fair to say that he does not let his political perambulations interfere with his serious executive duties. If most of a day is devoted to barbecues and hoedowns, the evening will find him back in his office in the Capitol at Lansing. There, with a devoted staff which is used to his outlandish hours, he thinks nothing of working until two or three A.M. Sometimes he will go along for weeks on four or five hours' sleep a night, though he makes up some of it by his ability to catnap in his plane or car.

His physical and nervous endurance is extraordinary. He has a naturally rugged physique and has kept himself in training since boyhood. He exercises faithfully and watches his diet. He prefers milk to tea or coffee. He has never smoked and is almost a teetotaler. He will occasionally sip a glass of wine or beer but doesn't touch hard liquor. This is not a matter of principle with him, he says, but of taste. "I once tried a drink of Scotch," he tells me, "and it tasted like soap." (How about that, you Scotch drinkers, coming from one who ought to know soap?)

Political conventions like a winner, and they like a strong campaigner. Williams is a five-time winner, against the tide, in the populous, normally Republican state of Michigan. He is also one of the most vigorous campaigners ever heard of. Why, then, doesn't he rank higher in the Democratic presidential sweepstakes for 1960? One reason is the South. It has not forgotten that Williams was one of the leaders in the move to force the so-called loyalty oath on Southern delegates at the 1952 convention. Many Southerners saw this as a gross insult. "Who is this young slob," said one, "who used to be a Republican and supported Hoover in '32—who is he to tell us what makes a loyal Democrat?" Some of this rancor still lingers. Nor have Southerners overlooked Williams' repeated demands for stronger action on civil rights. The South, generally the more conservative wing of the party, is also disturbed by his close ties to union labor and his open New Dealism. Southern delegates don't have a veto over the Democratic nominee, but they are skilled old hands at convention maneuver.

Soapy's union connections are a concern also to many Democrats in the North. In Michigan he has been accused of being a CIO stooge and "a captive of Walter Reuther's." This seems to be putting it too strong. Williams, as an ardent New Deal convert in the mid-1930's, had formed his main political views long before he began winning labor allies in 1948—not only in the CIO but in important groups of the AFL. Labor has needed him as much as vice versa. Williams himself says he is proud of his labor support, but likes to point out occasions when he has disagreed with the union chiefs: on his appointment of Blair Moody to the Senate in 1951; on a proposed milk-price bill; on various judicial

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appointments; and on his refusal recently to veto an amendment to the unemployment-compensation act.

"I'm a pretty stubborn Dutchman," he says, "and I don't get into anybody's pocket. But it would be less than candid to say Reuther and I don't reach many of the same conclusions, especially on social legislation."

One of Soapy's milder critics says it is not a question of Williams being Reuther's "captive." "They are more like equal allies, who think alike, walking arm in arm down the same road." Many businessmen see this alliance as upsetting the balance between big management and big labor. When as strong a governor as Williams so often "thinks alike" with the unions, these businessmen feel, rightly or wrongly, that the cards are stacked against them in Michigan.

The exact degree of Williams' linkage to union labor is subject to argument. The point here is that the relation is close enough to worry many Democratic politicos as they look toward 1960. In a presidential campaign, they believe, Soapy could be tagged with a union label which would be damaging in the present state of the public temper.

Thus two factors seem to work against Soapy's chance for the nomination in 1960; (1) opposition of the South, based mainly on his strong advocacy of civil (that is, Negro) rights; and (2) concern about his ties with union labor. But circumstances might change both these liabilities into assets.

Recently political strategists of both parties have been studying certain significant changes in America's voting pattern. For example, the Republicans, who used to get only about 20 per cent of the Negro vote in New Deal days, got close to 40 per cent of that vote in 1956. (A Gallup survey indicates that Eisenhower got 21 per cent of the Negro vote in 1952, 39 per cent in 1956.) The Republicans hope and the Democrats fear that the Republican fight—however fumbling—for a strong civil-rights bill may boost this total over the 50 per cent mark. Such a shift might be decisive in several of the big industrial states of the North.

These developments are beginning to worry Democratic planners. They recall that Truman won in '48 without four states of the Deep South; and that F.D.R., though he held the Southern vote, had enough to win without it. But the Democrats cannot recapture the Presidency without winning some of those crucial Northern industrial states. And this turns their thoughts toward the slipping Negro vote.

A similar slippage has occurred in the labor-union vote. This used to be overwhelmingly Democratic in the days of Roosevelt and Truman. But a Gallup survey of union members and their families indicates that the Republicans, who got only 26 per cent of this vote in 1948, moved up to 39 per cent in 1952 and to 43 per cent in 1956. This again hits the Democrats hardest where it hurts most—in those key, closely divided industrial states.

It is such trends of thought which, if they spread and deepen, might turn a worried Democratic convention to Soapy Williams in 1960. Other Democrats may have suffered severe losses in Negro votes in 1956. But Soapy continued tremendously strong in the wards with a large Negro population. During the '56 campaign Samuel Lubell made a survey for The Saturday Evening Post of the election prospects in the key state of Michigan. His findings, incidentally, hit very close to the actual results. He said, for example, that "perhaps 200,000 to 250,000 persons are thinking of casting their ballots" for both President Eisenhower and Governor Williams. His survey among Negro voters is what concerns us here. He wrote: "In the governor's race, of the ninety-nine Negroes interviewed, all but two were for Governor Mennen Williams."

As for the vote of union labor, if Williams has suffered any slippage here since 1948, it is not discernible. He seems, if anything, stronger than ever, not only with the union leaders but—more to the point—with the rank-and-file members and their families. His only important foes among the unions have been James R. Hoffa, of the Teamsters, whose home base is Michigan, and some of his lieutenants. This may be counted as an asset, in view of the unsavory showing by Hoffa and his pals before the McClellan Committee. In spite of Hoffa's opposition, members of Williams' staff insist that the governor draws 75 to 85 per cent of the vote of the working membership of the Teamsters—"the guys on the trucks." Soapy himself believes the idea that a labor leader can control his members in the voting booth "just isn't so."

Besides his appeal to the Negro vote and the labor vote, Soapy has one more ace in the hole for those Democrats who believe it is absolutely essential to win in the big industrial states. This is his appeal to the so-called "nationality groups." These are the millions of citizens of foreign birth or parentage who still feel sentimental ties to the homeland, and who cling together with the feeling—according to Williams—that they have not been fully accepted in America as "first-class citizens."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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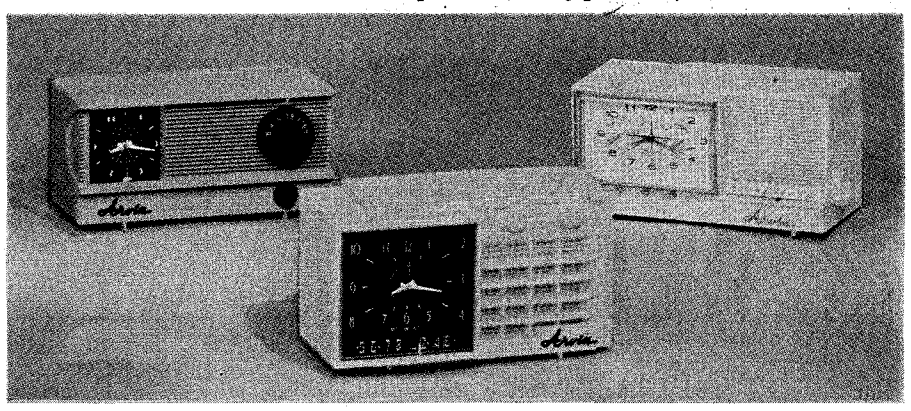

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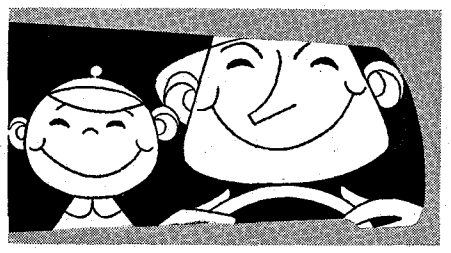

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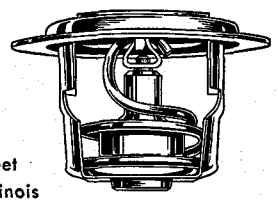

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Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER

As far back as 1948, when he first announced for governor and before he had important labor allies, Williams had already begun to cultivate these nationality groups. He has never flagged since in his friendly and assiduous attentions. He wishes, he says, to make these people feel more at home in America. And if they choose to vote for him, why, no harm in that. Apparently the vast majority of them do. I have seen him among such groups. From the way their faces light up, they seem truly to regard the big, smiling governor as a strong friend in a land which is still a little strange to them.

Soapy's appeal to the nationality groups has spread, over the years, far beyond the borders of Michigan. Leaders of such groups are in close touch with each other from state to state. And Soapy, as chairman of the Nationalities Division of the Democratic National Committee, has been able to exercise his gifts for such work on a nationwide scale. Not the least of those gifts is his ability to say a few pleasant words, to the right audience, in Italian, Hungarian, German, Hebrew, Arabic, French, Russian, Finnish, Yugoslav, Armenian, Czech, Polish or Greek.

And so, come 1960, if the Democratic leadership is hell-bent on capturing the crucial industrial states, Williams might be the choice—even though it meant cutting loose the Deep South and risking conservative losses in the North. Certainly he will be a man to watch.

Before that time Williams has an important decision to make. In the summer of 1958 he must decide whether to run for his sixth consecutive term as governor, or whether to try for the United States Senate seat of Republican Charles E. Potter. Most of his friends think he will prefer the governorship, as providing a better jumping-off place for the presidential nomination. As a junior senator, tucked away in obscure committee assignments by the Southern hierarchy, and overshadowed by more experienced colleagues, he would be poorly situated to command national attention.

Also, I think he likes being governor. It is a remarkable fact that he wanted to be governor before he was twenty-one years old and before he was even a Democrat.

He grew up, the oldest of three boys, in a wealthy, stoutly Republican, devoutly Episcopalian family in Detroit. He was an earnest, good-mannered youngster, who served as crucifer and choir boy in the cathedral, took his studies seriously, and labored over physical-culture courses to build up his muscles. It never occurred to him to question the family politics.

While he was in prep school at Salisbury, his mother, the former Elma Christina Mennen, planned a diplomatic career for him. Thus, soon after he went to Princeton, in the fall of '29, he entered the newly formed Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs. By his sophomore year his interest had swung from foreign affairs to domestic politics. It was about this time, he tells me, that he formed the idea of some day being governor of Michigan. He was still a Republican. The next year, in fact, he was elected president of the Young Republican Club at Princeton, and re-elected in his senior year (1932-33). It was then that he campaigned for Herbert Hoover against Franklin Roosevelt, though, as he recalls it, "with a lot of doubts." His liberal leanings had begun, he believes, when he studied the history of the industrial revolution in England and read of the sufferings it brought to working people.

Soapy was an honor student at Princeton, but no bookworm. He won his letter on the crew, was on the wrestling team, and played center on his class football team. He was a member of the Quadrangle Club and president of it in his senior year.

By the time he entered the Michigan Law School in the fall of 1933, the impact of the depression had convinced Williams that only aggressive Government action could cope with the problems of poverty and unemployment. Friends persuaded him that for a man of such views "there was no future in the Republican Party except frustration." He also remembers being much impressed by an article in Fortune by Felix Frankfurter. He made the definite switch and became a New Deal Democrat.

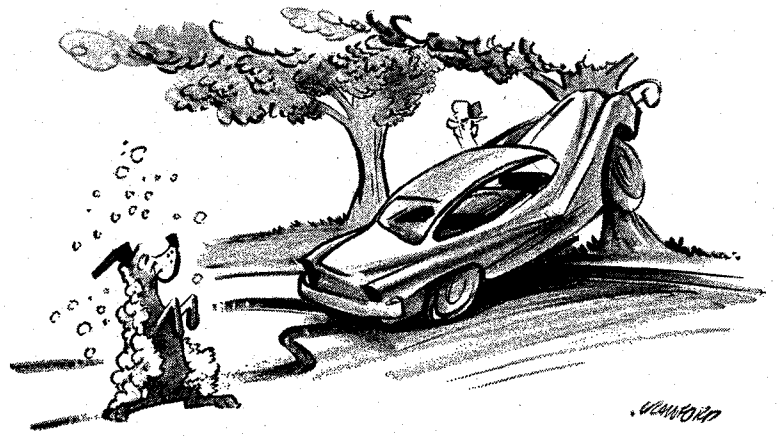
It was at the University of Michigan that he met an undergraduate named Nancy Lace Quirk, a charming, smart, energetic, athletic blonde. They were married in 1937. Although she, too, comes of a moneyed, sturdily Republican background, she shares her husband's social and political views and has been an invaluable ally in his career. As a campaigner she ranks almost with Soapy. While he travels his 75,000 miles a year, she drives the family car nearly 40,000, encouraging the women voters and party workers. She also gets out a newsletter for the faithful and talks on the radio. With all this she manages to keep house within the governor's salary, help with the cooking and shopping, preside as hostess, and play a good game of golf. Even sharp critics admit that she and her husband are doing a good job in raising their three attractive children—who go, by the way, to the public—and integrated—schools.

Taken together, Soapy and Nancy form a political team which has drawn the comparison—inevitable though inexact—to Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt.

On graduation from law school, Soapy started on the usual path of the bright young New Deal lawyer in Washington, beginning as an attorney with the Social Security Board. The special added ingredient in his case was his close friendship with the late Frank Murphy, whom he first met in 1936. In 1938 Williams returned to Michigan to serve as an assistant attorney general of the state under Governor Murphy. In 1939, when Murphy was United States Attorney General, he made Williams his executive assistant. As protégé to Murphy, Soapy's New Dealism was confirmed, and he doubtless also picked up some ideas about Michigan politics which were useful to him later on.

Williams was commissioned in the Naval Reserve in 1942 as a lieutenant (j.g.) and served in the Pacific as an intelligence officer aboard carriers. He came out in 1946 as a lieutenant commander, decorated with the Legion of Merit with Combat V and Presidential citation with three battle stars. That same year he was appointed deputy director of the OPA (Office of Price Administration) in Michigan, and began broadening his political acquaintance, with the governorship now clearly in mind.

Early in 1948 Republican Gov. Kim Sigler asked his Secretary of State, Fred Alger, Jr., to find him a Democratic member for the three-man State Liquor Commission. Alger asked newsmen at the Capitol for (*Continued on Page 140*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Ronald was scrubbing his dog Rover in his back yard when Rover, slippery with soap, darted through his hands and into the street. Wimple, driving by in a new car, swerved to avoid Rover and hit a tree. He sued Ronald for $450 in damages under a law making dog owners liable for harm done by their pets unless it results from "teasing or tormenting the dog."

"Rover's mad dash caused me to wreck my new car," Wimple contended. "As I obviously hadn't teased or tormented him, it is up to his owner to pay me."

"That law was intended to apply only where a dog mistreated by its owner bites someone else," Ronald claimed. "It wasn't meant for a case where a dog suddenly runs away and causes an accident."

If you were the judge, would you make Ronald pay?

• •

Ronald had to pay. The court said dog owners nowadays are absolutely responsible for injury or damage caused by their pets even if they aren't negligent about letting them run loose.

Based upon a 1955 Ohio decision.

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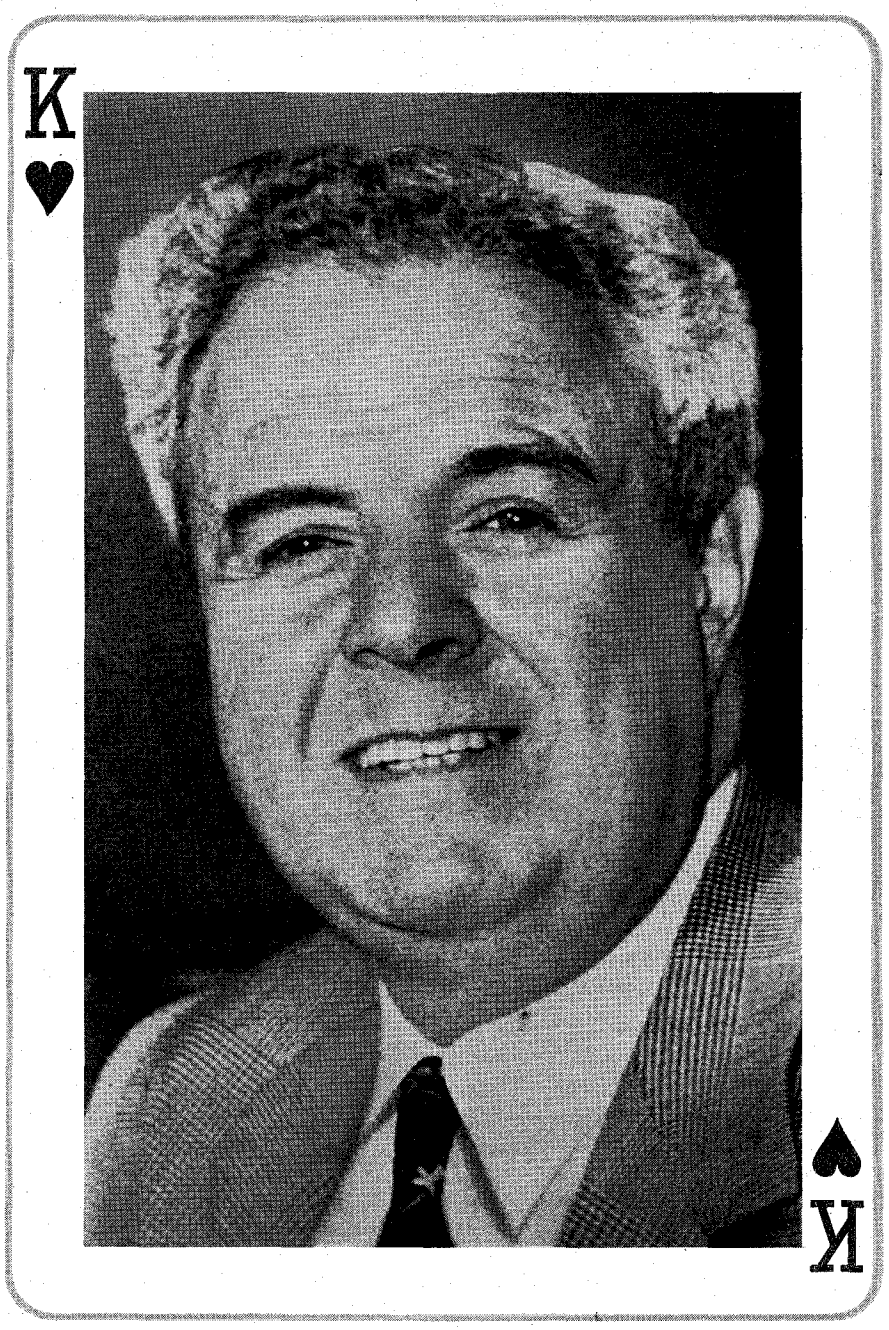

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(*Continued from Page 138*) the name of some Democrat "who won't cause us any trouble." They mentioned Soapy Williams, who was duly appointed. He caused no trouble at all—except to take the governorship away from Sigler that fall, and to defeat Fred Alger when he ran for the office in 1952.

After a few months as liquor commissioner, a job which gave him a chance to make new friends throughout the state, Soapy resigned and announced his candidacy. His chief backers at this time were Hicks Griffiths and his wife, Martha. She is now a Congresswoman. These two young liberal lawyers, who were trying to rejuvenate the then doddering Democratic Party in Michigan, had been among the first to realize the political potentialities of their friend Soapy. It was largely their efforts which squeezed him through the '48 primary. The labor alliances did not become important until later on.

Luck is often rated as a personal trait in a politician, and Soapy seems to have it. While he has looked invincible in recent years, he needed luck to survive between '48 and '52. In the '48 primary he got just under 40 per cent of the total vote, but the opposing vote was split between two candidates and he scraped through. In the general election of '48 he was lucky to be opposed by a Republican governor, Sigler, who had made himself so unpopular that many of his own party were happy to see him go. In the 1950 election, against Harry F. Kelly, the vote was so close that recounts were required to determine the winner. And in 1952, against Fred Alger, he again won by a fraction of one percentage point. Since then his majorities have been counted in the hundreds of thousands.

There are some who even claim that he has been lucky to be confronted during all his years as governor by a Republican legislature. Without such restraint, they argue, Soapy's buoyant New Dealism would have led him into paths extreme enough to destroy him politically; as it is, they say, he can dazzle the voters with expensive, glittering proposals, leaving to the legislature the onus of trimming these down to a scale the state can afford. Also, when critics accuse him of discouraging new industry by excessive taxes on business, he can—among other arguments—point out that the taxes were passed by the Republican legislature.

His admirers, on the other hand, marvel at the results he has obtained from a reluctant legislature through persuasion and "the mobilization of public opinion." They point especially to a large body of new social legislation; to the increase of teachers' salaries by 50 per cent; to the upping of unemployment insurance by 62 per cent; to the building of hospitals with thousands of new beds and extensive improvements in mental health facilities; and to the creation of a Fair Employment Practices Commission (FEPC). Last year the governor's office published a list of no less than 174 "Achievements," ranging from construction of the huge $100,000,000 Mackinac Bridge to repelling an invasion of the gypsy moth.

A number of the more moderate Republicans tell me that Soapy has been a hard-working governor; that his appointments have been generally good; that his regime has been singularly free from scandal—unless his leniency toward strike violence be considered scandalous—that he has a faculty for attracting able and devoted assistants; and that his personal and family life are beyond reproach. Along with this usually goes a "but"—"But he's not sincere."

This is a remark widely heard in Michigan, and not always among Republicans. I cannot pin down just what it is based upon. It may be his peculiar combination of piety and practical politics; of high-mindedness and handshaking; of inherited wealth, Ivy League, intellectualism and unionism. It may be an eager ambition imperfectly concealed.

"I think he is a real do-gooder at heart," one reporter told me. "But he has convinced himself that to do good he must hold and increase his political power. Once you begin to think that way, the appetite for power follows, along with the expediency and hypocrisy to maintain it." Another reporter said, "Nobody in this world knows how much of Soapy is genuine and how much is an act except Soapy himself—and maybe he's not sure."

Certainly he is an extraordinary phenomenon in American politics, and a more complex person than the boyish exterior suggests. One shrewd observer, who has known and studied him for many years, admits that he can't yet fathom the man and his motives.

"Two or three times I thought I really knew him, really understood him," he told me. "Finally I realized this: once you've made up your mind about Soapy, you've lost him."

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Some women are perfect, but you can get along with many of the others.

You never learn the price of free speech until you talk.

If you can still beat your children at anything, it's probably at getting up in the morning.

Lots of men don't help their wives with the dishes. They're too busy house-cleaning.

Nothing gives you a better appetite than dieting.

If equality of the sexes is ever achieved, it will take men some time to get accustomed to their new rights.

Winning at Poker (Continued from Page 30)

left my throat. I didn't lose much, but the going was rough. The next few days I watched the game to get over my fear. Then I tried it again and lost. Alternate observation and play went on until I had lost $100. Then I made a discovery. It happened one night when I woke up in a sweat, after a nightmare in which I had been playing cards.

I could see Monty, his face clouded in anger, yelling, "Deal! Dammit, deal!" Then he pounded his right fist on the table.

His right fist! That rang a bell. Monty was left-handed. When excited he pounded on the table with his right fist. At times he bet with his right hand. Of course! When he was bluffing he shifted his cards from his right hand to the left, and bet with his right.

I could see him now. When he bet he came charging like a wild buffalo. He grabbed just the right amount of chips from his stack and bang!—he bet. If his opponent wasn't scared to death he was at least confused. Monty had come at me like that every night I had played. No wonder I was scared. But now I could see that he was dealing every time he made this fierce move at me. And every time he made this particular play he was dealing straight draw.

What a sucker I had been! I couldn't sleep. Finally I put on my clothes and went back to Monty's Place. The game was at full tilt. All seven seats were filled, but one of the players was a house man, and Monty ordered him to give his seat to me—a live fish.

When it came time for Monty to deal he said, "This is straight draw," which meant jacks or better to open. I opened for five dollars, the usual opening, on a pair of aces. I was sitting just to Monty's right. He raised me fifteen dollars—bang! I stayed and drew three cards.

Monty's poker face broke into a wicked smile, and he said, "I play these."

My draw hadn't helped the aces. Monty glanced at my chips, calculating how much I had left. Wham! His right fist hit the center of the table. He had bet thirty dollars. I pretended to hesitate, then nervously counted out thirty dollars.

"I call," I said and spread my hand, face up, showing two aces. Monty could not conceal a look of utter disbelief. "Well, I'll be damned," he said and threw his hand face down in the discards. "How can you call a pat hand on two aces?"

I grinned at him. "You wiggled your ears," I said.

"Fresh kid," he grumbled. "Beats anything I ever saw."

Someone opened the window to let out the smoke. It was daylight. I thought, *I ought to get some sleep before school.* But the game went on. I had confidence now and won a bit.

It must have been after eight in the morning when a fat little shoe salesman, called Jake Moses, came in. He had just got off the morning train.

"Hello, sucker," Monty greeted him. "Take a seat."

Jake smiled good-naturedly. There was another vacant chair, so I got up from Monty's side and took the other seat. It caused no comment, for players are always changing places for luck. I knew Monty was going to pick on the newcomer, and I wanted to be in a strategic position to win when he did.

Round after round passed before my opportunity came. I was sitting to Monty's left. The sucker to be fleeced sat to his right. "Let's play draw," said Monty; it was his deal.

I passed. The next four players passed too. The salesman opened with a five-dollar bet. Monty came out roaring with a fifteen-dollar raise. I called. Monty showed no signs of annoyance, though I knew he hadn't planned for more than one player to draw against him. The salesman called, which was according to Monty's plan. I drew one card.

"Flushing, kid?" Monty said pleasantly. (*Continued on Page 142*)

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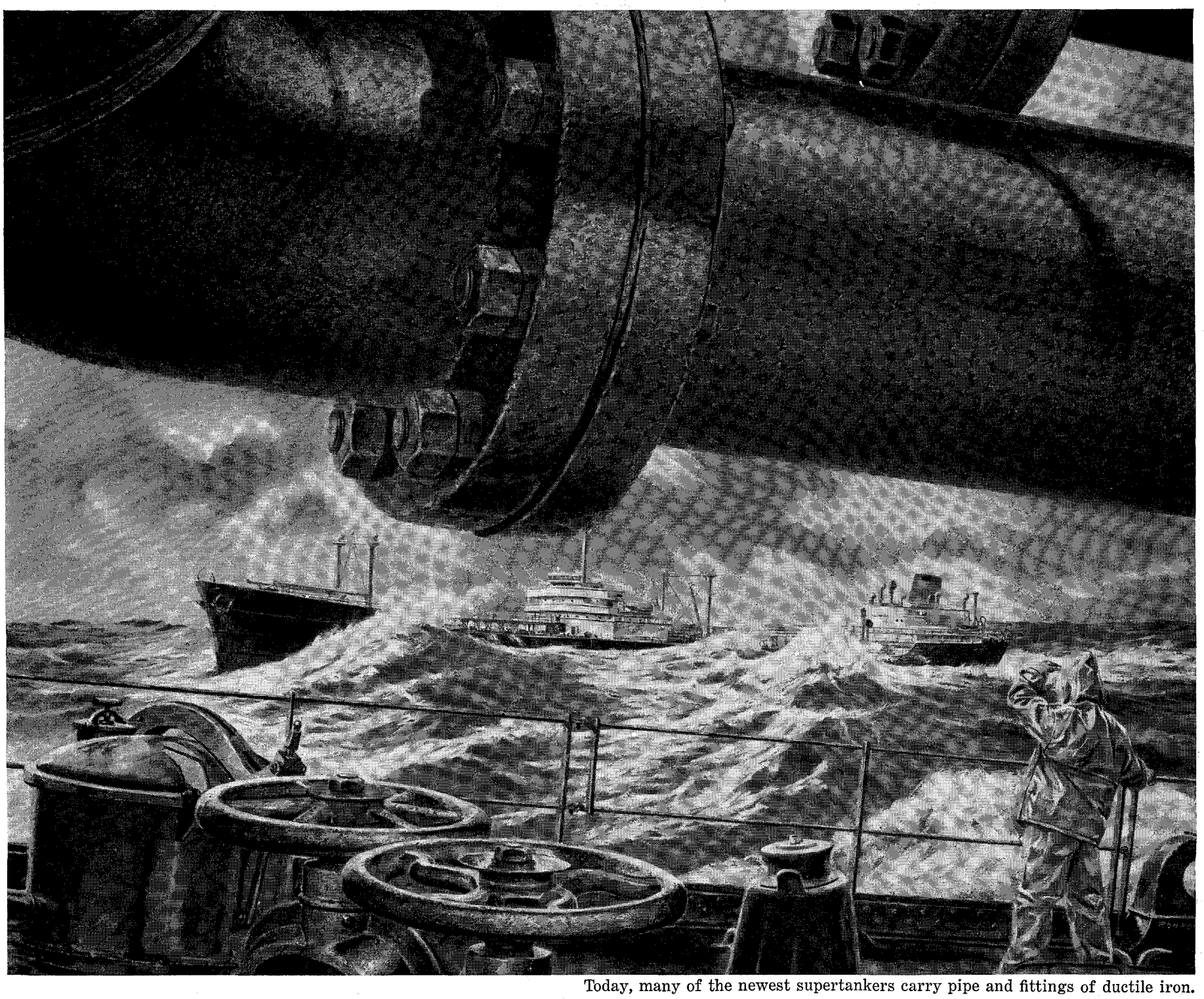

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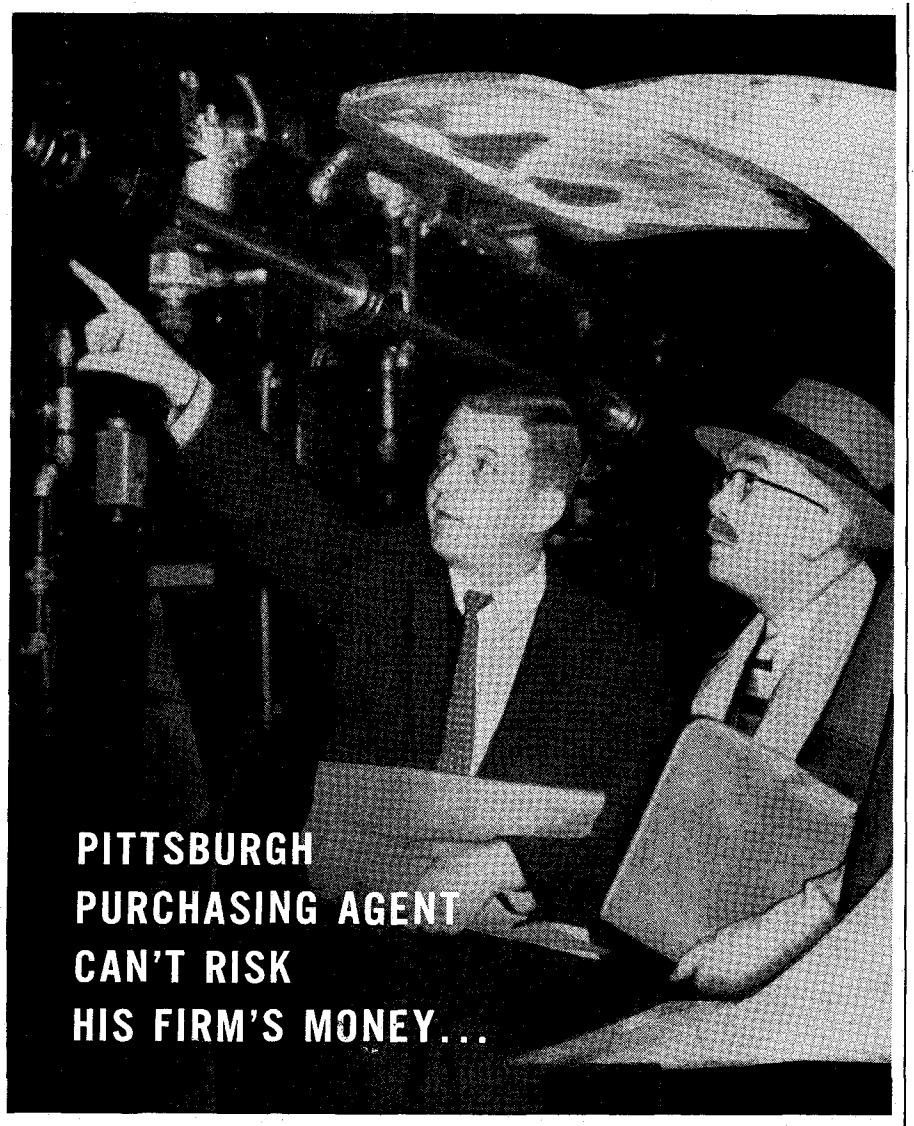
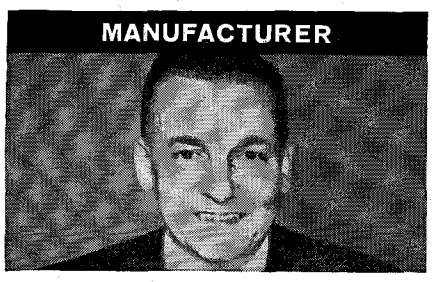
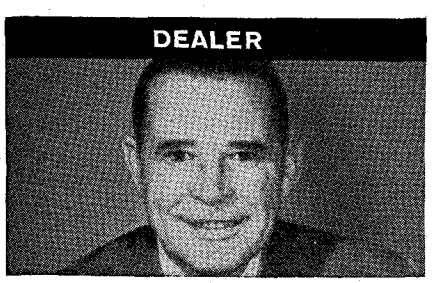


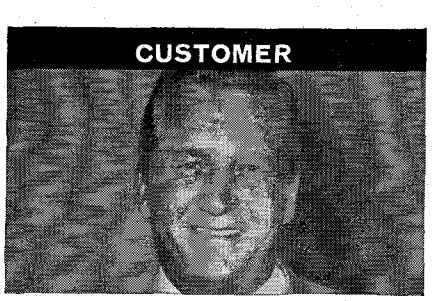
He's always satisfied most with
a BRAND that's made
a NAME for itself.....



"I MADE IT . . . and I know that it has to be made well and priced right to sell in today's highly competitive market. If people aren't completely satisfied with my product and the service it gives them, they'll stop buying it—and, of course, my business will suffer."



"I SOLD IT . . . but it's made such a good name for itself, it practically sold itself. My customers always buy well-known brands quicker, with more confidence. And if they're satisfied, they often reorder by phone or letter. That makes *my* job a lot easier, too."



"I BOUGHT IT . . . by brand because I can't risk my company's money on purchases I'm not completely sure of. Well-known brands always offer me the widest selections, latest improvements, and best possible value. I've made it a policy to buy *only* brands with names I can trust."

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They stand firmly behind every product and claim they make.
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(*Continued from Page 140*) I didn't answer, fearing that my voice would crack if I opened my mouth.

The salesman took three cards. Monty stood pat. The salesman, after a peek at his cards, checked. Without a moment's hesitation Monty bet fifty dollars. It was obvious to him that I was drawing to a straight or a flush—a sucker play.

I raised him $100; almost all I had left. I didn't even have a pair; but with Monty betting right-handed, I felt sure he was standing pat on a bust. I wasn't concerned too much about the salesman who had checked. Even if he had helped his hand, he would hesitate to call, since I had taken one card and raised.

The shoe salesman folded. Monty shook his head sadly. "You're a lucky kid," he told me, and threw in his hand.

I tossed my hand in the discards, drew in the pot with trembling hands and cashed in. It was too late to go to school, so I sat down to watch the play. I had fallen asleep when I heard Monty's fist bang the table. *Here he goes again,* I thought. But no, he was using his left hand to bet; this time he wasn't bluffing.

The salesman had opened with the usual bet. Monty raised. The salesman stayed and drew three cards. Monty, as before, stood pat. The salesman, as it turned out, made two pairs, aces up, and checked to trap Monty, suspecting now that he was bluffing.

Much to my surprise, Monty bet $500 on his pat hand.

"You can't have a pat hand all the time," the salesman said.

"You'll never know unless you call," said Monty.

"I call," said the salesman. He was about out of chips.

"With what?" asked Monty.

"Ain't my credit good?"

"Not for five hundred." Monty's face broke into a mischievous grin. "But give me a bill of sale for those ten trunks you carry around full of sample shoes, and I'll lend you five hundred."

The salesman scribbled out a bill of sale and threw it in the pot. He spread his hand. "Aces-up," he said.

"Well, I'll be damned," laughed Monty. "You mean you called a pat hand on aces-up?"

"You can't bluff me. You don't have a pat hand."

"No, I don't," Monty said, spreading his hand. "I only have three tens."

It was good enough; Monty raked in the pot. He had tricked the salesman by not drawing cards.

Right after this play the game broke up and Monty asked me to come to his study, which was next to the cardroom. Shelves of books covered one entire wall. Hanging on other walls were autographed pictures of Teddy Roosevelt, Jim Corbett and Diamond Jim Brady. Monty fixed himself a drink and bade me sit down.

"Kid," he said, "that was a smart call you made, and even a smarter raise. I know I did something that tipped my hands. I don't ask what it was ——"

I told him.

"How would you like to work for me?" he asked. One of his house men was quitting. He wanted me to take his place after school hours. "I'll stand the losses, if any, and take half of what you win. You cut the pots and keep half the cut. Is that fair?"

"I'll work for twenty-five per cent of the cut," I said, "and back myself—if you'll give me lessons in play. Let's start now. Why do you bluff only when dealing straight draw? What about deuces wild?"

"Because you can't bluff simpletons in deuces wild," he said. "They won't believe you have five-of-a-kind or a straight flush. They think you have a straight, flush or full house, which can be beat easily. In draw, I can stand pat and look too strong to beat. My opponent must decide for himself whether I'm bluffing.

"When you bluff you may run into a strong hand, but you take that risk. In five-card draw a good risk is to raise immediately after someone opens, whether you have anything or not. Either take two cards, pretending you have three of a kind or, better yet, stand pat.

"If you hold high cards in stud, you will profit by raising an open pair held by your opponent now and then, even if you have no pair. Most other players will give you credit for having a big pair and will drop their hands. But whatever you do, never try to bluff a winner."

The following night I became a house player. After a week, I got Monty alone in his study again and asked for more pointers on straight draw.

"Well, for one thing," Monty said, "you made a dumb play last night when you had two pair, kings-up, and was sitting to the left of the opener and didn't raise. Kings-up can be beat if too many players stay. Now if three or four players had stayed after the pot was opened, your hand was worth a call, but not a raise, for once a sucker stays it is hard to drive him out.

"If you have jacks-up, queens-up, kings-up or aces-up and are sitting close to the opener's left, raise. If you are raised back, fold your hand, or re-raise and stand pat. Of course, in the latter case you have to bet after the draw and hope your opponent doesn't call, because his raise before the draw indicates your two pair are probably beat."

Monty took a drink of straight whisky. "You must remember that about seventy-five per cent of all card players are simpletons. Take straight draw. Even a simpleton should realize the opener holds at least two jacks, but the sucker will stay on a short pair."

A Man's-Length Shadow

By Elijah L. Jacobs

No good man likes to think of
his work as done,
But grandfather knew at last
that he felt his age,
At least a little. He gave up
stage by stage
Plowing, haying, husking. He
could not run
To head a colt at the gate.
One by one,
My uncles took over his chores,
and a narrowing cage
Of incapacity closed around
him. Rage
At fate is futile; the garden lay
in the sun,
Lush and growing, and
grandfather had his hoe—
His liberation. Skill is more
than strength,
Persistence more than speed, in
a garden row.
The old man worked, those
burning afternoons,
Grimly happy, whistling
fragments of tunes,
Casting, he said, his shadow a
man's full length.

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School let out early in May, and I became a house player full time. I worked the poker room in four-hour shifts with Jack Kelly, another house man, catching a bit of sleep when I could. One night I got Monty aside for a lesson in stud.

I said, "You've told me that you stay for the third card in stud only when you have a pair back-to-back; or an ace or king in the hole; or two face cards—including the ace or ten—back-to-back. Do I have that last combination right?"

"Yes," Monty said, "but with exceptions. Suppose you hold queen-jack. You don't stay if your opponents hold two of these cards exposed, either two queens, two jacks or a queen and a jack. And you fold after the third card unless it's a ten or better."

"You also said you play with ace or king in the hole and a small card showing."

"Yes," said Monty; "but if your opponents hold either the ace or king exposed, you fold."

"Also," I said, "you fold unless the next card is a ten or better."

"Right."

"Now," I said, "suppose you hold jack-queen-jack and one of your opponents shows a pair of fours and bets. What do you do?"

"My jacks are concealed. I can beat what I see on the board. If he checks, I bet. If he bets, I raise him."

"Suppose he raises you back?"

"Now the plot thickens," Monty said, smiling. "Caution should tell me to fold. If he's a sucker, he has three fours and is too anxious to wait for higher stakes. If he's a strong player, look out. He may be trying a bluff to run you out, pretending he has three fours, especially if he judges you a simpleton."

"Who, me?"

"You're learning," Monty said.

"Now suppose," I said, "you hold jack-queen-queen and your opponent has an ace-trey showing, and you bet the two queens and your opponent calls. How do you judge the play?"

"If he's a strong player, he may be sucking me in with two aces. If he's a simpleton, he's probably betting that the next card will improve his hand. I'd have to judge my man."

Monty was the keenest player I have ever known. At times he seemed almost clairvoyant. It may be that some movement on the part of his opponent, a tremor, a flicker of the eye or nervous chatter told Monty when to call, bet or raise. Watching him play, I was tempted to believe in thought transference.

One night I found seated at the table Woodenjaw Slocum, the banker's son; Salty, the horse trader; Chic Chillum, the chicken picker; Bert Wills, the land speculator; and Doc Prittle. Chic, Salty and Doc were small fry. Bert was land poor, with extensive timber and farm holdings. Woodenjaw, if he could get the money from his dad, could be tapped.

The game droned along for a couple of hours when suddenly it came to life. Woodenjaw was dealing stud and had caught an ace on the third card, making ?-7-A. Monty held two sevens exposed. All other players had folded. The bet in the first round had been five dollars.

Monty was high with ?-7-7 and bet ten dollars. Woodenjaw raised Monty twenty dollars. Monty just called. This wasn't like him. If he had only two sevens he should have folded, since Woodenjaw's hand of ?-7-A looked like two Aces.

On the fourth card, Woodenjaw drew a ten, making ?-7-A-10 and Monty drew a five, making ?-7-7-5. Had Woodenjaw been smart, he would have known by now that Monty had three sevens and was playing possum for the kill. Monty couldn't have two pairs—sevens and fives—for even the most hopeless sucker would not draw to five-seven. And if Monty had only two sevens he would not call what looked like two aces and hope to draw out. I felt sure that Monty had set up Woodenjaw at some previous session, and was now going to slip him the change-up ball.

After the fourth card, Woodenjaw bet fifty dollars. Monty, hesitating for a moment, just called.

On the fifth card, Woodenjaw drew a second ten, making ?-7-A-10-10. Monty drew a queen, making ?-7-7-5-Q.

The second ten which Woodenjaw had drawn would have been dangerous except for the fact that two tens had been folded—one by Chic and the other by Doc. This made it a dead certainty that Woodenjaw did not hold three tens. Obviously he had made aces over tens. I was sure Monty had a lock with three sevens.

Woodenjaw bet $100.

Monty reached for his wallet. He threw in a $100 bill—then counted out fifteen more.

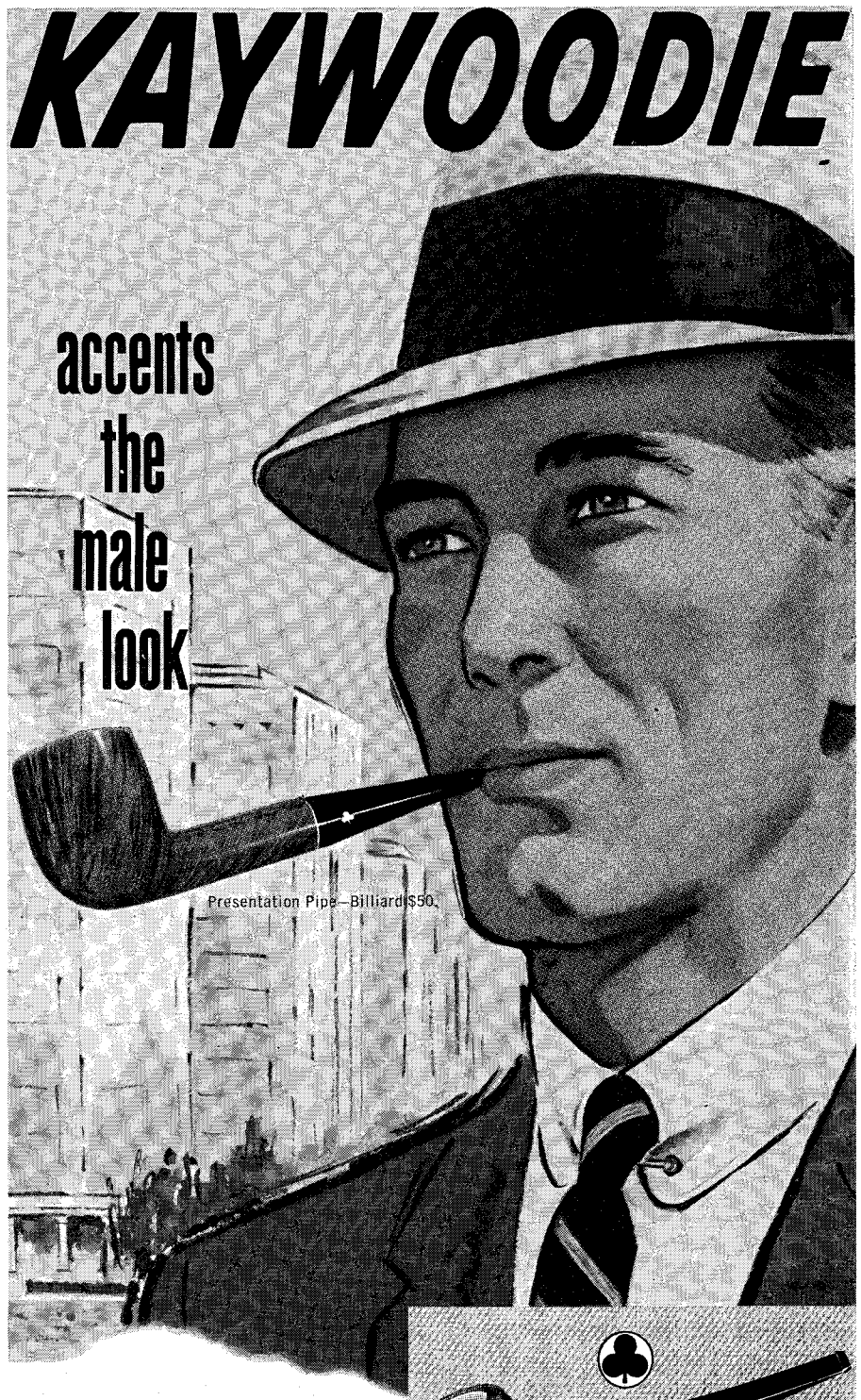
"I raise you fifteen hundred," he boomed.

Woodenjaw scratched his head and looked at Monty's cards. I thought I knew what was going on in his mind. He figured the queen, Monty's last card, had paired with Monty's hole card, making queens-up. To him, this would account

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... tsk ... tsk ... tsk ...."

KAYWOODIE accents the male look



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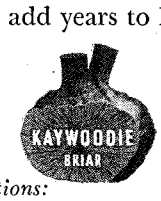

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for Monty's boldness in betting $1500. If he had studied Monty's style of play, however, he would have known that Monty wasn't a man who would even draw to queen-seven. He would have folded in the first place.

"Do something, dammit!" yelled Monty. "You're delaying the game."

"I'm calling, but I'm out of chips."

"Then toss in some cash."

"You know I'm good for fifteen hundred. I'll give you an I.O.U."

"The hell with it," said Monty. "I hold your I.O.U. now for five hundred." He pretended to be disgusted. "Come on, let's get down to business."

"If you won't take an I.O.U., what can I do?"

This was what Monty was waiting for. I knew that he'd had his eye on Woodenjaw's matched geldings. He told me once, "I'm going to own that rig someday."

"You can make out a bill of sale," Monty said, "for your rig including the geldings."

Woodenjaw rose from his seat, his cards in his hand. "Sit down, dammit," cried Monty, "and keep those cards on the table."

"All right," said Woodenjaw. "Give me a bill of sale."

Monty sent me to the bar for a pad of sales slips, pen and ink. On my return, Woodenjaw filled in the blanks and paused to consider a price.

"I imported those geldings," he said, "from Indianapolis. The whole outfit, including harness, cost me three thousand dollars."

"You owe fifteen hundred bucks in the pot. Make the bill of sale for two thousand and I'll give you the difference."

"Dammit, Monty, you're skinning me out of a thousand."

"You calling or not?" Monty asked.

Woodenjaw wrote "$2000" on the bill of sale and tossed the paper in the pot. "I want five hundred in change."

Monty opened his wallet and drew out some papers. "Here it is, your I.O.U. for five hundred," he said and tossed Woodenjaw a slip of paper.

"But I want cash," Woodenjaw protested. "Hold this a while."

"I've held it for a month now," said Monty. "What you got?"

"I called you."

"So you did," Monty said, and spread his hand. "Three sevens beats aces-up in my book." He raked in the pot. "Where's the geldings?"

"Hitched out in front." Woodenjaw threw his cards on the floor. "You tricked me!"

"You tricked yourself, simpleton," said Monty.

For the rest of my story about how to win at poker I will take a great jump in time and space—to China, in the Sino-Japanese war period just before Pearl Harbor. The Chinese Government had engaged me to break the latest Japanese ciphers. I went east, and was met at Hong Kong by an interpreter, Ling Fan, who was to be my assistant. He was a little man, dressed in Western clothes, with black hair parted at the side and brushed back.

Ling took me to Haiphong, where we waited ten days for a plane to the war capital, Chungking. In the interval he asked whether I played poker. I said yes, and he told me there was usually a pretty good game at the Haiphong Foreign Club. When we looked in, they were playing dealer's choice—draw, stud, deuces wild, seven-card stud, low ball, high-low, spit-in-the-ocean and other offbeat poker games.

Never in my life have I seen such poor poker played. Most of the players, as usual, were simpletons; even so, Ling was no match for them. I quit at the end of an hour to cut his losses. While I had been winning $500 (Hong Kong), he had lost about $1000.

I didn't say a word until we got into our hotel room and poured two drinks. "Ling," I said at last, "you are the damnedest sucker I ever saw."

"Sucker?" he said. "That's a fish," and he pulled from his pocket a small English dictionary he always carried.

"So it is," I said, laughing. "You ought to throw away that dictionary and learn how to play poker."

The next morning I gave him his first lesson. To begin, I dealt hands of five cards to imaginary players. "First, I'll teach you the easiest game of all, five-card low ball. You understand how it's played?"

"Sure," said Ling. "Ace-deuce-trey-four-five is the lowest hand, and it beats anything. In low ball it is not counted as a straight."

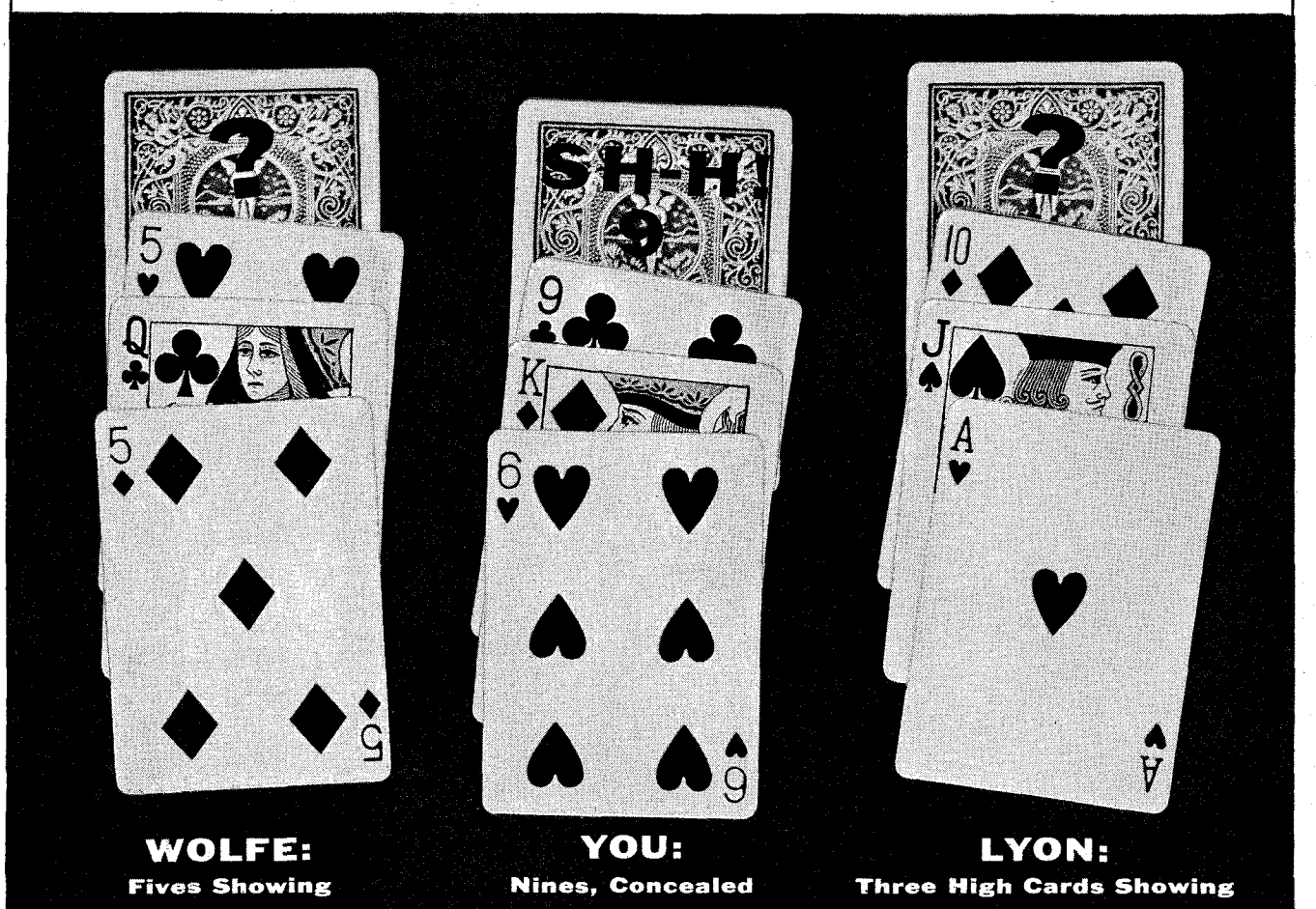
The first hand I dealt was A-3-8-J-Q.

"How many cards do you draw to that hand?" I asked. (*Continued on Page 146*)

Five-Card Stud: CAN YOU READ THE HOLE CARDS?

On the first go-around, of course, everyone is dealt one card face down, another face up. Three players promptly fold. That leaves Pete Sakes, Claude Lyon, Harry Wolfe, and yourself. You have caught Nines back-to-back—a promising start. But be careful: Lyon and Wolfe are strong players.

Pete Sakes is high with a King showing, and bets. Wolfe stays, Lyon stays, you stay. On the next round you catch a King, and bet. Pete Sakes folds. Wolfe and Lyon stay. A fourth card is dealt all around, and the hands now look like this:



With Fives showing, Wolfe bets. Lyon waits for your move. What should you do—stay to see the fifth card, raise, or fold?

Let's say that Wolfe and Lyon are tight players, as tight as Yardley himself. In that case, perhaps we can guess what they have in the hole.

Take Lyon: his hole card is sure to be a big one. (With a Ten, Jack, Queen, King or Ace showing on the first go-around, Yardley folds unless his hole card is Ace, King, Queen, Jack or Ten.) So Lyon has, at the least, four high cards to draw to; any pair would beat your Nines, and the odds are three-to-two that he already holds a pair.

As for Wolfe, the question is this: could his hole card be a Queen, making two pair, or a Five, making three-of-a-kind? To read his hand, we'll have to go back to the beginning, when he stayed on ?-5. If his play is up to Yardley's standard, his hole card can't be a Queen. (Yardley will stay on A-5, or K-5, or even K-2—but on nothing less. With a small card up, he wants dynamite in the hole; he would have folded Q-5.) There might be a Five in the hole? Not likely. With a small pair back-to-back, Yardley will stay for a third card; but it has to make three-of-a-kind, or he folds. Since he stayed on ?-5-Q, his hole card is obviously Ace or King. In fact, your Nines have Wolfe beaten—for now. Yet he's almost as dangerous as Lyon. If he pairs again on the fifth card, he'll be Aces up, Kings up or Queens up.

Do you still feel like staying?

Yardley says: "I will play Nines backed-up until I am beat in sight, or (and here's the rub) until I think I am beat by a concealed pair. But I will take only one card to small backed-up pairs—Deuces through Eights. If I make a set of threes on the third card I will stay, of course. Otherwise, I fold. My refusal to take more than one card to these pairs is my greatest contribution to Five-Card Stud. I know you may be tempted to take more cards to a small pair, but to do so will keep you broke. Here's why:

"First, the betting gets too stiff to warrant taking more cards. Second, if seven are playing and all draw cards, four will pair. Why draw more than one card to a small pair, when others are staying on high cards? If your opponent stays on cards above Tens, and takes three additional cards, he will pair about half the time and beat your small pair.

"If you have four opponents, all drawing to high cards, two of them will pair even though they started with no pairs. So it is two-to-one that you won't win with a small pair. And it's foolish to hope for three-of-a-kind. If you don't have them on the third card, it is eight-to-one you never will. And it is six-to-one that you won't make a second pair on either the fourth or fifth card. Therefore, it is about five-to-one that you will come up with the second or third best hand. In poker, second best never pays off."

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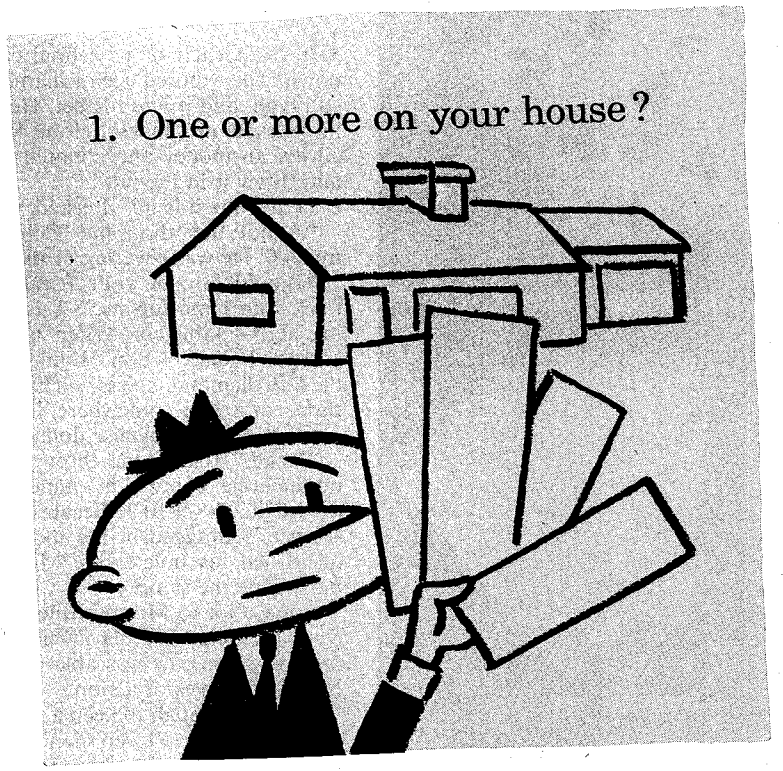
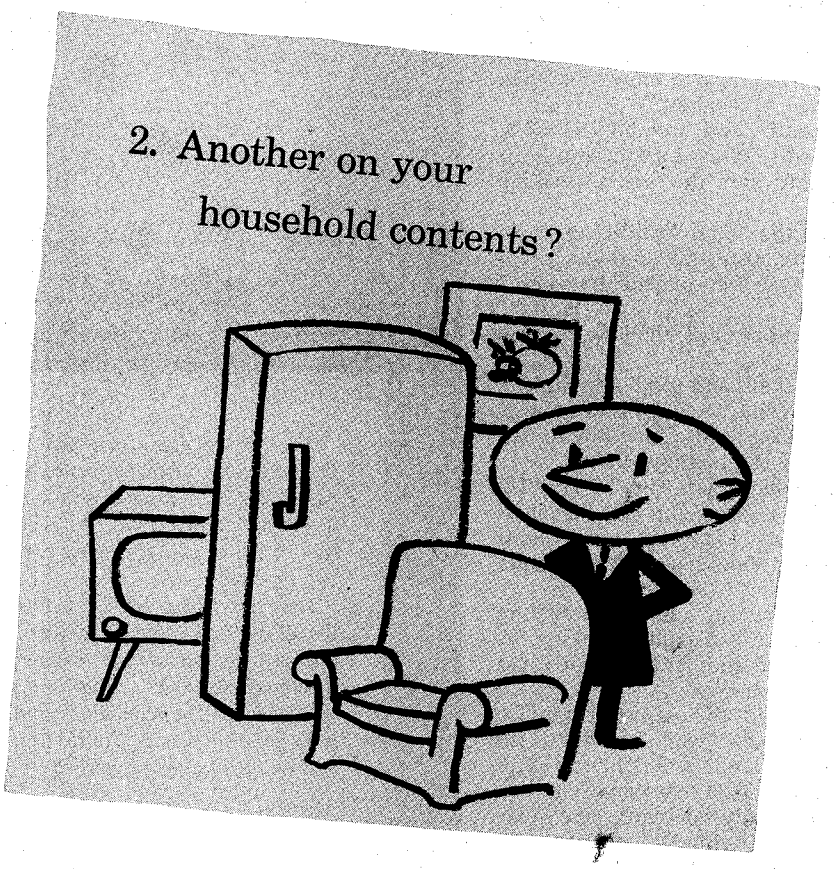
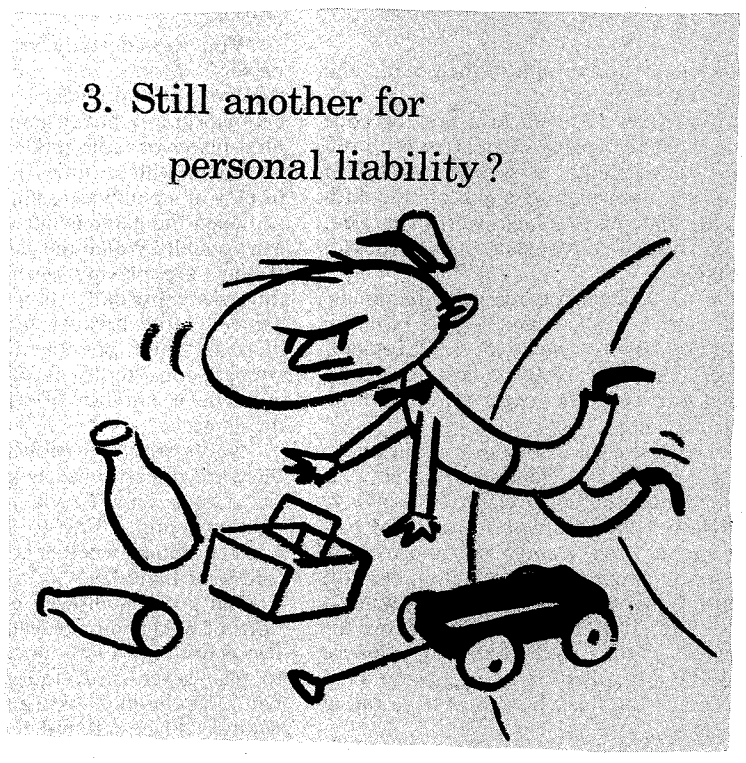
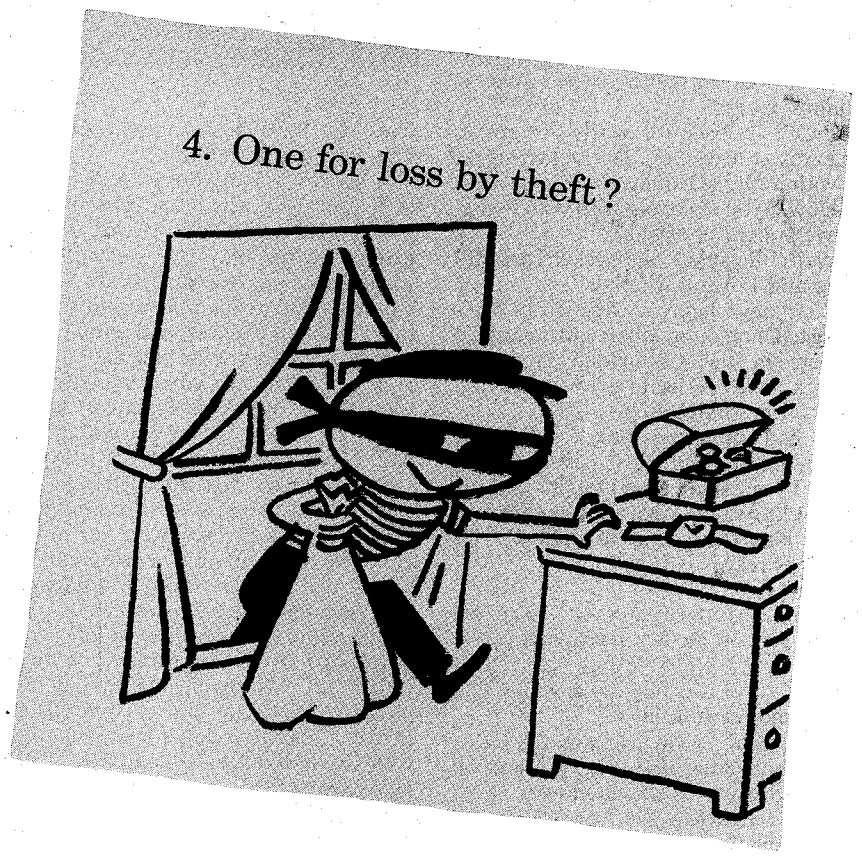
How many premiums do you pay?









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(*Continued from Page 144*) "I throw away the jack and queen and draw two cards."

I dealt him two cards. The hand now read A-3-8-A-K.

"That's no good," said Ling. "I made a pair of aces."

"Yes, you did, and you're trying to make a low hand. That's lesson Number One. In low ball never draw more than one card. If you have to draw more than one, throw in your hand."

The second hand showed 2-3-4-8-4. Ling decided to discard a four and draw one. I dealt him the seven, making 2-3-4-7-8.

"I bet on that hand," said Ling.

The next hand read 2-4-5-6-K.

"I throw away the king and draw one," he said.

I dealt him one card, the jack, making 2-4-5-6-J.

"I bet on that hand too," he said.

"You're wrong. Jack low is not a winning hand. You need a nine low to call on. Eight low is a betting hand."

The next hand was 3-6-7-7-K. "I'd throw away a seven and the king and draw two," said Ling, still unconvinced that a player should never draw more than one card.

I dealt him a trey and a ten, making 3-6-7-3-10. Ling had paired, making his hand useless. In another half hour I had driven the lesson home.

"Now," I said, "you'd better practice what you've learned while I go out to see the town. Deal out seven hands. You stay on pat hands, or hands in which you have to draw only one card. The other hands you play as you did last night; that is draw two or three if necessary. Keep a record of how many times you win and how many times the simpletons win; convince yourself that my type of play is winning poker."

I didn't get back for nearly two hours. Ling was still dealing. He looked up at me with a pleased smile.

"How'd you make out with your make-believe poker?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the suckers are still losing and I'm still winning."

A few days later we flew from Haiphong to Chungking, where I was assigned quarters in the Chungking Hostel. I began a series of lectures on codes and ciphers, Ling translating.

He had practiced poker diligently, dealing out sample hands at every opportunity. In our spare time I taught him the games I knew, and wrote out instructions on the play of seven-card stud. My instructions read:

You are dealt three cards, two down and one up. Stay on the first three cards if you hold

(1) Two aces, or two kings, or any three of a kind and draw the limit.

(2) Two queens, or any pair with the ace or king, and draw only *one* card and no more unless the hand is improved.

(3) Any 3-card straight or 3-card flush and draw only two cards and no more unless the hand is improved. If in five cards you make a 4-card flush or a 4-card straight, draw the 6th and 7th cards.

Ling studied my instructions for a day or so and then came back with some questions.

"Adviser," he said, "I understand everything except Point Three. Why draw only the fourth and fifth cards to a three-card flush or straight?"

"You know better than to ask that," I said. "Suppose you hold only a three-card straight or a three-card flush after the fifth card: On the sixth and seventh cards you have to draw two of the same sequence for the straight, or two of the same suit for a flush to make the hand. The odds are prohibitive."

A servant on the hostel staff came in to tell us there was a vacant seat at the poker table downstairs. It was a nightly game, and the play was slovenly. With wishful thinking the players disregarded mathematical probabilities, and they bet the devalued Chinese and Hong Kong money as if it were worthless.

When I entered with Ling, the table was still full. Pop Weiner said, "I'm quitting in a moment." Pop was a Dane who had lived in Chungking for forty-five years. Next to Pop sat a foreign code clerk, a snobbish man with an unpleasant manner. Also playing were an antiaircraft expert, a munitions salesman, two sailors, and an aviator who was in Chungking demonstrating pursuit planes.

The kibitzers were Ted White, a reporter for Time magazine; a Chinese whose job was spying on foreigners; a pleasant Irishman and a quarrelsome Britisher, both having something to do with Chinese salt taxes; and Miss Emily Hahn, the writer.

Pop got up at last and gave me his seat. They were playing table stakes with dealer's choice—seven-card stud, high-low, stud, draw, spit-in-the-ocean, and the like.

Whenever I stayed in a pot the code clerk bet vigorously in an attempt to run me out. Finally, in seven-card stud, I made a jack-high straight on the fifth card—the first two cards were concealed. He showed three diamonds exposed, 9-6-Q.

If his concealed cards were diamonds, he held a flush, which would beat my straight. He was high with the queen and checked. I bet 1000 Chinese; everyone folded except the code clerk, and he merely called.

The next card I drew was a four, making ?-?-9-10-J-4. He drew another diamond, making four in sight, ?-?-9-6-Q-A.

He bet 2000 Chinese just as if he had made his flush. I could not improve my hand, having made a straight on the fifth card. I deduced that he had not yet made the flush, but hoped to do so on the seventh card. I raised him 2000 Chinese and he just called. Now I was sure. Had he made the flush he would have raised me back.

I had been counting all the diamonds dealt face up. Four had been dealt to the code clerk, two to me. Six diamonds had been dealt to other players. All together, twelve diamonds were accounted for. If I had counted correctly, there were now fifteen cards in the pack. Ten cards had been dealt face down to players who had folded. That made twenty-five cards which had not been exposed, apart from my holdings and the code clerk's. Among these there was only one diamond. Therefore, it was 24-to-1 that the code clerk would not make his flush, unless he had already made it, which was most unlikely.

He dealt each of us a final card, face down. The exposed ace of diamonds was still high, and it was his bet. He emptied his pockets of Chinese, Hong Kong and American money and counted it all out and threw it in the pot.

"How much is it?" I asked.

"About five thousand Chinese. Too much?" He was sneering at me.

"Would any of your friends like to back your hand further?" I asked, looking at the kibitzers. When no one answered, I said, "I don't think you made the fifth diamond, unless you have a horseshoe concealed somewhere." I counted out a bundle of Chinese dollars.

"I call," I said, and threw the money on the table. I spread my hand, revealing a straight, 7-8-9-10-J. Because of his insolence, I dragged in the money before he turned his hole cards. Monty would have done the same.

I owe a lot to Monty's tutelage. Apart from the details of play which he hammered into me, he was able to lay down broad principles of action.

"It's not enough to keep a poker face," he once told me. "Keep silent too. Avoid eccentricities which might tip your hand. Never drink while playing—it leads to carelessness.

"You should study your own weaknesses," Monty told me, "as well as those of your opponents. A sound player can win in any poker game, whether it's limit poker or table stakes.

"There will be times when you wish to play at a club where you're a stranger, provided the game is not too tight. How can you tell? Watch the game for a while. If they are playing seven-handed, and four players usually stay, you know the game is loose because four players out of seven can't possibly hold minimum strength consistently. It follows that there must be a number of weak players in the game.

"Never stay in a poker game unless there are at least three suckers. If possible sit to their left. They'll usually bet on anything, and sitting to their left gives you the option whether to stay, raise or fold your hand."

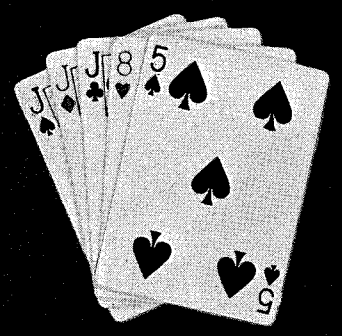
Monty never allowed any wild variations of poker to be played in his saloon. It was not until I left home that I learned to play seven-card stud, high-low, low ball, and the like. As I got farther from Monty's Place I found the value of the bets smaller, the raises more frequent and the games wilder. I fashioned my method of play after long study of each game, and discovered that the smaller the stakes and the wilder the game, the easier it was to win.

To Monty, five-card draw, deuces wild, was quite wild enough. I remember the first lesson he gave me in this game. He wouldn't even stay on three natural jacks. How tight can you get?

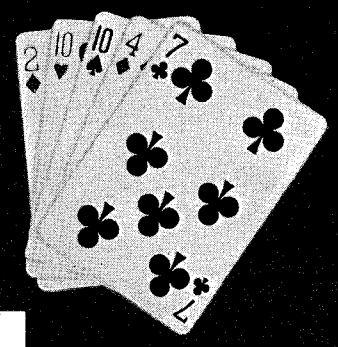
"Cripes, Monty," I said, "no wonder you keep winning if you only stay on such strong hands. If everyone played like you do, there wouldn't be a poker game."

"No, there wouldn't," Monty admitted. "When I play, I think I have the best hand or the makings of one. Let the suckers stay on less." THE END

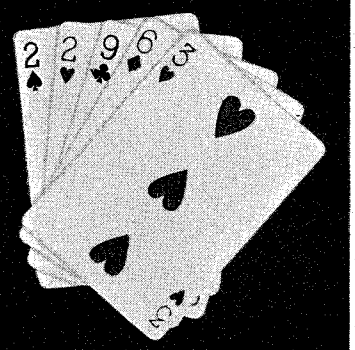
DEUCES WILD: How Good is Your Judgment?



THREE JACKS



THREE TENS



THREE NINES

This is the game in which a Deuce can represent any card in the deck. Five cards are dealt face down, as in draw poker. All who stay in the betting can draw one, two or three cards.

Here are three hands, before the draw. According to Yardley, one of them isn't worth playing; it should be folded. Another is worth a call. The remaining hand is so good it's worth a raise. Can you rate the hands properly?

Answer:

DEUCES WILD: How Good is Your Judgment?

Yardley says, "Never stay with only one wild card, unless you hold three Jacks or better." He would fold the three Tens. But 2-2-9-6-3 is worth a raise, in his view; of course he would discard all but the two wild cards, and draw three. The hand with three Jacks is the lowest which Yardley will consider in Deuces Wild. It's worth a call. The lowest hand on which he raises, apart from 2-2-x-x-x, is K-K-K-x-x.

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Will Your Baby be Normal?

(Continued from Page 42)

in Irene's family raises the possibility to at least twenty-five per cent."

The Pershings were disappointed. They wanted more children, but was it worth the risk of bringing handicapped babies into the world? The heredity counselor followed the usual policy of refusing to make recommendations, but merely explaining the facts. There was a serious gamble, he pointed out, but while the chances were 1 to 4 that any son of theirs would be afflicted, the odds also were 3 out of 4 that he would be sound. As it turned out, the Pershings did decide to try again, and about two years later Irene gave birth to a fine, perfectly formed boy.

"Will my baby be normal?" is a question in the mind of the expectant mother as she is wheeled into the delivery room. It haunts the prospective father as he paces the waiting room. This question becomes an oppressive mental burden for young parents whose family background contains a hereditary disease or abnormality. Yet today much of the guesswork and ill-founded fear can be removed by the heredity counselor. By his understanding of the science of human genetics he can predict with reasonable accuracy the chances that a couple's offspring may inherit undesirable traits or weaknesses.

Dr. H. Warner Kloepfer, director of the Heredity Counseling Service of Tulane University's School of Medicine and one of the country's leading geneticists, recently declared, "Many marriages break up or don't get under way in the first place because of incorrect or misinformed beliefs that children will be abnormal. Good heredity counseling—ideally before marriage and certainly before pregnancy—would save a high percentage of these marriages."

At present there are thirteen heredity-counseling services in the United States, all connected with universities, and two in Canada, both associated with children's hospitals. Their advice usually is free and, as a rule, people with a genuine problem in genetics can arrange an appointment by personal letter. In a few cases, such as the New York State Psychiatric Institute, which deals with heredity as a factor in mental diseases, consultation is available only to patients who have been referred by their doctors or hospitals. As compared to the need, present facilities for advising people on heredity are woefully limited. Dr. Sheldon Reed, director of the Dight Institute, which maintains the Heredity Counseling Service of the University of Minnesota, believes that the country should have at least 100 such centers, one in each state and in each of the large cities.

Such counseling removed a fearful threat from the life of a beautiful young woman whom we'll call Helen Leonard. She was very much in love with a fine man, but was terrified by the idea of marriage because she believed that she carried a dread defect capable of destroying her children.

Luckily, Helen consulted a heredity counselor.

Helen was the first child in her family, and the only one to live. Two brothers each died a few days after birth, both suffering from anencephaly, a disease in which the brain fails to develop. The obstetrician who attended Helen's mother had told her that this horrible abnormality was hereditary and that the Leonards should give up any idea of a larger family. The Leonards' sorrow and shame over their "family disease" deeply impressed their daughter.

"I've been afraid since I first started thinking about marriage and children," Helen told the counselor. "Since it's hereditary, I guess this awful thing, whatever it is, is in my blood. I've put off my wedding, but now I have to make a decision. I don't know what to do."

The geneticist traced back and forth over the Leonards' family trees, but his detective work only puzzled him. Except for Helen's brothers, there was absolutely no case of anencephaly in any branch of the family. The only conclusion he could draw was that a mutation—a change in a gene—had suddenly occurred. The odds against a mutation are tremendous, and

Speaking as a Parent

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on," the Persian wrote; to which deep lore
I'd like to add that, when you've scrubbed the paint,
The finger will return to write some more.

R. H. Grenville

When you care enough to send the very best Hallmark Cards

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the odds against the same mutation occurring twice in succession are astronomical indeed. It wasn't until his last conversation with Helen's mother that the counselor found any clue as to what might have happened. Then he learned that Mrs. Leonard had received extensive X-ray treatment for a skin ailment during both of her disastrous pregnancies.

With this significant information, the geneticist could make a reasonable deduction. "We now know that excessive radiation of an unborn child can cause abnormalities that appear to be hereditary in nature," he told Helen and her mother. "So can German measles and lack of oxygen. It is probable that the prolonged X-ray treatments damaged the developing nervous system of both of these babies."

Radiation can also produce gene mutations which become hereditary—one of the concerns in connection with atomic fall-out. But in this instance the X rays apparently injured the infants' own body cells directly.

In any case, there was nothing to indicate that Helen's children would be anything but sound and healthy. The counselor's final report was shortly followed by Helen's big church wedding.

How can the geneticist determine the odds that your baby will be normal? It is all in the genes—tiny particles which determine the characteristics that are passed on from generation to generation. Every baby inherits half of its genes from the mother and half from the father. It's the combination that determines whether your baby has brown eyes or blue, straight or curly hair, a chubby or a string-bean build, and so on through all characteristics and traits—including some unwelcome ones, such as susceptibility to certain diseases or organic weaknesses.

The science of genetics is far from simple, and to make the heredity-counseling business even more complex, the genes for some hereditary ailments are dominant, while others are recessive. This makes a big difference: a single dominant harmful gene, passed to a baby by either parent, can produce the defect or weakness. In the case of harmful recessive genes, the child can be afflicted only when it has the bad luck to inherit the same troublemaking gene from both parents. When only a single recessive gene is present, its effect is wholly or partly concealed by the other, more dominant member of the pair. This explains how a harmful recessive gene may be carried for two, four or even ten generations without showing up until two people carrying the same recessive gene happen to mate.

It is somewhat of a paradox that the science of genetics has found a readier and wider practical application in agriculture than in human affairs. The basic laws of heredity were first discovered in 1866 by Gregor Mendel, an Austrian monk, and since the turn of the century have been developed and utilized with remarkable success in the breeding of superior plants and livestock. Hybrid corn is one of the great examples. But attempts to apply the new knowledge to humans were hindered by misunderstanding, superstition and prejudice. For a long time fundamentalists considered that genetics in some way meddled with the will of God. After Dr. C. B. Davenport established the first eugenics-record office in Cold Springs Harbor, New York, in 1910, the laws of heredity as they operated in man began to be explored. The science received a setback in the '30's, when it became confused in the popular mind with Hitler's outlandish theories of breeding a super-race. Even the medical profession has not fully appreciated the value of knowledge about the mechanics of heredity in relation to disease. Only a few years ago fewer than half of the medical schools in the United States offered a course in human genetics. Yet, susceptibility to a number of major diseases, such as diabetes, rheumatic fever, tuberculosis and schizophrenia, is definitely inherited, claim the geneticists, who, although they haven't unraveled the exact why of such susceptibility, can calculate the risk for recurrence in given families.

Take the case of a young law student who was planning to get married, but had been treated for diabetes since he was six months old. And his future bride's mother had died of the same disease in her middle age. The young couple consulted a heredity counselor and asked about the chances that their children might inherit the disease.

As the law student and his fiancée both carried a definite weakness for diabetes, the counselor had to tell them that the liability for their children was extremely high. He could not advise against the couple's marriage, but he could tell them:

"In all likelihood, some of your children will develop the disease. Even if they do not, we must assume that all of your children will carry at least one gene for the diabetes. If you decide to marry and have a family, it will be up to you to see that your children are tested frequently so that prompt insulin therapy can be given."

This geneticist was mindful that approximately 1,000,000 Americans are diabetic and at least 5 per cent of the population is suspected of having tendencies toward the disease. The use of insulin, which permits diabetics to live normally and to have children, undoubtedly is increasing the number of people who are prone to this ailment.

One of the common questions asked geneticists is "Should first cousins be allowed to marry?" Some counselors, such as Doctor Reed, believe that society should attempt to prevent these marriages, or at least the production of children by such close relatives. Certain others believe that cousin matings, while not necessarily desirable, aren't always highly risky. But all geneticists agree that the genetic dice are loaded to some extent against the offspring of first cousins. Just how loaded depends on the nature of the bloodline the cousins share.

The risk goes up in cousin marriages for a simple reason: As an average individual, you probably carry something like eight concealed harmful, or "black" genes. If you chose a mate at random from a different bloodline than your own, there is little chance that he or she will carry the same black genes, and thus there will be little opportunity for your harmful genes to match with your mate's in your offspring. But, if you marry a person from the same bloodline as your own there is a much larger chance that your hidden faults and those of your mate will match. This does not mean that all children of first-cousin marriages are bound to have many inherited weaknesses; it means simply that the risk is somewhat greater for them. For example, studies show that five rare diseases are three to sixteen times more frequent among children of related parents than among the offspring of unrelated ones.

Doctor Kloepfer tells of a young couple, second cousins, who came to him with their problem. They long had wanted to get married, but their families were horrified and had done everything possible to break up the romance. Despite long separations imposed by the families, the pair remained in love. A medical friend told them about heredity counseling and the youngsters arranged an appointment with Doctor Kloepfer. Meanwhile the parents and the couple had agreed that they would abide by the advice of the geneticist.

When the cousin-sweethearts saw the thoroughness with which Doctor Kloepfer was investigating their ancestors, they became very gloomy, certain that he was building a case against them. The families involved were old ones, with records going back many generations, so the geneticist was able to compile an extensive heredity chart. And, among other things, the information showed that the couple's forebears had been exceptionally healthy. Except for cataracts, common among the older members on the girl's side, the clans had been free of any major hereditary disease.

The counselor was careful to point out that there still was a possibility that some rare hereditary defect might crop out. For parents in the population at large, there is about one chance in fifty that a child will be born with a serious malformation. For these cousins the risk was about doubled, or one chance in twenty-seven. To this particular couple the odds were not terrifying—far less than their families had imagined. They soon married and within two years had a perfect baby boy.

Isolated areas where there is much intermarriage among relatively few families are fertile laboratories for genetic study, because, as Doctor Kloepfer says, "The patterns of inheritance stand out clearly." He has spent five years doing field research in the Cajun country of Louisiana, where the early French from Nova Scotia, driven out by the English in 1755, had settled. The swampy bayous had made travel difficult, so the descendants of the original settlers intermarried. Faithfully kept Bibles and church records made it possible to trace genealogical lines back for 190 years. Such groups, while they are subject to more hereditary diseases than the population at large, are of rare value in human genetics. "Having common forefathers results in as nearly a 'pure' bloodline as is possible in humans," Doctor Kloepfer explains. "A homogenous group such as the Cajuns makes it easier for us to isolate traits and the manner in which they pass from generation to generation. For example, investigation into Cajun descent has yielded particularly useful information about the way inheritance works in muscular dystrophy and certain types of deafness."

The heredity counselor frequently runs across a fatalistic attitude toward family diseases. "It's in my blood, so I guess I'm stuck with it," is a common expression of sufferers, reflecting a belief that because a disease is inherited it can't be cured. This false assumption has been particularly widespread in the field of mental diseases, extending even to some psychiatrists. Yet, according to Dr. Nolan D. C. Lewis, director of research in neurology and psychiatry for New Jersey institutions, there is no mental disorder that is incurable simply because it has a hereditary background.

There are special difficulties in psychiatric heredity counseling because there are so many "ifs" involved. The risks that children will inherit the genes for mental diseases, such as schizophrenia, can be determined, but it is impossible to predict if the disease will actually occur. Some susceptible individuals may live in a healthy environment that prevents the disease. Others may escape it until certain conditions of stress develop in life and prove too much for the susceptible person. Naturally, the counselor cannot foretell whether or not such conditions will occur. But he can assist people in making vital decisions where hereditary mental disease is concerned.

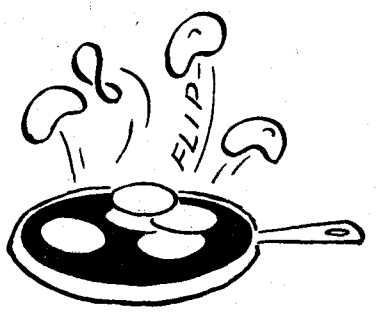
For example, there is the case of the couple we'll call the Thornes, who, unable to have children of their own, had started proceedings to adopt a pretty and apparently normal two-year-old girl. Then the adoption agency discovered that the child's paternal grandmother was insane, suffering a manic-depressive psychosis. This information was given to the Thornes.

Friends and relatives of the Thornes were quick to persuade them that "mental disease is always inherited"—although these good folks didn't know what they were talking about. The Thornes, although shocked, refused to be panicked. They returned again and again to the adoption agency, looking at the child, studying her movements and reactions, trying to find some sign of what might lie ahead. But there were no clues. The little girl was as healthy, happy and noisy as any two-year-old. Still the Thornes were almost ready to call off the adoption when the agency physician suggested that they lay the problem before a geneticist.

In this case the heredity expert was able to compute (*Continued on Page 150*)

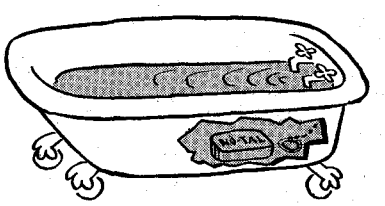
HAL BLOCK'S INVENTIONS

FOR A BETTER TOMORROW



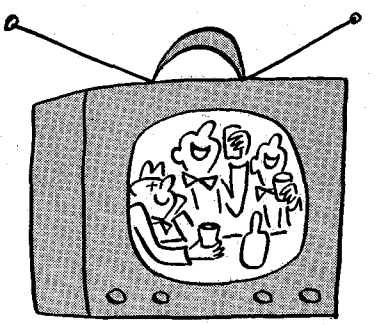
Self-Turning Pancakes

(flour contains Mexican jumping beans.)



No-Tal Soap

(the soap with no talent whatever. All No-Tal does is keep you company in the bathtub.)



Backward Reversible TV Sets

(for people at ball games who want to see what the boys at the bar are doing.)

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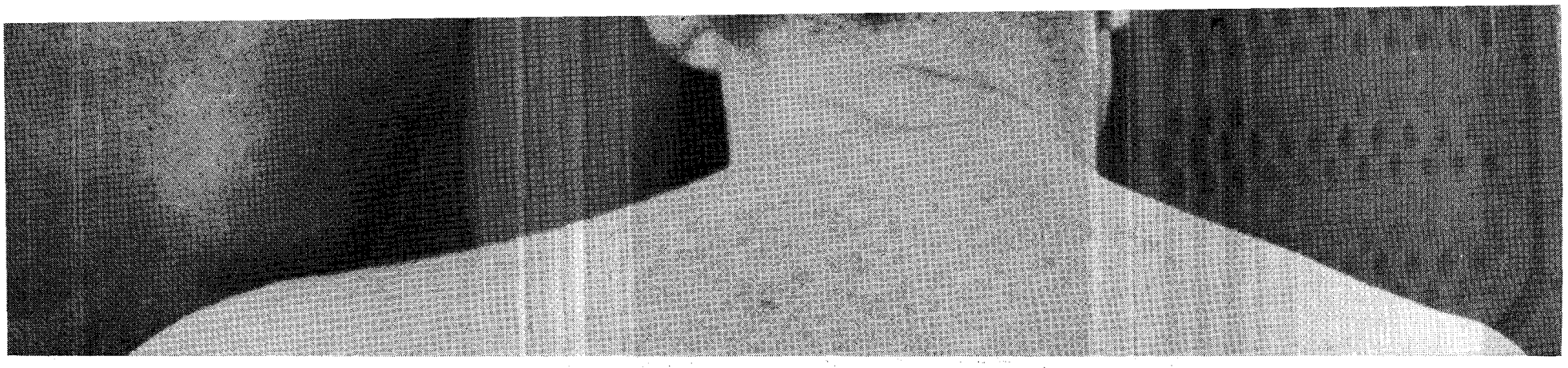

Which man is wearing the Sonotone hearing aid?

Is it the man at the left...the man in the center ...or the one with the glasses? The answer? *All three!* Each is wearing the "Unseen" Sonotone that fits his needs best. But *where?*

Nothing on the body, all at the ear

The man in the glasses is wearing Sonotone's new eyeglass model, built right into his regular prescription glasses. The complete hearing aid is so tiny that it is entirely concealed in just one of the temples.*

The man in the center—with nothing behind either ear, no cord or extra button whatsoever—is wearing the world's smallest hearing aid, the amazing Sonotone "222." The "222" is an all-in-one-piece model worn right in the natural hollow of the ear. It is all in the ear...there is *nothing* else to wear!

The man at left is wearing the new "333" model, so small and light it is worn entirely *at the ear*...with no cord down the neck, nothing on the body and—obviously—nothing in the hair.

The "future of hearing" is right now!

Each of these "Unseen" Sonotones is a transistor model, powered by an easily-replaceable battery about the size of an aspirin tablet. Each gives clear, sharp amplification for fine hearing, and is fitted to individual needs.

In their advanced design and engineering, these exciting Sonotones set the style for as many years ahead as scientists can foresee.

Mail coupon today for unusual offer

To introduce these quality hearing aids to as many people as possible, Irving I. Schachtel, President of Sonotone Corporation, has authorized this unusual Introductory Offer:

Everyone who mails this coupon will receive *free a Modern Hearing Test* on a phonocard which is specially produced for Sonotone by Bing Crosby Phonocards, Inc. You can take this personal hearing test right in your own home just by playing the record.

You will also receive complete information on the three "Unseen" Sonotones described here. Don't delay. Mail this coupon today!

*All lenses and professional services required for the eyeglass portions of Sonotone hearing aids are to be obtained through an ophthalmologist, optometrist or optician of your own choosing.

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A Lifetime Program for Better Hearing!

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FIRST TIME EVER OFFERED

FREE! NEW PHONOCARD HEARING TEST to check your hearing right in your own home . . . *free* to everyone mailing this coupon.

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Elmsford, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I would like to have the free Hearing Test Record with which I can check my hearing right in my own home. Also send me complete information about the three "Unseen" Sonotones. Mail in plain envelope to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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(*Continued from Page 148*) the odds quite accurately. "The average risk that a child may develop into a manic-depressive is one in a hundred," he told them. "But for this child the risk is higher. Her paternal grandmother had the disease, so the chances are one in two that the gene for it was passed to her father. The chance that this gene, if present in the father, will someday bring a manic-depressive psychosis in him is one in three. By a little simple arithmetic, one in two times one in three, we see that his chance for developing the disease is one in six. But as he has passed about half of his life and has not developed it, his chance is halved and becomes one in twelve. By similar calculations the odds are the same for the child, or one in twelve."

This risk was high, compared to the average, but it was far from a total risk. The Thornes decided to go ahead with the adoption. At least, they knew the odds, and they knew that a proper environment could help to make the odds even more favorable. "To be forewarned is to be psychologically forearmed," say the geneticists.

No genetic studies have been more startling than those dealing with homosexuality, which in modern times generally has been attributed to environment—for example, to conditions under which a boy hates his father and therefore unconsciously rejects male ways, and so forth. But now studies of twins by Dr. Franz J. Kallmann, of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, indicate that this sexual perversion may have a biological and hereditary basis. In his research Doctor Kallmann has studied the problem among hundreds of sets of twins, using both identical twins—which have exactly the same genes—and fraternal twins, which, although they share the same family bloodline, don't have exactly the same make-up, any more than ordinary brothers and sisters. In most cases a pair of twins are reared in exactly the same environment, whether they are identical or fraternal. By studying the occurrence of homosexual behavior among both kinds of twins, Doctor Kallmann hoped to find clues as to whether heredity as well as environment played a part in its development.

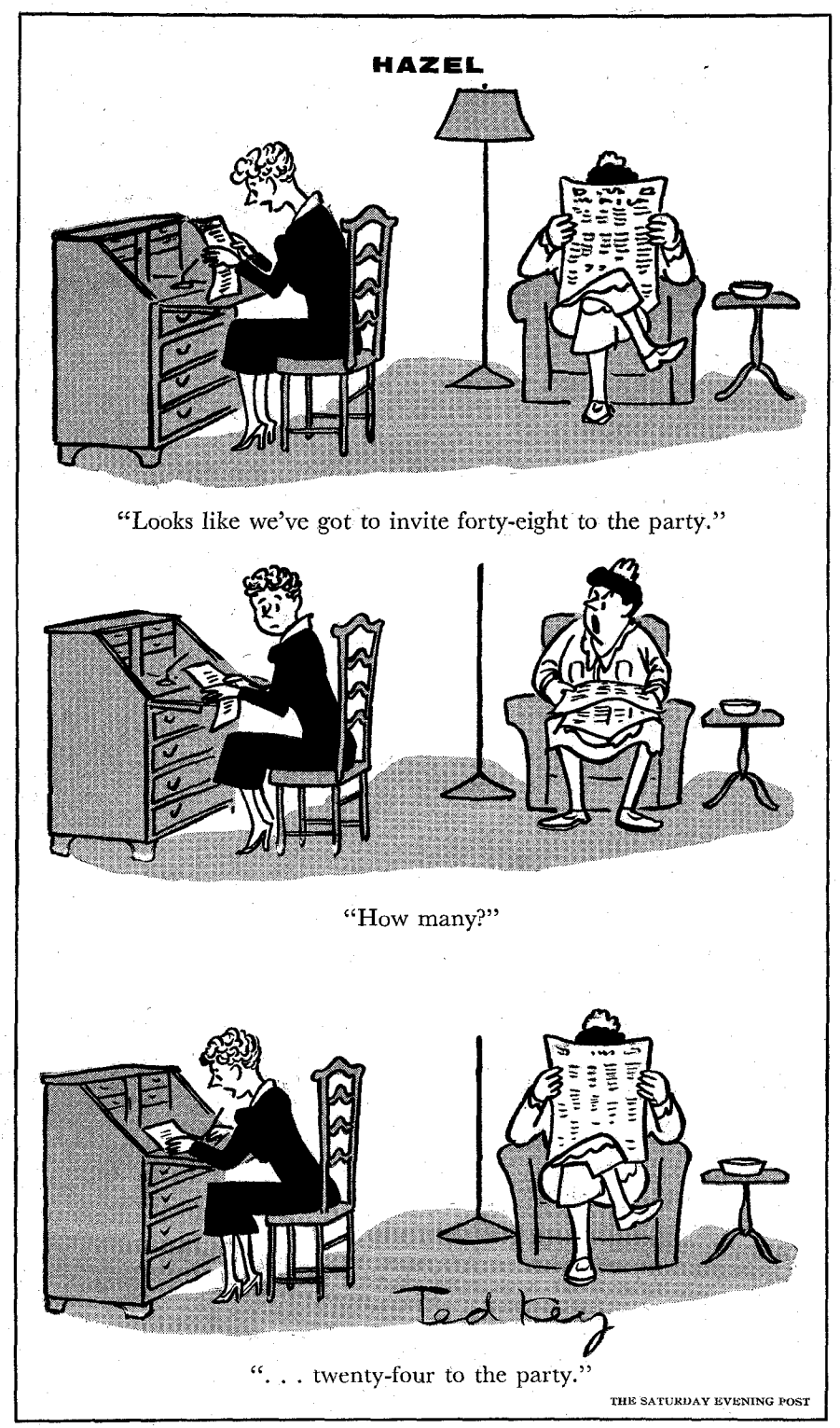
His results showed that it did. He found this abnormality is no more common among twins than in any group of people. In cases where one of the fraternal—the unlike—twins was homosexual, the other one usually was not; in only 11.5 per cent of the pairs were both fraternal twins afflicted with this abnormality, even though their environment was the same. But when it came to the identical twins, the story was entirely different. When one identical twin was homosexual, so was the other, in almost all cases. Doctor Kallmann's conclusion is that this particular aberration is strongly genetic in origin.

Popular folklore holds that all twins, even fraternals, are cut from much the same pattern. That was what worried Harry W. almost to distraction. He was a tall man, a brawny, former college athlete, a thriving business executive, happily married and the father of a young son.

But Harry's twin brother was a homosexual. And Harry's son, instead of liking baseball and the rough and tumble of cowboys-and-Indians, preferred to play with dolls. Another father might have assumed the boy would outgrow it, but Harry's fears were magnified by his background. He came to a heredity counselor and wanted to know if Harry, Jr., had taken after his—the father's—twin brother?

The geneticist pointed out that Harry, Sr., was only a fraternal twin, and thus had a somewhat different combination of genes from his brother. Then he explained, "There is no reason to believe that your son won't be perfectly normal. The history of your brother increases the odds for the aberration slightly above average in your son's case. Don't let the fact that he plays with dolls worry you. Small children are just babies, not small males and females. Frequently a doll will amuse as well as a baseball, up to a certain age." To relieve any remaining fears, he suggested that a psychiatrist be consulted.

A young couple want to adopt a child whose mother is white and whose father is a mulatto. The child is fair, but they are nagged by the old tales of throwbacks and fear they might someday have a black grandchild. The geneticist advises them that no child is ever darker than its darker-skinned parent.


HAZEL
"Looks like we've got to invite forty-eight to the party."
"How many?"
". . . twenty-four to the party."
Ted Key
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The heredity-counseling services set up by hospitals and universities throughout the country have only one function: To predict the possibilities—the odds—that diseases with a hereditary basis will or will not occur in children. However, the benefits are as varied as the problems people bring to the counselors. They range from the trivial to the vital.

A man who is six feet eight inches in height is determined never to have any children, because he is sure that they would also be tall and would suffer the same inconveniences and embarrassment. His wife, a petite five feet three, wants a family. They consult a geneticist, who assures them that the wife carries genes for normal growth and thus their children would have an excellent chance of being just like the rest of us.

The chief surgeon in a large Midwestern hospital has a fifteen-year-old son who is dying of muscular dystrophy. He also has a daughter, and he wants to know what the chances are that she may bear infected children when she marries. The risk is rather high, the geneticist explains: one chance out of eight. The doctor leaves, disturbed as to how and when to tell his daughter of her special heredity.

If the examples prove anything, it is that you shouldn't try to diagnose your own heredity problem. Genetics doesn't lend itself to a do-it-yourself approach. It is not possible to generalize in the field of heredity counseling because in most cases the geneticist cannot give conclusive answers until he has all the necessary evidence. If you believe that you have a heredity problem, you should ask your doctor to refer you to a geneticist. The heredity counselor likes to work with your physician for a number of reasons. He knows that there is no substitute for the medical history your doctor can provide, especially if you've had the same one since childhood. Family physicians usually are the first to see convulsive disorders, rheumatic fever and mental deficiency with a genetic basis. The obstetrician and pediatrician naturally spot and record the facts on defects in children. The internist gathers the clues that may point to a tendency toward diabetes. The eye specialist deals every day with severe nearsightedness, cataracts and glaucoma, which frequently have a hereditary basis.

Equipped with an accurate medical history from these sources and with a detailed chart of your family tree, the heredity counselor can examine your particular problem against the total findings in genetic research. He will explore the possibility that any family disease you fear may have its cause in environment or even be the result of accident. And when all the essential facts have been assembled, he will give you the mathematical risk—favorable or unfavorable—that your offspring will inherit the disease. This kind of service obviously can't be done on a mail-order basis; not because the heredity experts are hard-hearted or too busy to bother, but because they can't give accurate answers without complete information.

Heredity counseling is still relatively new, but it is opening some broad new possibilities for better health, and it is pointing out some serious problems for the human race. One of the most dramatic gains has been the recent detection of the genetic carriers of a few hereditary disorders, such as certain types of anemia and jaundice, before they actually are transmitted to children. Such carriers may appear to be perfectly normal people, but if they marry another carrier, their offspring may inherit the defect in full force. If such black genes can be tagged in carriers, marriages that are likely to produce mentally or physically defective children can be avoided. Research on projects such as this—one of the important ones at the Heredity Clinic of the University of Michigan—go hand in hand with counseling. Practical application of the laws of human heredity requires that they be studied in people, not just with mice or flies or vegetables. And here the heredity counselor helps the common cause by providing troubled people with advice, while adding to the store of information on human genetics.

The stakes are great. With bacterial and virus diseases coming under control through vaccines and antibiotics, increasing emphasis is being placed on the hereditary diseases as the great cripplers and killers of men. It cannot be stated too often that hereditary diseases are just as amenable to treatment as any others, and great advances are being made, one by one, in the control of the more common forms, such as diabetes, rheumatic fever, schizophrenia and certain heart defects. Some forms of blindness, epilepsy, cancer, mental deficiency and deafness are among the ailments that are now being studied intensively in the heredity clinics. The geneticists predict that as more money and research are geared together in their field, the more we can expect breakthroughs which may be just as dramatic and significant as those in other fields of medicine. The full answer to the mother's question, "Will my baby be normal?" demands that we learn more about the natural laws that make us what we are—the laws of human heredity.

THE END

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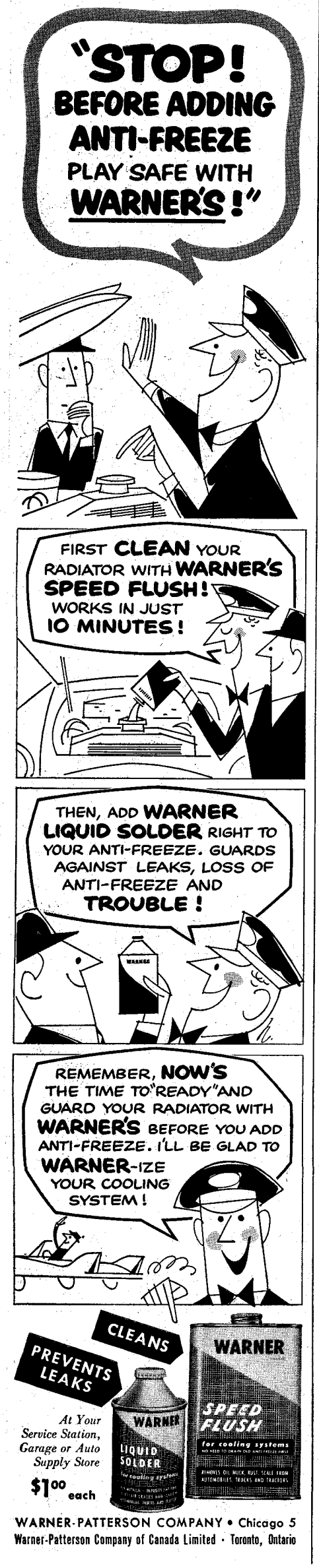
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Keeping Posted

Tales of the Authors

Bill Upson says this shows him looking sad about financial matters.

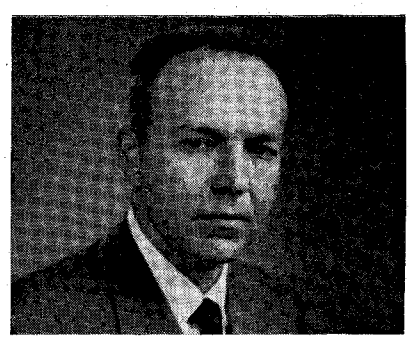
William Hazlett Upson claims that ever since his 65th birthday (Sept. 26, 1956) he has been brooding and brooding about not being able to retire and live on his social-security pension—and blaming this on the Post. Bill says that in 1927 the Post bought his first Alexander Botts story, and overpaid him so much that he wrote another and got overpaid for that. "I have now been doing this for so long that it has become a habit. These earnings make me ineligible each year for social security and I *can't* retire. The future is dark." Page 32 makes it darker.

Herbert O. Yardley, of Silver Spring, Md., who on page 30 presents an erudite analysis of how to play poker, was asked with an effort at levity what his hobby is. He replied ardently that it is duck hunting. Yardley, a famed expert on breaking secret codes, wrote a book about that which the Post extracted in 1934; and now to get back to poker: "For my new book, The Education of a Poker Player, I analyzed 35,000 hands for each principal game, studying more hands than I did words when I broke the Japanese Diplomatic Code back in 1919."

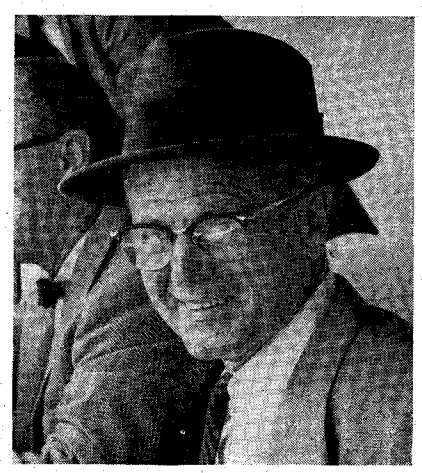
Does it strain the bonds of matrimony for a Mr. and Mrs. to collaborate in writing, as free lancers **Irving** and **Frances Freilich** do? At first they used to get into some hair-raising arguments. But when they made the rule that during working hours they would not think of each other as man and wife, but just as two people working in the same office, peace ensued. They wrote their page 42 article in New Orleans in July, and it was rather hot—"One evening a newscaster delightedly announced that the temperature had fallen to 95."

Richard English

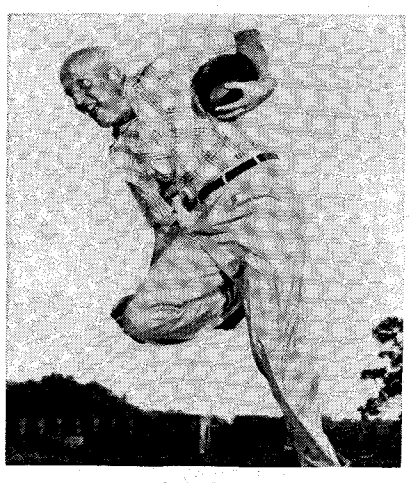
Richard English, 47, who died Oct. second in Hollywood, wrote in the Post in 1946, "When you lose your hearing, you work harder; you come to terms with the world." Surgery had restored his hearing after 17 years of deafness. Dick always did "work harder," striving up through a variety of disadvantages to become a topflight movie scenarist and an author whose Post articles and fiction included his popular swing-band stories—written when he could not hear. From handicaps Dick English distilled strength, and a warmth of nature that made many people love him, most of all his wife, Kay, and his children. He was his finest self when, learning that he had leukemia, he worked harder, and came valiantly to terms with life.



A Book and a Collaboration



Fred Russell.



Jack Gallagher.

Fred Russell (page 38), who teams up with **Jack Gallagher** on a football topic, is the prophetic author of the Post's annual Pigskin Preview, also the author of a book that Barnes will publish next week: Bury Me in an Old Press Box—The Good Life and Times of a Sportswriter. This not too serious autobiography by the Nashville Banner's sports editor and one of the country's most popular press boxers, is going to give a lot of people a good time.

New-contributor Gallagher (he certainly went all-out in answering a request for an informal photo) sports-experts for the Houston Post. Vital statistic: unmarried. "As you can see, I'm sports writing's answer to Yul Brynner." He used to tell people who joshed him about his high gloss, "You can't have hair and brains too." He quit that when a fellow came back with, "It's even worse when you don't have either."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Found Out What Supersonic Means"

Stewart Alsop screwed up his courage and apprehensively cracked the sound barrier—just as a passenger. Don't miss this fascinating preview of tomorrow's air travel.

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